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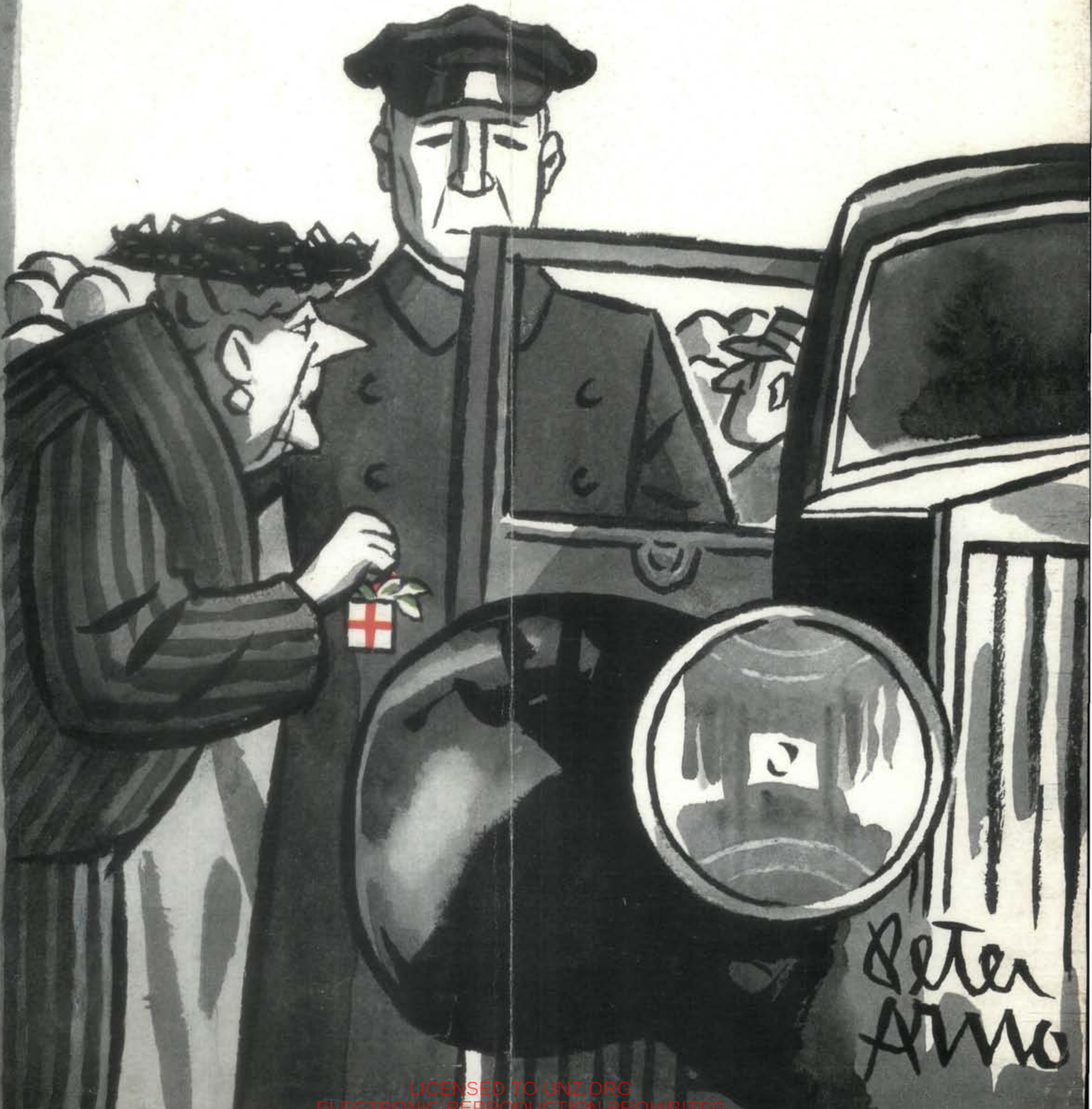

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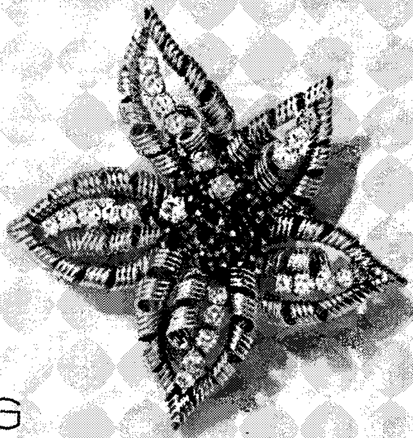

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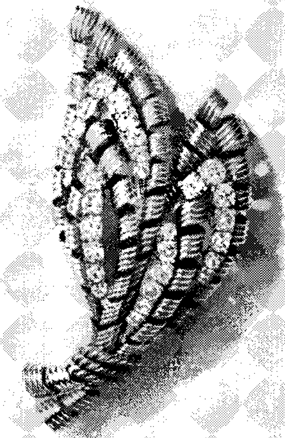

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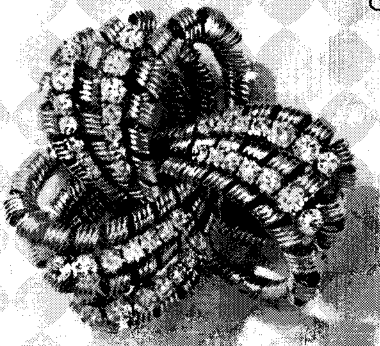

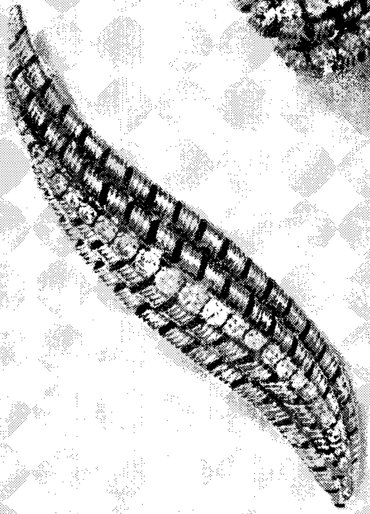

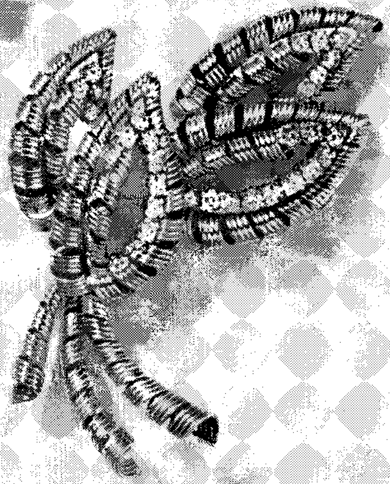

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NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cold Wind and the Warm—Eli Wallach shares top billing, but Maureen Stapleton, as a *gemütlich* matchmaker, is the best thing about S. N. Behrman's play, which looks back in rather mushy charity on the author's childhood (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cue for Passion—The Hamlet theme reinterpreted by Elmer Rice, set in Southern California, and heavily angled toward psychiatry. With Diana Wynyard and John Kerr. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—Jason Robards, Jr., is the main reason for seeing this somewhat unconvincing account (by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit) of a great writer's last assignment. The hero, a ravaged ex-alcoholic, has points in common with Scott Fitzgerald. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Gazebo—Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows are the leading participants in Alec Coppel's frail comedy thriller about a television writer who gets mixed up in an alleged murder. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—Howard Teichmann's play about the foolishness of politics is only intermittently amusing, but Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are diverting in the principal roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40, special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.)

J. B.—The Book of Job, confusingly modernized by Archibald MacLeish, but vividly acted by Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey. Elia Kazan's direction is stunning. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:45; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, with staunch support from Julie Newmar, illustrate the problems of monogamy. Leslie Stevens' comedy, which has an academic setting, is a glossy, if sometimes banal, piece of work. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26.)

Old Vic—A five-week repertory of three Shakespearean plays, presented by S. Hurok. The schedule through Dec. 27: "Hamlet," with John Neville and Barbara Jefford, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 20-21, at 2:30 and 8. . . . ¶ "Twelfth Night," also with John Neville and Barbara Jefford, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Henry V," with Laurence Harvey and Margaret Courtenay, Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.)

Once More, with Feeling—Some aspects of the world of serious musicianship, discussed in a farcical way in a play that requires a lot of good will on your side to make a visit worth while. Arlene Francis and Joseph Cotten head the cast. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

The Pleasure of His Company—A slick and graceful, though faintly soap-operatic, play about young love, adult selfishness, and other family matters. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner, who have doubled as director and co-author, respectively, lead the cast, and are strongly supported by Walter Abel, Charlie Ruggles, Dolores Hart, and others. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 21.)

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on a play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and Eddie Albert, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a big cast through their comic paces. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—Sean O'Casey getting less than the appreciation he deserves in a revival that misses the tragicomic flavor of one of his first and best plays. William Smithers and Gerald O'Loughlin lead the players in cavorting in the broody style of the Actor's Studio, where levity seems to be regarded as a dangerous virus. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A fine cast, headed by Helen Hayes and Eric Portman, in a satisfying period play by Eugene O'Neill that is having its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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The World of Suzie Wong—One of those plays developing the whiskery old notion that brothel inmates are just about the nicest people in the world. France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell do their best when they get a chance. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas.)

Long Runs—**THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS:** All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast headed by Teresa Wright, Audrey Christie, and George L. Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26. Closes Saturday, Jan. 17.) . . . **LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Bellamy plays the central role in Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—East meets West, rather coyly, in the disappointing new show that Rodgers and Hammerstein have composed for a buoyant company, among whose members are Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden. It all happens in San Francisco. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goldilocks—A noisy but sophisticated musical comedy by Jean and Walter Kerr about the pioneer days of movie-making. With Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley, and a score by Leroy Anderson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—This is an anthology of the madcap revue numbers with which Robert Dhéry, author, director, and star, has been delighting Europe for the past ten years. His attendant zanies, who all speak English when they speak at all, include Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now

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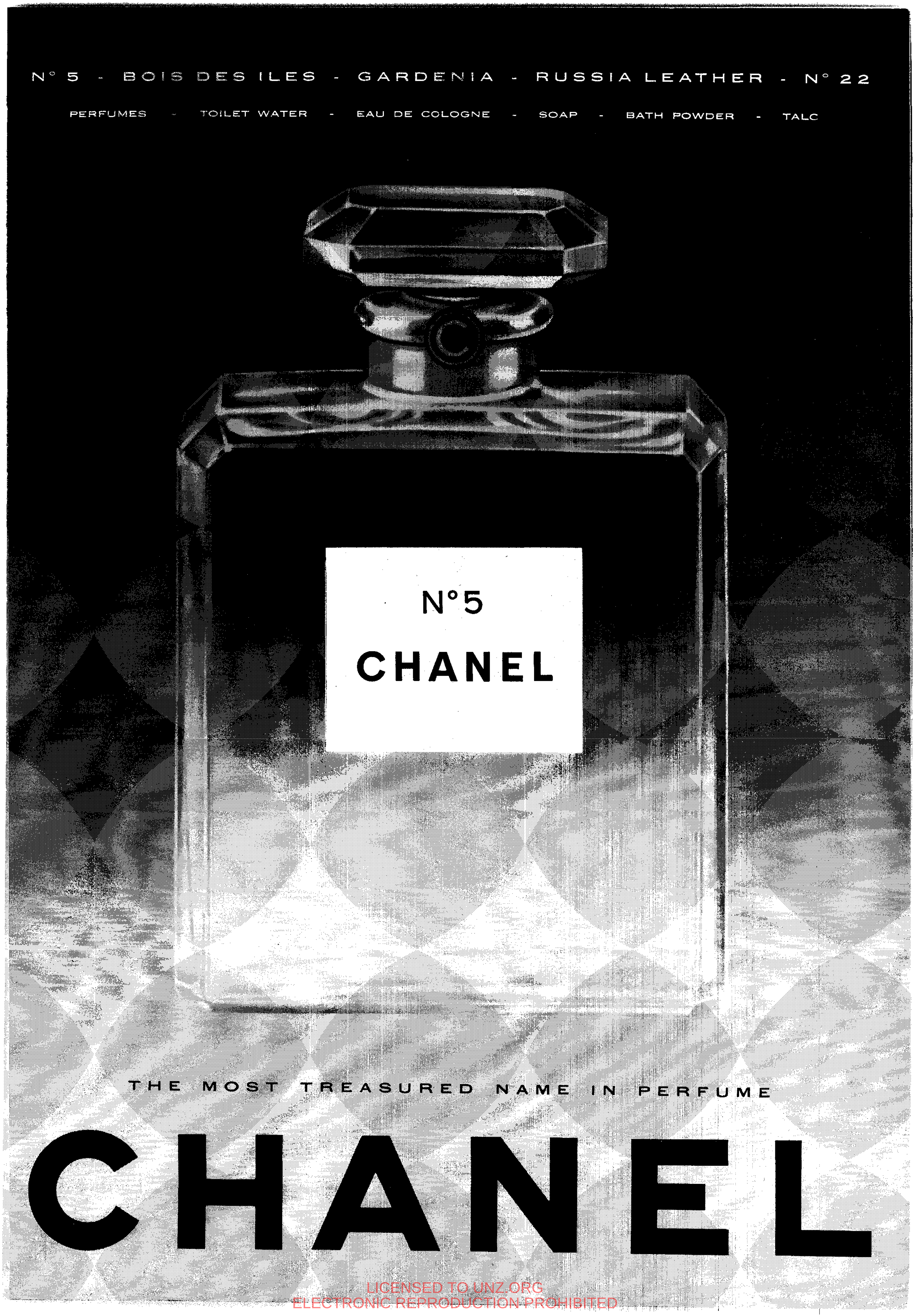

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

N°5
CHANEL

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

WHOOP-UP—A musical with a book by Cy Feuer, Ernest H. Martin, and Dan Cushman, based on Mr. Cushman's novel "Stay Away, Joe." Norman Gimbel wrote the lyrics, Moose Charlap composed the score, and the cast includes Susan Johnson, Paul Ford, and Ralph Young. Produced by the Messrs. Feuer and Martin, and staged by Mr. Feuer. Opens Monday, Dec. 22. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"Cosi Fan Tutte," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursdays at 2:30, except Dec. 25, and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, except Dec. 19, and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

DIVERSIONS—The six sprightly clowns who people this excellent revue seem to have no difficulty in adjusting to the author's hopelessly strabismic view of the world. He is Steven Vinaver, and they are Nancy Dussault, Gubi Mann, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—A very promising first play by England's Bernard Kops, which is precariously based on Mr. Shakespeare's well-known drama. Most conspicuous among the talented players are Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HÉLOÏSE—An intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag play the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

IVANOV—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively acted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the rest of the players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED—All about how the reactionaries hounded Joe Hill, the celebrated union martyr, through both the lower and the higher courts of Utah, and through the board of pardons as well. For dramatic purposes, any one of these sessions would have been enough to establish the point; all of them together are a great deal more than enough. Barrie Stavis wrote the play, and Mark Gordon acts the part of Joe Hill. Reopens Thursday, Dec. 25, after a week's vacation. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OF MICE AND MEN—Another plan that ganged agley, this one being to convert John Steinbeck's novel into a musical drama. The dramatization is skillfully accomplished, but the music is much too weak to sustain the emotional burden. Art Lund, Leo Penn, and Jo Sullivan are in the cast. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

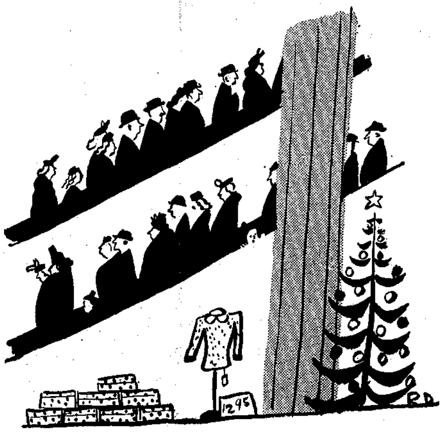
THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—A powerful dramatization, by Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost, of Graham Greene's novel about a grubby and thoroughly disreputable Mexican priest who achieves an odd kind of sanctity as he is hunted down and finally killed during the anticlerical period of the early nineteen-thirties. Fritz Weaver is superb as the cleric, and so is the rest of the cast. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE QUARE FELLOW—A grim comedy, by Brendan Behan, about life and death in an Irish prison. The play is occasionally discursive and uncertain in its development, but it offers, by way of handsome compensation, many sharp and mordantly funny sketches of life behind bars. Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers figure in a large and very able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SALAD DAYS—A musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a four-year run in London. To see it is to understand why the English are said to take their pleasures sadly. Prominent in the cast are Barbara Franklin and Richard Easton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE—A tragedy of incest by the Jacobean playwright John Ford. Despite the author's serious intentions, the drama falls short of tragic significance, and is further compromised by an intricate, tedious, and unnecessary subplot. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the impassioned siblings, and Martin Kosleck the wicked Vasquez, who engineers their downfall. (Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. GR 5-8807. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Dix," "Square Dance," and "Stars and Stripes." ... ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30: "Octet," "Agon," "The Cage," and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30: "Square Dance," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Still Point," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:30: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper." ... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "The Seven Deadly Sins," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8:30: "Interplay," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ "The Nutcracker": Friday, Dec. 26, at 12:30 and 5:30, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

ANNA SOKOLOW DANCE COMPANY—Appearing for a two-week engagement, starting Thursday, Dec. 18, and running through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

MAE BARNES—Comedienne, singing to the accompaniment of the Three Flames. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Dec. 22, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB—A musical, "For Heaven's Sake," is this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—Songs and sketches of their own concoction, for a three-week engagement, starting Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

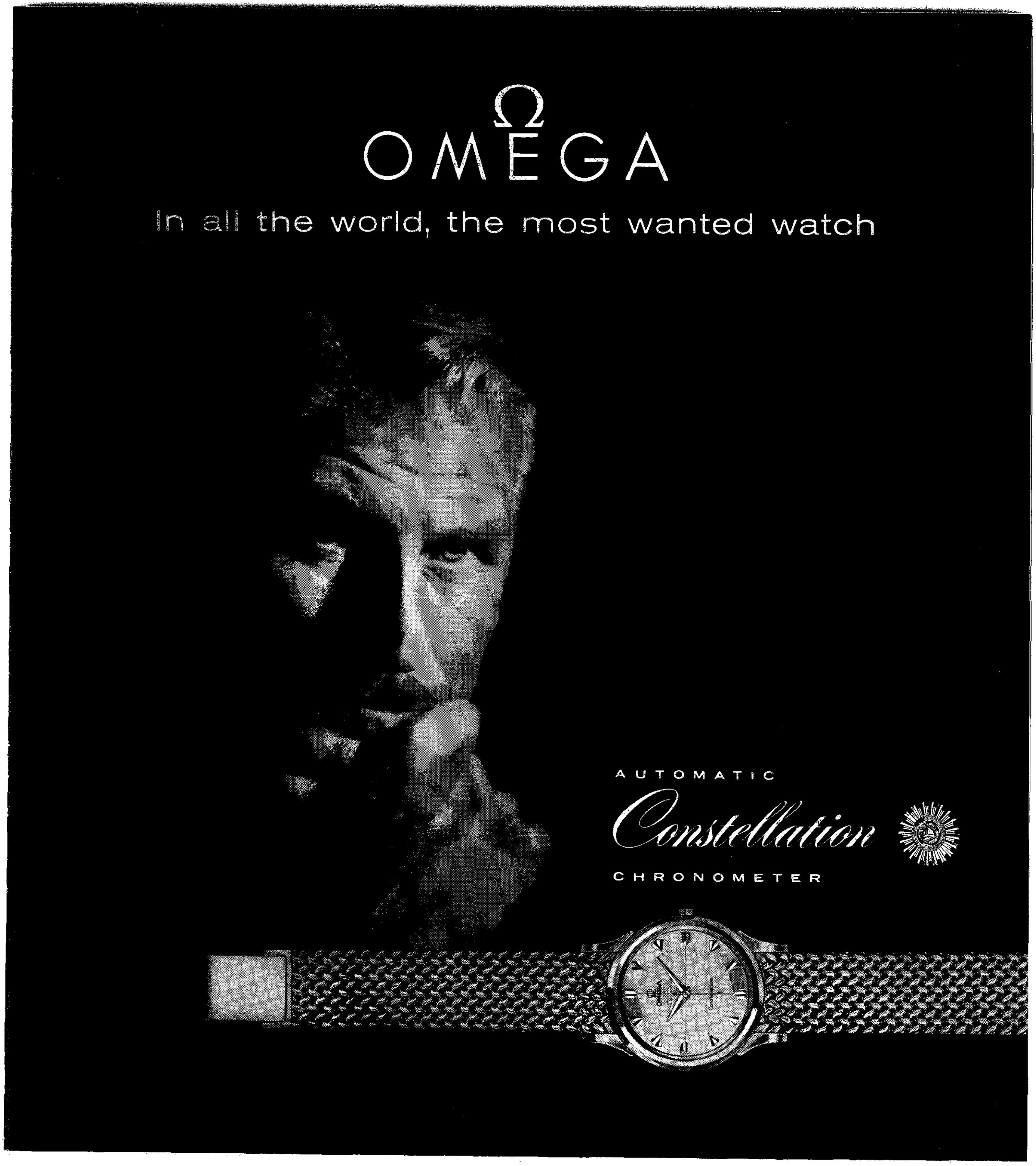
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Mink-ranching right in the heart of this great big city. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Wilbur Evans, a cheery and worldly-wise sort of Santa Claus, is the meat of the recital of Richard Rodgers music that happens at nine-thirty and, on Fridays and Saturdays, again at twelve-thirty in the handsome Cotillion Room. Bill Tabbert, owner of a good muscular voice, and Mimi Benzell, owner of a brisk if wavery soprano, join in gustily. Dance music by the bands of Joseph



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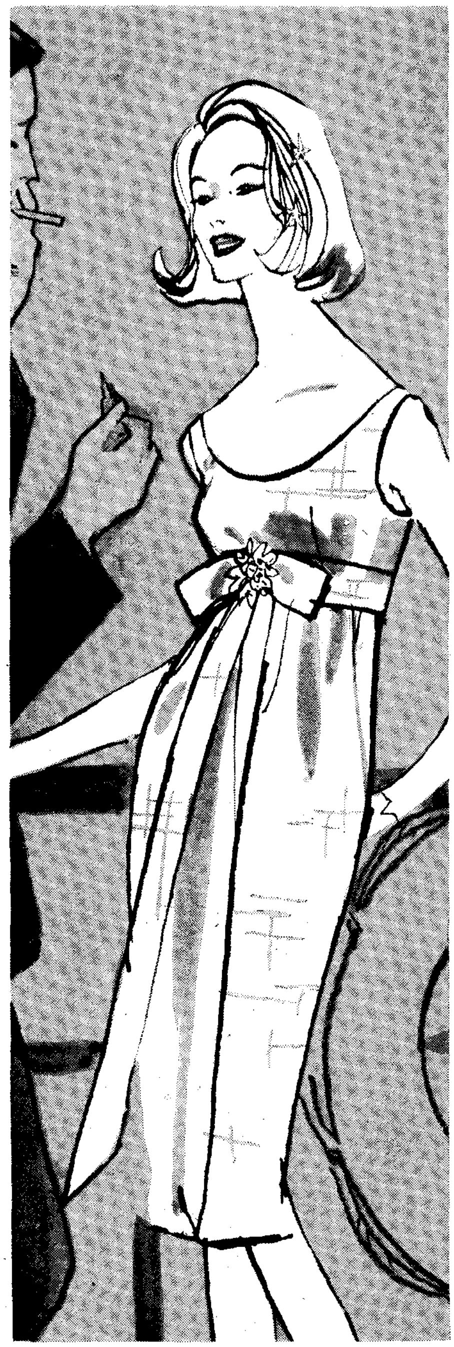

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ricardel and Alan Logan. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jacqueline François, though French to the core, tells us not in mournful numbers but in exuberant carols about her outlook on life, which is emphasized by the polyphonies of such American jazz virtuosos as Jack Elliott and Don Elliott. She shows up at dinner and supper. Her last night is Wednesday, Dec. 24. On Friday, Dec. 26, Carol Channing, the girl who brought blondes and diamonds back into fashion, will take on Mlle. François's chores. Ted Straeter's dance band, the cynosure of all ears, and Mark Monte's merry minstrels will continue keeping up a steady rain of grace notes the evening long. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up watercress-sandwich music at teatime in the Palm Court and tossed-salad music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To make certain that there'll be no missteps by its students of the dance, the family Lombardo does all its music in slow motion. The scene is the vasty Grill, the time is dinner through supper. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy of the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Robert Clary, one of the most original lighter-than-air craft, does a hop, skip, and jump recital of some pretty funny ditties. Dancing, too, and just about non-stop, to the happy little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the piano man, presides over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, an affair of state, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its débutante-speed dance music at nine. Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too. Sundays are soundless.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The beatification of Harry Belafonté happens in the Empire Room every evening at dinner and supper. It involves a lot of *bel canto*, plenty of guitar, a dash of mysticism, and a drop of homespun philosophy. The terminal ceremonies will be held on Saturday, Dec. 20. On Monday, Dec. 22, the place will reopen to accommodate Eartha Kitt, a far more hedonist songster—to hear her tell it, anyway. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them outspoken, will remain at their posts to play for dancing. . . . ¶ Mondays through Thursdays, from seven to twelve, the Norman Paris trio makes chamber music for up-to-the-minute moderns in the sedate enclosure called Peacock Alley, while Jozsi Ribari's men maintain a watch on the blue Danube. Both teams mingle on Fridays and Saturdays in the production of dance tunes. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai group makes the dance music.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which is high enough up in 30 Rockefeller Plaza to miss most of our mean average rainfall, has listening and imbibing music by Joseph Sudy's trio. The bar opens at four-thirty; time's up at nine. Closed Sundays. The phone is CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan now holds the chair of softly applied jazz piano in this luxurious conservatory. He's around from nine to one. Addison Bailey, an early settler, is at the keyboard from five until eight-thirty. The Sunday handyman for the whole circuit is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of our metropolitan counters of sheep prefer to do their homework here, grog in hand, ears cocked to the intricate but joyous piano of Rack Godwin, once of the never-to-be-forgotten team of Eadie and Rack. He starts at nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads spend as much time on the campus as the boy and girl undergraduates, so the piano starts sounding off at 5 P.M., before classes are out. Bob Printz runs the instrument until seven-thirty, when he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who don't care when they stop playing two-hand and four-hand exercises. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times is the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recitation of infinite variety that begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini's guitar dreams of musical comedy at dinnertime, of hot nights of passion in the gardens of Granada later on. He holds forth from six-thirty to one. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Ralph Strain, a romanticist of long standing, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sundays and Christmas. . . . **PLAYBILL,** Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): Cy Walter has moved one Steinway into the glossy bar (five-thirty to eight-thirty in the evening) and another into the vehemently overstuffed dining room (ten to one in the morning). Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso*. Theo Fanidi's corps of bowmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Now there's even a drawbridge leading to this fully equipped castle, and also leading us all to suspect that we've strayed into the medieval department at F. A. O. Schwarz. The tableside violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the other main event. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been furnished with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a de-luxe but pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars. The Cecil Young duo, which gets to its instruments at ten, will be leaving on Saturday, Dec. 20, but Johnnie LaSalle's foursome, players and singers both, will be going into action on Monday, Dec. 22. Jacques Kayal (who sings and plays piano in French) and the Three Bars (also voices and instruments) are standing pat. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest comes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is the piano of George Feyer, which runs still but not deep. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, largely British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christmas. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The firm piano of Steve Weltner improves the scenery, as sylvan as anything indoors can be, of the ample Casino-on-the-Park between six and nine-thirty and between ten-thirty and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS**, 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): The sort of place that looks lived in by people who are content to browse and munch at leisure. In one corner, Marty Berns soothes a piano weekdays and Joe Moon fills in on Sundays. Music from seven to one. Closed Christmas. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The Good Book here is probably the *Social Register*. Al Mello, a pianist who gets along without the customary Muzak repertory and manner of execution, has the floor from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, rhapsodic violin and soprano down front. The one new touch is dancing for the house guests, starting at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Sue Carson, who wields a wicked tongue when she has a mind to, is principal girl in a dizzy world of young ladies who simply haven't a thing to wear. It's hard to distinguish it from the good old days of Broadway. Dancing. . . . **CASA CUGAT**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Just as large as Greater Miami, and a damn sight prettier. Xavier Cugat's conga-rumba-samba thunderbirds are the ringleaders in a dance festival that starts at six-thirty and runs until four, except Sundays, when the hours are eight-thirty to three. They're assisted by the bands of Charles Holden (Manhattan) and Emilio Reyes (Latin). The roster of edibles goes as far south as the West Indies.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Really just an annex to the Harvard Club while Tom Lehrer, Cambridge math instructor, nuclear physicist, feuilletonist, composer, pianist, and singer, views life through spoof-colored glasses. Also present are Felicia Sanders, whose *chansons d'amour* have a sword-of-Damocles tenseness; Frank Buxton, a bright new young spinner of whimsey with a few not yet wholly integrated words to say for himself; and a sleight-of-hand artist named Reneaux, who quietly snatches doves by the handful out of thin air. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The first performance begins as early as nine-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's current vest-pocket revue puts very wise heads on the young shoulders of Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who play to the hilt his don't-spare-the-rod commentaries on what now passes for civilization. The pit band is the twin pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson; the curtain times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A picturesque gazebo, also erected by Julius Monk. It makes a nice recital hall for Tammy Grimes, a girl who, if she'd ever hold still, could be converted into a superb panther rug for the den. Her forceful yet elfin evensong commences after the theatre; it's set to the jewelled music of Stan Keen and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianist. The bar opens at five, the pianos at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The fine Florentine hand of the resident chef is supplemented by other diversions: calm dinner and supper piano by Dick Hankinson, and (after the theatre) let's-go piano by the old virtuoso Herman Chittison and cantatas by a new singer named Greta Rae. Closed Mondays and Christmas. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell are once more clowning, and Suzanne Lake is singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their double pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no clowning; Mondays, amateur performers and no Lake. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Part of the doings—Mae Barnes' chanteys, which all come out like battle hymns of the Republic, and the sound track of Tony and Eddie, America's least restrained mimes—may leave you more deaf than alive. Alice Ghostley's quatrains, awash in malice and menace, have quite a different talent to amuse, and a third talent is implicit in the cacophony of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is bland and *dégagé* in his singing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Some of the wit is less than elementary, my dear Watson, but Milt Kamen, a commentator with his eye on the news of the day and his tongue in his cheek, makes up for that. For lagniappe, there's Isobel Robins, now heart-of-gold and now snapdragon, casting a fond and a sardonic eye over her bright potpourri of ballads. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, gambol late into the night. All quiet on Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Top-of-the-evening song and piano by Bobby Short, an irresistible force and a milkman's-matinée idol. Russ Haddock's trio, his aide-de-camp, will be replaced by Eva La Mont's trio on Sunday, Dec. 21. Mr. Short, by the way, is off the premises Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The jolliest (and occasionally most rampant) corner of this thoroughly Latin colony is the alcove in which Ray Tico, a Costa Rican guitarist, sings for pure joy; there is also a room in which Beatrice Kraft (who's sardonic Little Egypt rather than Latin) and her pals dance when the customers aren't doing the merengue themselves. Music as of 9 P.M., Señor Tico as of 10 P.M. The sole Sunday activity is a Pan-American tea dance, three to eight. . . . **CAFÉ SAHBRA**, 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): Shoshana Damari, an almost operatic firebrand, is the queen bee of yet another local colony, this one thoroughly Israeli and often downright family-style. She chants in her native tongue; the humorists, Jackie Clark and Leo Fuld, who are, in general, family-style, too, can be understood by anyone. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in

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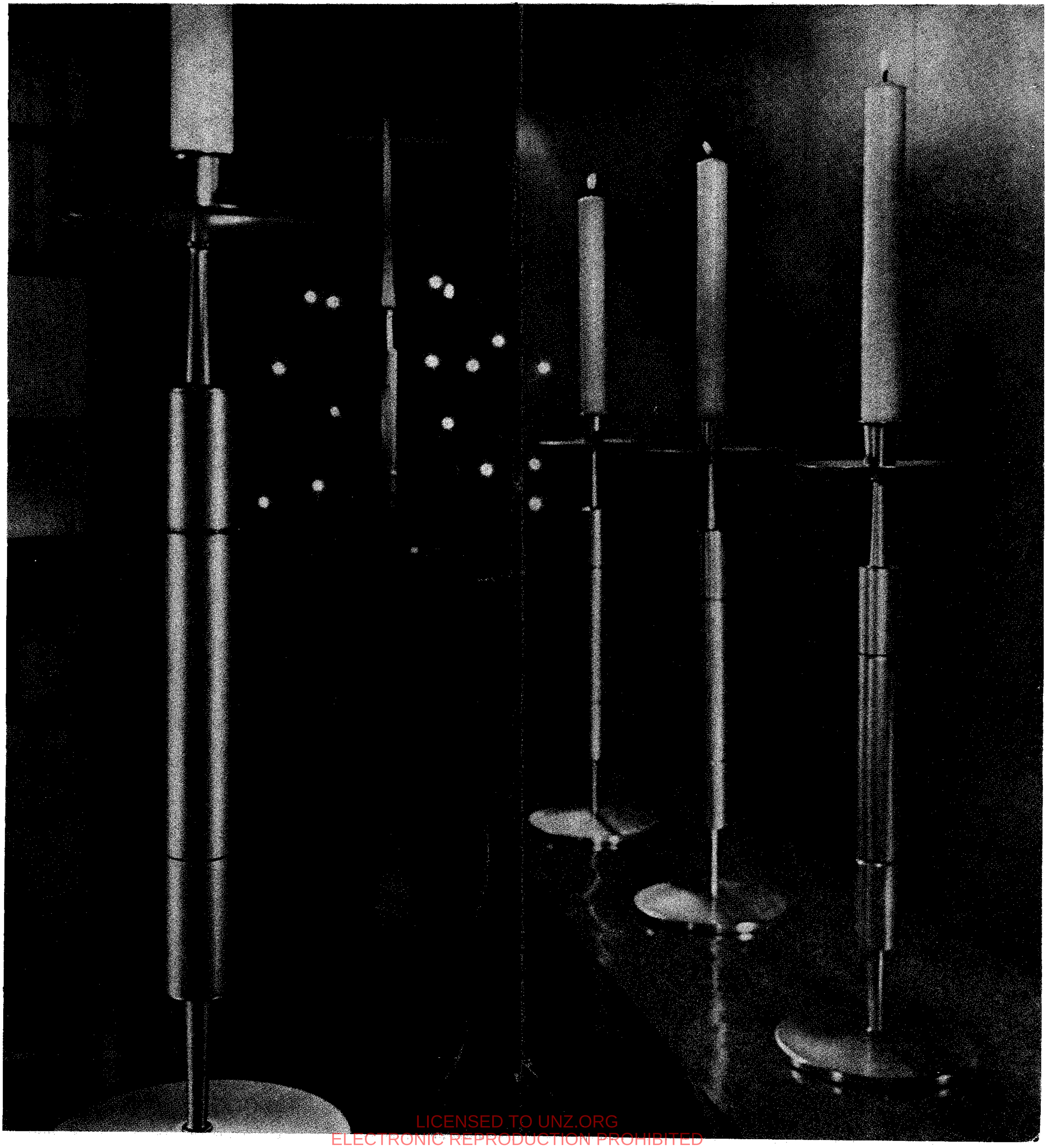

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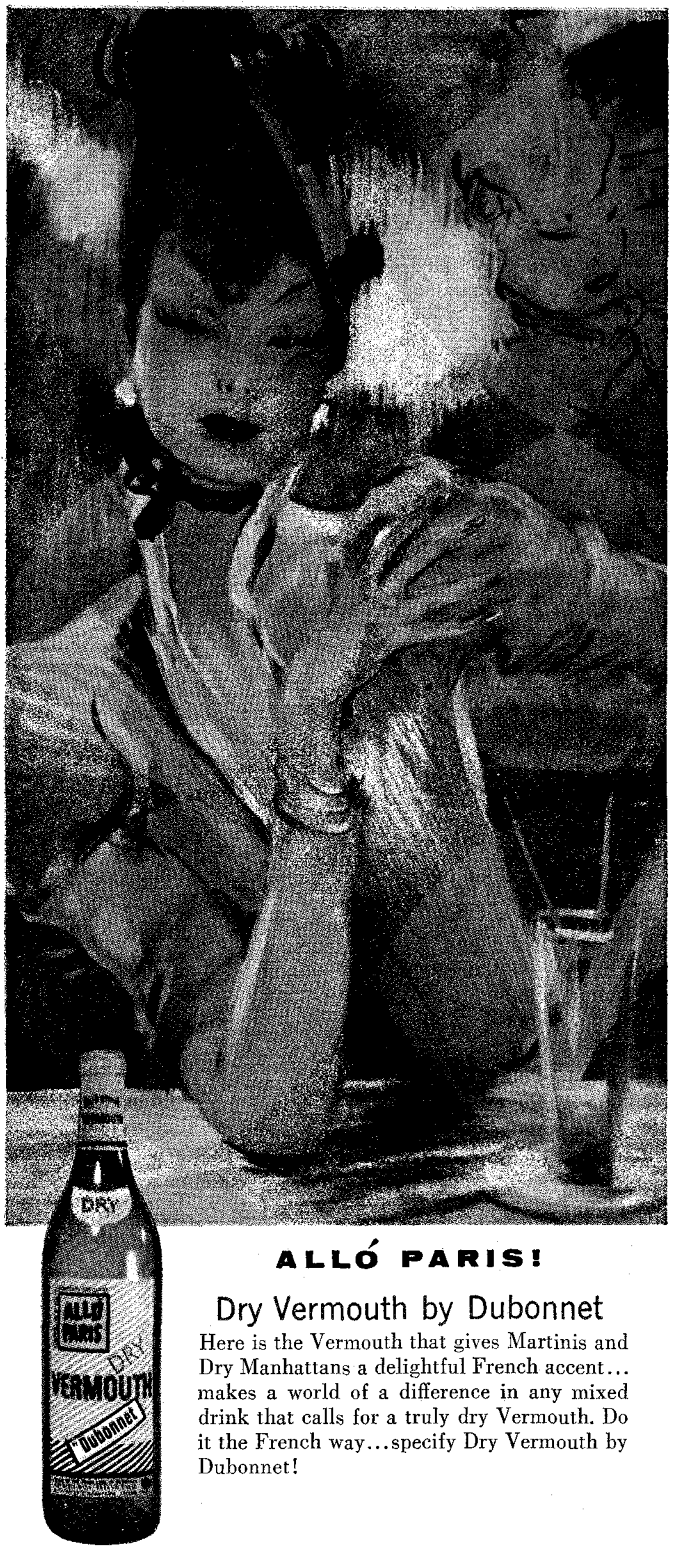

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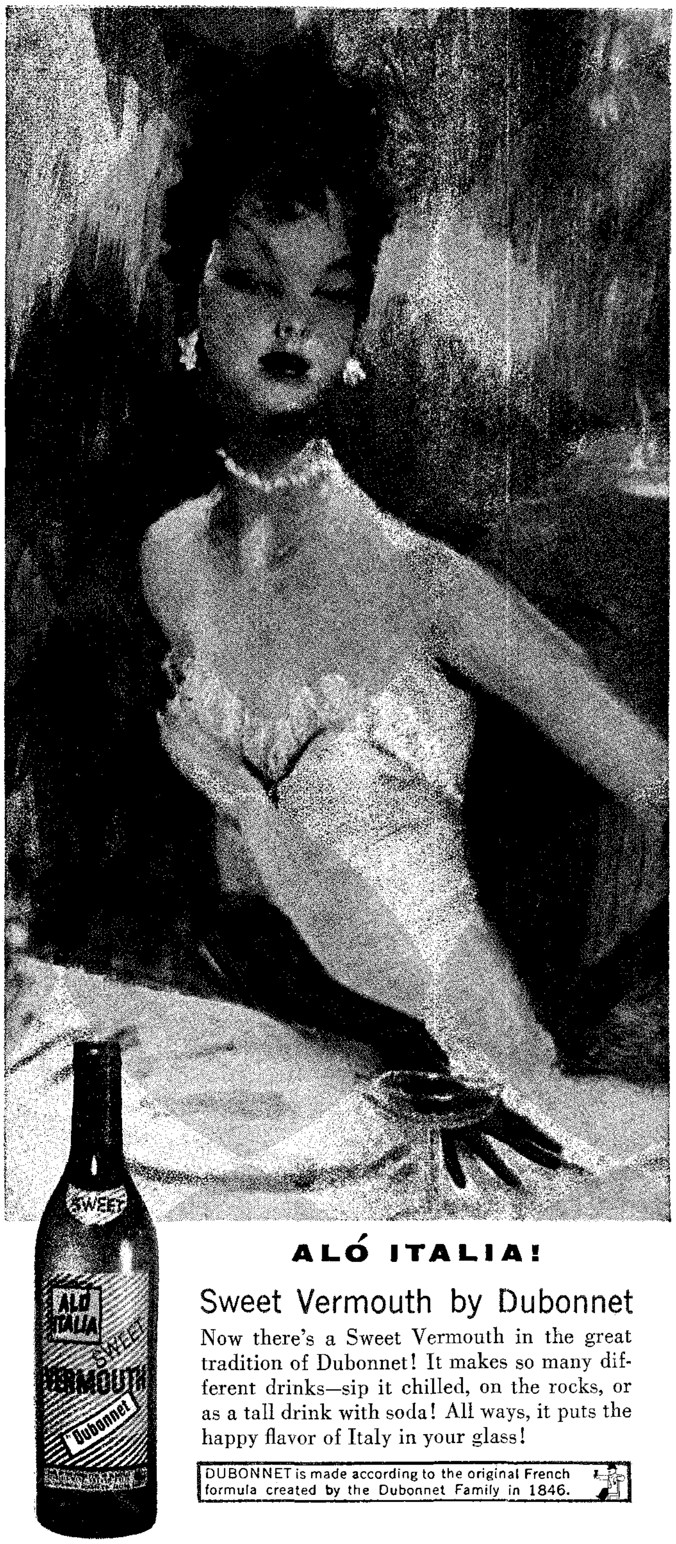

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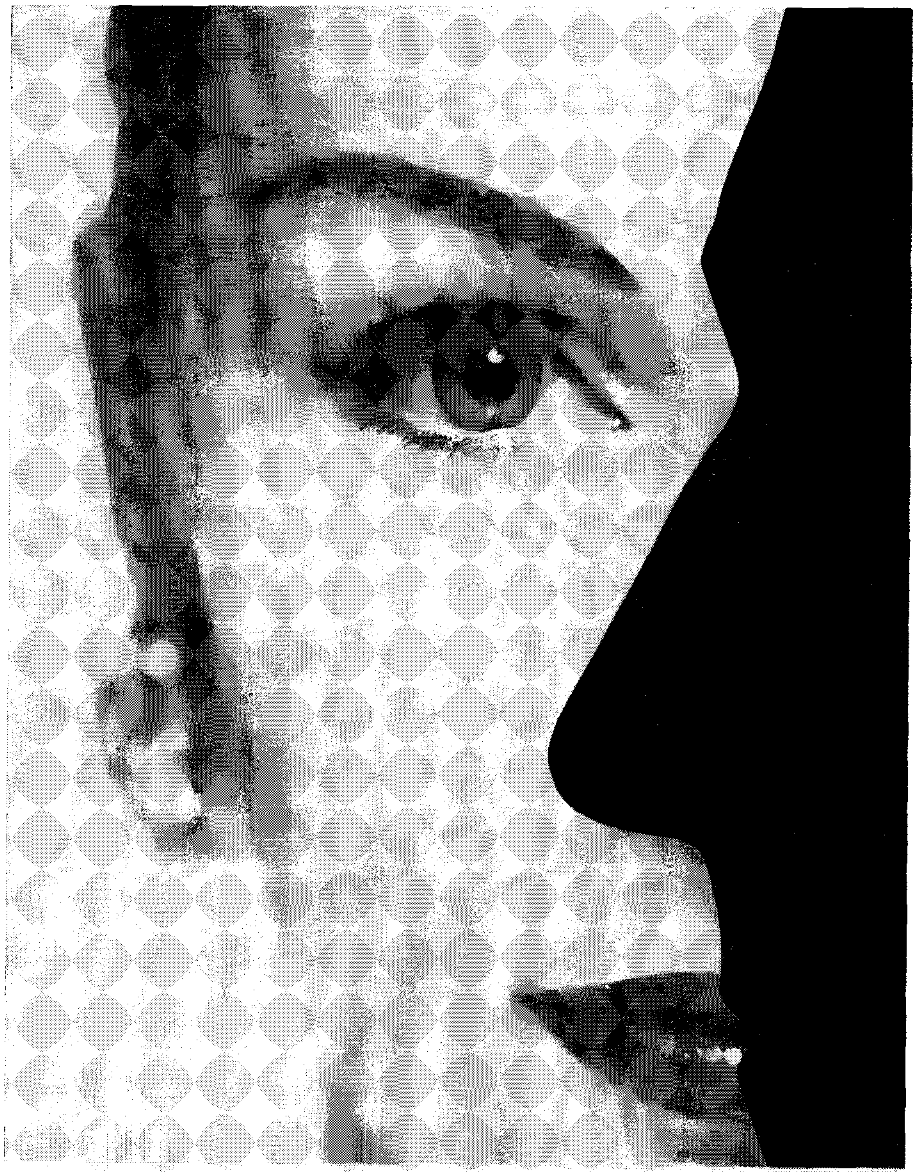
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor, whose tousled words and storm-tossed melodic lines rest on the shoulders of Stan Free's trio, will take leave on Sunday, Dec. 21, and so will Randy Weston's new-deal threesome. On Monday, Dec. 22, the Signatures, one of the most interesting of the newly hatched singing squadrons, will arrive, and the following evening Dizzy Gillespie will add his new quintet and his old snorkel trumpet to the merriment. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The sort of ranch house King Arthur might have built. It contains the quartet of Tyree Glenn (breezy, outgoing) and what—since he's now in business with just six men—might be called Woody Herman and his First Half Herd. Sundays, when these boys are away, other seneschals take over the castle. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. The jam session on Monday, Dec. 22, will involve Franklin and Marshall College's Seldom Fed Five. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five dream, among Manhattan's icicles, of the land of cotton, where their sort of music was begotten. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, whose trio is inside the oval bar, plays split-personality piano suggesting (1) that he's a technician of Juilliard grade and (2) that he has a pronounced craving for sweets. He begins at ten-fifteen every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered every day. Wednesday through Sunday, such river-boat shufflers as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming can often be heard. Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge take a quintet for a ride. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Seated at his piano, Count Basie presides over a huge army of musicians whose favorite instrument is the brassie. It's a fine pillow for Joe Williams, blues singer, to cry his heart out on. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are away. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the back room, the trios of Muriel Roberts (no work Sunday) and Kenny Burrell (no work Monday) ride off rapidly in all directions. Billy Taylor's threesome, a compact powerhouse, will replace the Burrells on Thursday, Dec. 25. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz for old times' sake; i.e., jazz with the fur left on. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, such traditionalists as Wild Bill Davison, Charlie Shavers, Lou McGarity, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis will make the fur fly. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Silence in the auditorium is not part of the golden rule here, so sit well forward if you wish to hear Bobby Hackett's quartet and Teddy Wilson's trio (both of which rank as national monuments in their native state. They set to at eight-thirty. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Last chance before the Mexican border to get your red-hot hero sandwiches, cold beer, and out-with-it jazz, the



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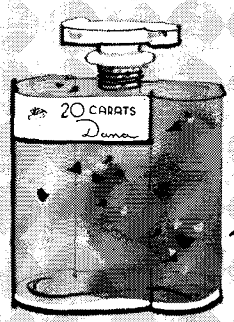

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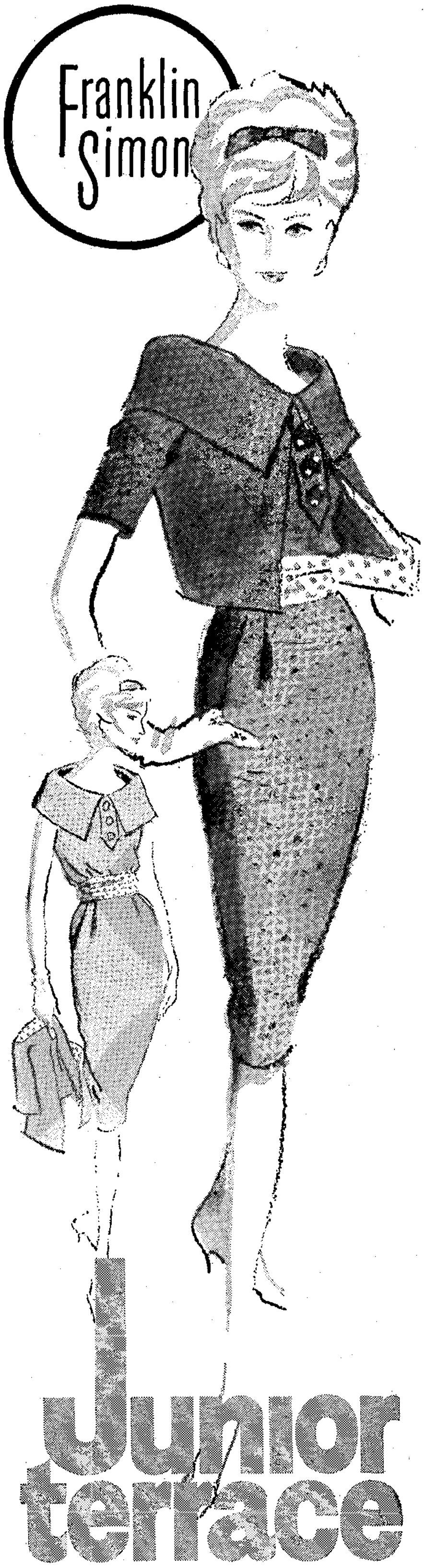

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

last of which comes from Tony Scott, his pepperpot clarinet, and his quintet. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The Commuters, an amiable bunch of children, play for dancing, from nine to one, on a minute stretch of parquet in the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

ART

(Unless *otherwise noted*, galleries are *open* from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas, and some are likely to close early on Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Paintings, mainly of France, in his first exhibition of oils; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black-and-white; through Jan. 3. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

WILLIAM CALFEE—Sculptures in bronze, wood, and plaster; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Graham, Third Floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Marble, stone, and other sculptures; through Jan. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

VIRGINIA CUTHBERT—Street scenes with figures; through Friday, Dec. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—New paintings and drawings mingling angels and pi-mesons; through Jan. 10. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANK DI GIOIA—Drawings and water colors of France, Italy, Spain, and North Africa; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

FRED FARR—Bronzes cast by the lost-wax process, plus a number of brush-and-ink sketches; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—New Abstract Expressionist paintings by an American associated with the Paris school; through Monday, Dec. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—A small but comprehensive retrospective of his paintings, from 1908 to 1943; through Jan. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

WILLIAM STANLEY HASELTINE—A memorial exhibition of sea and landscape paintings and drawings (1854-99); through Sunday, Dec. 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

MERVIN JULES—Encaustic paintings; through Jan. 3. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine, Braque, and others; through Jan. 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday, Dec. 26.)

HENRI MATISSE—Twenty bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED MAURER—A small memorial, dating from 1901 to the year of his death, 1932; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN—Figures and figurines (1930-40) in papier-mâché and terra cotta, along with a group of drawings and dry points; through Dec. 31. (Hewitt, 22 E. 66th St.)

PICASSO—Works in ten mediums, including oils, ceramics, and lithographs; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Oils, sculptures, and lithographs by a particularly volatile modern; through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

JACK TWORKOV—Charcoal and pencil drawings; through Jan. 3. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

BRUSSELS '58—A selection of contemporary American paintings and sculptures, originally exhibited at the World's Fair, by twenty-five artists, including William Baziotes, Grace Hartigan, Mary Callery, and David Smith. For the benefit of the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service. Through Jan. 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

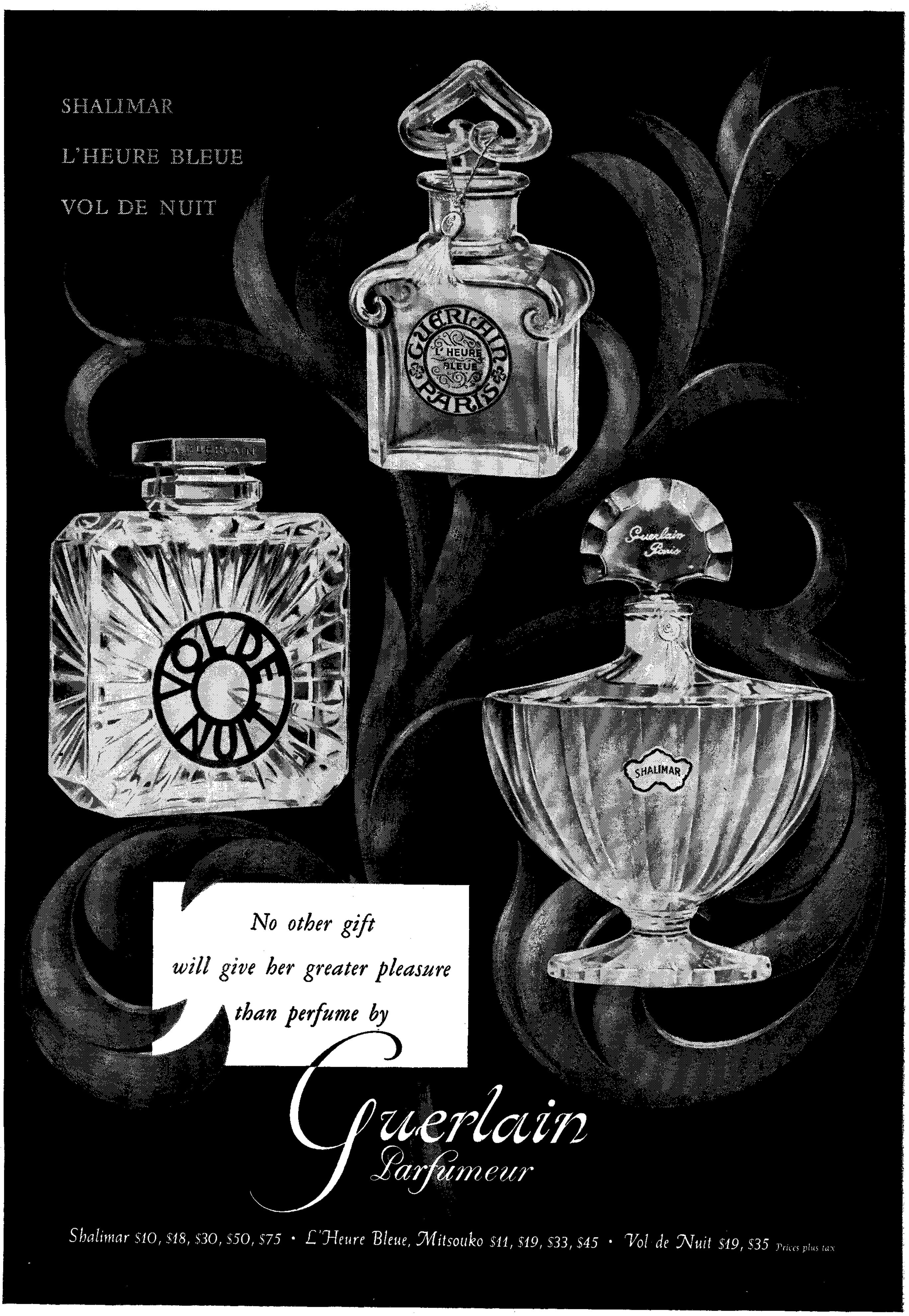
SCULPTURES—By Herbert Ferber, David Hare, and Ibram Lassaw; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures ($65 to $3,500) by, for instance, Paul Burlin, Reuben Tam, and William King; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. . . . **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Small paintings and sculptures ($15 to $100) by currently registered students; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 24, 9 to 4:30.) . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphics ($25 to $150) by Edward Giobbi, James Leong, and three other artists; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach are among the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures ($100 to $1,000); through Saturday, Dec. 27. . . . **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA**, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Thirty Latin-American artists are participants in a showing of paintings, drawings, prints, and small sculptures ($25 to $400); through Dec. 31. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures ($150 to $6,000) by such Europeans as Paul Klee, Emil Nolde, and Ernst Barlach; through Dec. 31. . . . **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: A selection of twelfth- to twentieth-century works ($5 to $4,500), including pieces by Rodin and Lyonel Feininger; through Jan. 10. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings ($100 to $750) by Ben Benn, Jules Pascin, Joseph Stella, and others; through Jan. 10. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: American and European graphics ($25 to $300); through Jan. 3. . . . **NOTE**: Nine downtown galleries are coöperating in a Christmas show (daily, 1 to 6) of more than four hundred American works in a variety of mediums—**AREA**, 80 E. 10th St.; $45 to $250. **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.; $50 to $1,000. **CAMINO**, 92 E. 10th St.; $100 to $750. **FLEISCHMAN**, 227 E. 10th St.; $50 to $1,200. **JAMES**, 70 E. 12th St.; $75 to $1,800. **MARCH**, 95 E. 10th St.; $30 to $300. **NONAGON**, 99 Second Ave., at 6th St.; $75 to $1,500. **PHOENIX**, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St.; $25 to $400. **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.; $50 to $450.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JAMES GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings (eighteenth-century to modern) by, among others, Benjamin West, George Inness, and Marsden Hartley; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Water colors by Dong Kingman, William Thon, Emlen Etting, and other gallery members; through Saturday, Dec. 27. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The thirty-fourth annual mixed-mediums exhibition by the New York Society of Women Artists. Among those represented are Sylvia Carewe, Elizabeth Erlanger, and Margit Beck. Through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils, chosen by John Ferren, Robert Gwathmey, and Robert Brackman; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Paintings for Unlimited Space" (large oils) by Enrico Donati, Hedda Sterne, Ad Reinhardt, and others; through Jan. 3. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The seventeenth annual (paintings and sculptures) of the League of Present-Day Artists, including works by Helen Gerardia and Domenico Facci; through Friday, Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings by such artists as Boucher, Tintoretto, and Toulouse-Lautrec, together with a group by the present-day English primitive Scottie Wilson; through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arp, Matisse, Schwitters, and others; through Jan. 3. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings and sculptures, principally, by (for instance) Metzinger, Redon, and Brancusi; through Jan. 10.

NOTE—An exhibition and sale of water colors, drawings, and graphic arts by the Lower East Side Independent Artists will continue at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., through Sunday, Dec. 21. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side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MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Some five hundred photographs (from the Museum's collection) taken since 1838 by three hundred men and women in eighteen countries; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 5; closed Christmas.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) unearthed in Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, containing a hundred and eighty-four works by as many artists; through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, George London, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Laurel Hurley, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, Gabor Carelli, and Frank Guarrera. (A benefit for the Hartman-Homecrest Children's Services.). . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Daniele Barioni, and Mario Zanasi; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Jan Peerce, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Eugenio Fernandi, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:45: "Lohengrin," with Lisa Della Casa, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, Hermann Uhde, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Belen Amparan, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and Martial Singher.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Bach Christmas program on Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3 (all with Rosalyn Tureck, who will double as piano soloist and conductor for two concertos; Maria Stader, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Jan Peerce, tenor; Norman Farrow, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Sunday, Dec. 21, at 8:15 (with Whittemore and Lowe, pianos).

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Florence Kopleff, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Martial Singher, baritone; Jan Rubes, bass-baritone; and the American Concert Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah," with Janet Southwick, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; Howard Jarratt, tenor; and John Macdonald, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas concert. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing an all-Bach program, with Janet Hayes, soprano; Violet Serwin, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Gerhard Lang directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:40, and Monday, Dec. 29, at 8:40.)

Note—On Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 5:30, seventy-five choristers, directed by John R. Jones, will take part in the annual candlelight concerts of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

RECITALS

Guiomar Novaes and Joseph Fuchs—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by a number of composers, among them William Schuman and Henry Hadley, performed by Sylvia Rabinof, piano; Benno Rabinof, violin; Davis Shuman, trombone; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Rawn Spearman—Baritone, with a string ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2.)

Gateway Singers—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer, with Sonny Terry, harmonica. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Miles Davis's sextet, J. J. Johnson's quintet, Sonny Rollins' trio, Art Blakey's band, and Anita O'Day are scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Pat McMurtry vs. Nino Valdes, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7: Minneapolis vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, playoff for the Eastern conference championship. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:05.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The final children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Mary Martin, who will double as narrator and singer, and with Dirk Sanders, dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAYS—By the MERRI-MIMES: "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Dec. 20. "The Red Dragon," Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23-24, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . ¶ "Alice in Wonderland." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . THEATRE EAST: "I Wish I May," Saturday, Dec. 20, at 1:30 and 3, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Star Bright," Saturday, Dec. 27, at 3. (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Enchanted Treasure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 2:30.) . . . PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11.)

VARIETY SHOW—"The Littlest Circus," complete with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, magicians, a one-man band, a hurdy-gurdy, and people dressed up as animals, has a cast of seven actors and dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Sunday, Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

EXHIBITS—An elaborate new scenic display with six electric trains chuffing in and out, up and down, and around and around and around. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Weekdays, except Christmas, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ More trains, running along a two-thousand-foot railway system, together with Erector models and scientific displays that youngsters can set going by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of the Christmas Sky." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 3:30; Christmas at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, Wednesday, and Christmas, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

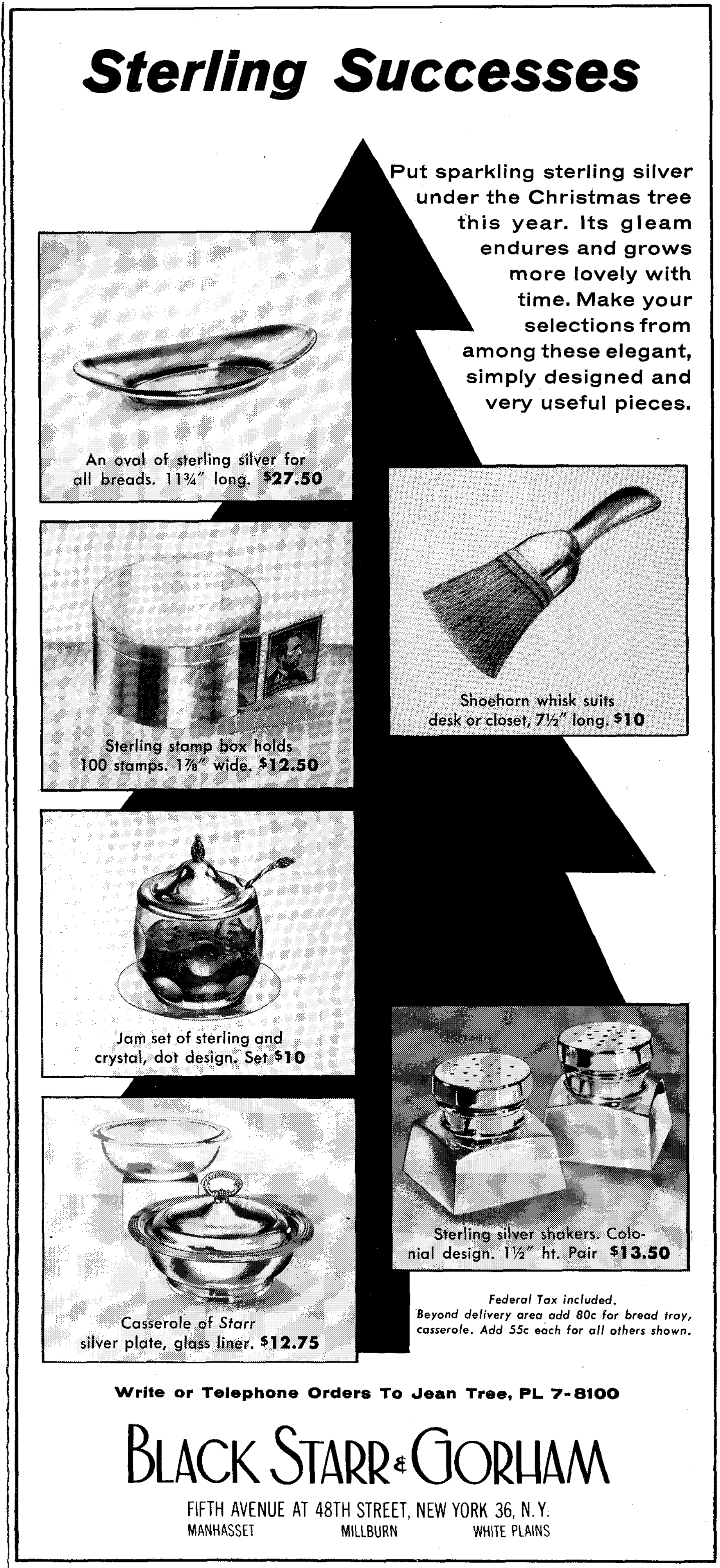
MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next seven weeks; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26.

PROSE READINGS—Truman Capote reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Damn Yankees—A jolly musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston and Gwen Verdon, who play the Devil and his undulant assistant, are most diverting, and the show, which benefits from the brisk direction of George Abbott, is accompanied by many spirited tunes. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 20, tentative.)

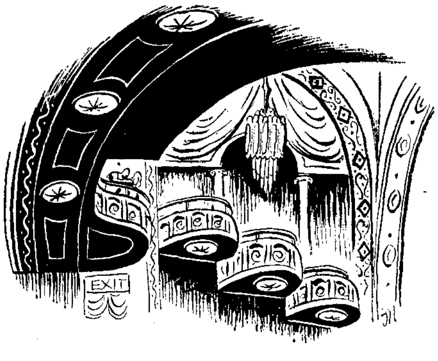
The Defiant Ones—At the outset of this picture, a pair of convicts, one white and one black, escape from a Southern prison farm chained together, and from there on, what with the prisoners despising each other's color and a posse hot on their heels, quite a head of melodramatic steam is built up. Admirably directed by Stanley Kramer, the movie also has the advantage of a pair of strong performances by Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in the central roles. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 23.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 24.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious version of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a good cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Horse's Mouth—Alec Guinness giving a solid comic performance as the raffish hero of an adaptation of Joyce Cary's novel. Mr. Guinness, who did the adaptation himself, is perhaps more successful as an actor than as and adapter, but his portrait of a freewheeling artistic nonconformist in a world he never made makes up for any small handicaps. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Inn of the Sixth Happiness—Ingrid Bergman is handsome and effective in this tale of an English parlormaid who took off for China some thirty years ago and became a missionary of the sort that anyone could admire. A fine cast helps the entertainment on its sentimental way. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)



The Matchmaker—Shirley Booth brings all her acting stratagems to bear on this version of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers when the world was about a century younger. Cast as a sly Miss Fixit, Miss Booth sees to it that all hands—among them a merchant (Paul Ford), his clerk (Anthony Perkins), and a Manhattan milliner (Shirley MacLaine)—wind up euphorically. Good enough, if nostalgia is your fancy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 23, tentative.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye (as an ingenious Jewish refugee from Poland), Curt Jurgens (as a stiff-necked Polish colonel), and Nicole Maurey (as a French girl who sees a lot of good in both of them) are all splendid in a sprightly comedy that describes how this trio keeps a step ahead of the Nazis after the invasion of France. Akim Tamiroff, Françoise Rosay, Martita Hunt, and Alexander Scourby give sturdy assistance to the principals. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 20, tentative. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 24.)

Pather Panchali—An Indian film, made on location, that depicts most poignantly the way a village family lives. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Pepote—An unostentatious Spanish film that deals charmingly with the life of a small orphan being looked after by an avuncular guardian, who likes to boast about the days when he was a big wheel in the bullfight business. As enacted by Pablito Calvo and Antonio Vico, the principals in this sometimes sad, sometimes merry little film are entrancing. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Dec. 24.)

The Roots of Heaven—Trevor Howard, playing a man dedicated to saving elephants, gets quite an odd assortment of characters to assist him in combatting ivory hunters in Africa. Directed by John Huston, the film is lengthy, but it does have its lively moments, and the actors supporting the capable Mr. Howard—among them Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles—are all sound performers. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through Dec. 22.)

The Seventh Seal—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, which presents an absorbing parable about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century when the plague was raging. Mr. Bergman's camera is highly dramatic, and his cast is excellent. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 24, tentative.)

Witches of Salem—The troubles of a town afflicted with an overdose of theocracy. Based on "The Crucible," by Arthur Miller, and adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre, this French film may not remind you of the sanitary world of the Pilgrim Fathers as we have come to think of it, but it packs an emotional wallop nevertheless. Mylene Demongeot, Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, and all the others on view do very well indeed enacting this sombre tale. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 21-23.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 21-23.)

Operation Mad Ball (1957)—Fun in the Army. Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 21-23.)

Potemkin (1925)—That famous Russian job. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 18.)

Tempest in the Flesh (1957)—A clinical look at the problem of nymphomania. Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; Dec. 21-23. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 21-23, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Dec. 20, showings at 3: "Hands" (1928); and "Sunrise" (1927), with Janet Gaynor. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 21, showings at 3 and 5:30 (except Dec. 24, when the only showing will be at 3): "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Separate Tables," Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Dec. 22 (last showing at about 4): "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.
From Dec. 22, at 8:30: "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"A Night to Remember," Kenneth More. (Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11 and Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 24: "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders, Debra Paget.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Dec. 22: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.**
From Dec. 23, at 8:30: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Greater New York March of Dimes.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Dec. 24: "China Doll," Victor Mature, Ward Bond.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 23 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 24 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Dec. 18: "Hollywood or Bust," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Indian Fighter," revival, Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau.
Dec. 19-23: "The Spider," Ed Kemmer; and "Terror from the Year 5,000," Joyce Holden.
From Dec. 24: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 23 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 24 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 20: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.
From Dec. 21: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Dec. 18: "A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.
Dec. 19-23: "The Spider," Ed Kemmer; and "Terror from the Year 5,000," Joyce Holden.
From Dec. 24: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Dec. 24: **PEPOTE** (in Spanish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 20 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES.**
From Dec. 21: "He Who Must Die" (in French), Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 24: **ME AND THE COLONEL.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 20: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.
From Dec. 21: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 20 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
Dec. 21-23 (tentative): **TEMPEST IN THE FLESH** and "The Sinners" (both in French and both revivals).
Dec. 24: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 23 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 24 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Dec. 18: "A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.
Dec. 19-23: "The Spider," Ed Kemmer; and "Terror from the Year 5,000," Joyce Holden.
From Dec. 24: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 20: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.
From Dec. 21: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 20: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
Dec. 21-23: **OPERATION MAD BALL**, revival; and "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra.
From Dec. 24: "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Don't Go Near the Water," revival, Glenn Ford, Gia Scala.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 23 (tentative): "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
From Dec. 24 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 20: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.
From Dec. 21: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 20: "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.
Dec. 21-23: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival.
From Dec. 24: **GERVAISE** (in French); and "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Dec. 18: "A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.
Dec. 19-23: "The Spider," Ed Kemmer; and "Terror from the Year 5,000," Joyce Holden.
From Dec. 24: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 20: "Flesh and Desire" (in French), Rossano Brazzi, Viviane Romance.
From Dec. 21: "Mad Little Island," Jeannie Carson, Donald Sinden.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Separate Tables," Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
WITCHES OF SALEM (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 20: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.
From Dec. 21: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 23: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "The Ambassador's Daughter," revival, Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe.
From Dec. 24: "Folies Bergère" (in French and English), Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine; and "Diary of a Bad Girl" (in French), Danik Patisson, Anne Vernon.

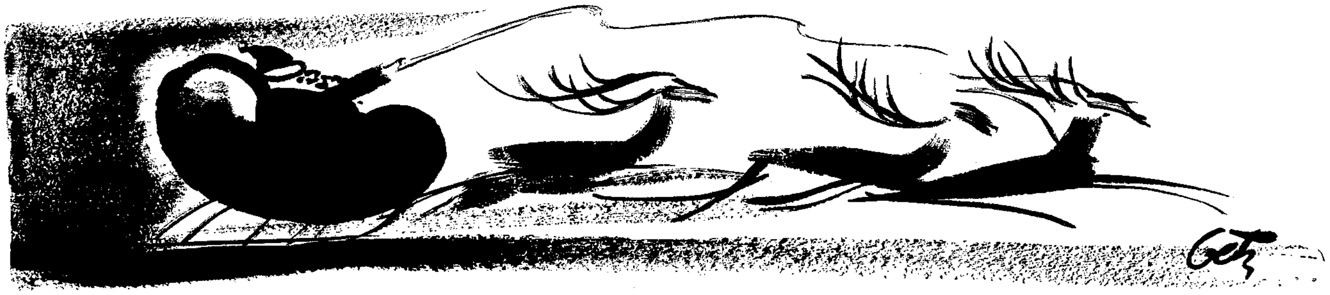
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 18: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "The Anna Cross" (in Russian), revival.
Dec. 19-21: "Cavalleria Rusticana" (in Italian), revival, Mario Del Monaco; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Lucia Evangelista, Giulio Gari.
Dec. 22-24: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Dec. 18: "A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.
Dec. 19-23: "The Spider," Ed Kemmer; and "Terror from the Year 5,000," Joyce Holden.
From Dec. 24: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Dec. 20: "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons; and "O. Henry's Full House," revival, Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain.
Dec. 21-23: **TEMPEST IN THE FLESH** and "The Sinners" (both in French and both revivals).
From Dec. 24: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 20: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.
From Dec. 21: "Tom Thumb," Russ Tamblyn, Alan Young; and "Andy Hardy Comes Home," Mickey Rooney.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Dec. 18: "A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.
Dec. 19-23: "The Spider," Ed Kemmer; and "Terror from the Year 5,000," Joyce Holden.
From Dec. 24: "Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère; and "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.



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THEM ONE
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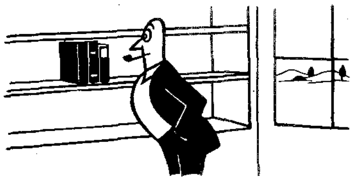
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS is the season of emotion, and we are not altogether astonished by a communication from one of our contributors—a man who, wishing to get away from his fellow-men, recently rented two rooms in a commodious unoccupied ranch house just outside Santa Barbara, California. As Christmas approached, he grew restless, but, firm in his determination to shun his contemporaries, decided to seek relaxation in old books. With this resolve, he went on a tour of the deserted rooms of the ranch house to see what he could find to read. In what had been the library were just three books: "The Proper Care of the Horse," by an anonymous human author; "In Far Cathay," by a retired admiral of the United States Navy; and a bound volume of *St. Nicholas* of the year 1908. The last, he decided, was exactly what he was looking for. The name of the long-dead periodical was suitable to the season, and in the columns printed in the eighth year of the century that he was fed up with he would be able to pore over the works of writers who were no longer around. Back in his self-centered lair, he opened the volume, and the first thing his eye fell upon was this:



MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I am a boy born in China. I live in the country near Wei Skein (Way Shen) city, in an inclosed compound or big yard about two blocks large. There are eight dwelling-houses, a boys' and girls' school, a college, a big church, and two hospitals.

A new house is being built (the house we are to live in) by Chinese carpenters and masons.

It will take about eight months to build it. What a long time! The Chinese have no saw-mills, but every log has to be cut and sawed by hand.

I think you are fine.

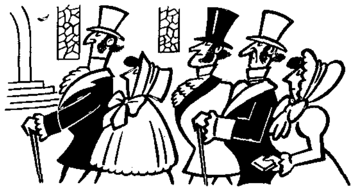
Your true friend and reader,
HENRY R. LUCE

To get back to the fact that this is the season of emotion, we should report that our contributor confesses that the letter very nearly undid him. For that matter, it very nearly undid us. Before we have time to get a firm grip on ourself, we herewith wish *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

De la Crème

THIS coming Sunday morning, Grace Church will conclude a three-week-long celebration of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its founding. Both as a place of worship and as an object of architectural interest, Grace Church is one of the city's dearest possessions, and we rejoice to offer it many happy returns of the day. (In "New York Landmarks," a booklet put out by the Municipal Art Society, Grace Church heads a list of eight structures built in Manhattan before 1930 that are "of national importance" and that the Society feels should be preserved at all costs.) The other afternoon, we journeyed down to Broadway and Tenth Street and paid a congratulatory call on the rector of Grace, Dr. Louis Pitt, and then, armed, by his courtesy, with a number of anniversary documents, sat for a while in one of the rosy old box pews of the church and watched the fire of a winter sunset fail against its high stained-glass windows. There were plenty of ghosts crowding the dim nave—including even the ghosts of General Tom Thumb and his tiny bride, who were married there in the eighteen-sixties—but they were all friendly ghosts, and we were grateful for their company. Somewhere out of sight, an organist was softly practicing for the Sunday service, and the reedy sounds—almost the ghosts of sounds—went skirling through the church, while a middle-aged man with glinting spectacles and a troubled air searched along the pew tops for something that seemed always just about to be found and always just eluded him.

From the papers in our lap, we learned that in 1801 the vestrymen of Trinity Church, at Rector Street and Broadway, had voted to build a second church, to help provide for its rapidly expanding congregation. (Trinity had already built two chapels for this purpose: St. Paul's, at Fulton Street and Broadway, and St. George's, on Beekman Street.) The cornerstone of the edifice, to be known as Grace Church, was laid in 1806, also at Rector Street and Broadway, "to the honor and glory of Almighty God." The building was consecrated on December 21, 1808, and at once attracted what newspaper and magazine accounts for a hundred years afterward were to describe as "*la crème de la crème*" of New York society. Within thirty years, the cream having moved their residences northward, Grace Church decided to move north, too. In 1843, its vestry purchased the present site, which had been part of the old Brevoort farm, and set up a competition for the design of a suitable building. The winner of the competition was James Renwick, Jr., a brilliant and fashionable young man of twenty-four who had graduated from Columbia at eighteen, had been trained as an engineer, and was currently engaged in supervising the construction of the new Croton Reservoir, on Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, where the Public Library now stands. Young Renwick had never designed a building in his life; moreover, since he had not been to Europe, his knowledge



of Gothic churches was limited largely to what he had learned from books. He was bold and ignorant, and when he sat down to design a church in the Gothic style, the result might well have been a disaster; instead, it was a masterpiece.

On February 5, 1846, Philip Hone wrote in his diary, "The new Church at the head of Broadway is nearly finished and ready for consecration. The pews were sold last week and brought extravagant prices, some $1200 to $1400, with a pew-rent on the estimated value of eight per cent, so that the Word of God, as it came down to us from fishermen and mechanics, will cost the quality who worship in this splendid temple about three dollars every Sunday. This may have a good effect; for many of them, though rich, know how to calculate, and if they do not go regularly to Church they will not get the worth of their money."

We looked up from Hone to find the middle-aged man fidgeting outside our pew. "Here it is at last," he said, and tapped a worn silver plate fixed to the door of the pew. "I've been looking all over the place for my grandfather's pew. I'm a vestryman at Ascension, and I haven't been inside this church for years, but I want my son to attend the service on Sunday and sit in his great-grandfather's pew. It'll do the boy good. And I hope he brings *his* sons. It'll do them good, too."

In spite of old Hone's cynicism, we felt distinctly relieved at discovering that there was still plenty of unghostly *crème* around, and that there was more *crème* to come—enough, if all goes well, to insure another hundred and fifty years of Grace.

Current

THE elderly aunt of a young hostess we know blew in from Boston for the holidays and put everybody at ease, over cocktails on her first evening, by saying, "We had a delightful ride home from Cambridge on Thanksgiving night. The sky was beautiful, and the moon was as big as a hula hoop."

For Adults Only

FRIENDS made on bird walks are friends indeed. Miss Farida A. Wiley, director of the Museum of Natural History's Natural Science for the Layman course, and our guide, over a period of years, on several Central Park and Audubon Society of Connecticut ornithological sprees, recently invited us to her course's grand finale for 1958—a Saturday "behind-the-scenes" tour of the Museum, advertised as "By reservation only and for ADULTS ONLY," from which we have emerged tired but happy. We reported at 10 A.M. in the Duplex Hall of the Museum's School Service Building, where a lady at a desk presented us and a long line of fellow-adults with yellow tags, each bearing a pin and the recipient's name. "A hundred and thirty-five reservations this morning, and an equal number for this afternoon," Miss Wiley, who was standing by and counting noses, said to us. "All we can handle. We've had to turn away some people who didn't have reservations. I don't guide these tours myself; they're conducted by leaders in our Department of Public Instruction. I have one sick guide today—or, rather, I don't have her."

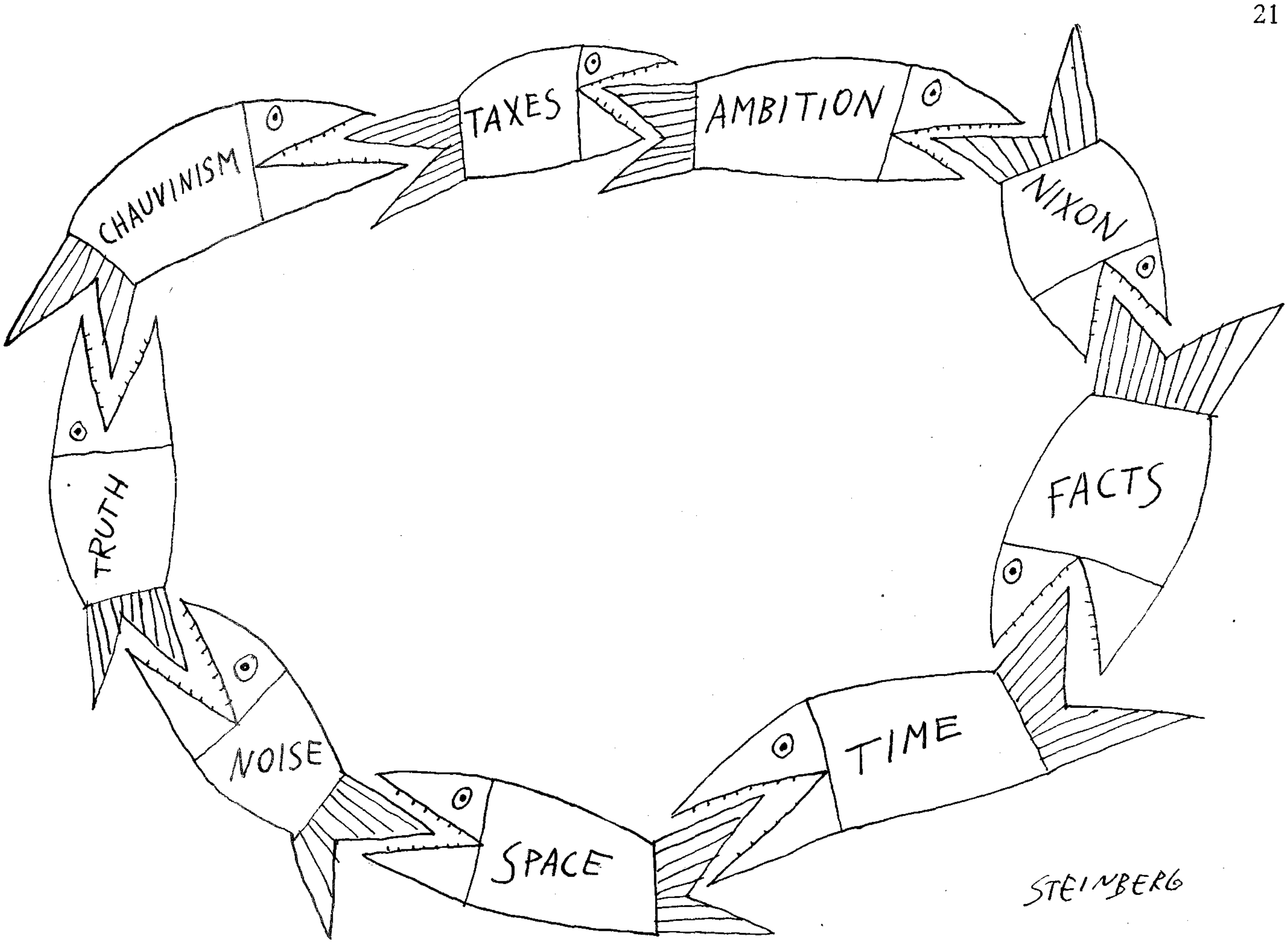
We affixed our name to our lapel and sat down in the auditorium until, all hands having been accounted for, Miss Wiley began ticking off squads of twenty or so and placing them in the charge of six hale lady pilots and one gentleman. Our pilot, a good-looking young woman who sported a tag that read "Lois J. Hussey," briskly led her charges, among whom ladies outnumbered men five to one, to the habitat groups of the Akeley African Hall. "We're going to see today how these are made," she said, pausing before "African Plains. Gift of Daniel E. Pomeroy." "We have nearly a hundred and ninety of them. The plant materials are mostly artificial; the leaves of this tree are made out of crêpe paper. Soil and gravel are real. The landscape and skyscape in the background are an oil painting stretched on canvas over a built-in frame. Expensive."

She shepherded her flock through a door marked "Department of Amphibians and Reptiles, One Flight Up. Not Open to the Public," and, one flight up, led it into a mildly smelly room full of metal lockers containing type specimens. "This room is used by visiting scientists," she said as a number of the visiting ladies pressed handkerchiefs to their noses. "That machine against the wall is a sound spectrograph, which analyzes sounds made by amphibians—analyzes them visually as well as by ear. It has made records of toads brought from South America by Charles M. Bogert, chairman and curator of the Department of Amphibians and Reptiles. The records are on sale in the Museum Shop."

Our group passed through a room containing jars of large, preserved snakes and into one where a great sound of rattling greeted us. Live rattlesnakes and copperheads were angrily sitting in air-vented metal cases on top of flattened newspapers—mostly the *Times*. (A few were on pages of the *News* and the *Herald Tribune*.) "You can see the tails rattling," Miss Hussey said. "A rattler adds another rattle each time it sheds its skin, but it isn't true that you can count its years by counting the rattles. Some rattlers shed more than once a year." We examined a cage of turtles and giant toads, and moved into a room with two large cages. One held small lizards; the other, which was lit up by infra-red bulbs, was inhabited by a single large lizard. "Iguana," our guide said of the large lizard, which was bobbing its head under a hot-looking bulb. "This is an experiment in changes of temperature, to see what degree of heat the iguana prefers at various times. Reptiles are called cold-blooded, but when they're active they can have a higher temperature than man."

The afflicted ladies removed their handkerchiefs as we all descended an inner, behind-the-scenes flight of stairs, only to hoist them again as we gained a suite given over to live mice, rats, meal worms, and their parental beetles, and jars and jars of lizards, snakes, turtles, and crocodilians, stored in ethyl alcohol. "To feed the snakes," Miss Hussey said of the room's living occupants. "Oh!" exclaimed one lady compassionately, lifting her handkerchief. She clapped it on again as she came to some "Skeletal Material" cases.

Back upstairs and through a door marked "Public Not Admitted. Straight Ahead to the Departments of Planning, Art, and Exhibition" Miss Hussey's flock marched, to a great corridor lined with flowers and foliage of paper, wax, and cellulose acetate. "For our new Felix M. Warburg Memorial Hall of ecology," Miss Hussey said as all noses quivered gratefully. "Leaves are cut out and dyed, and the veins are wired on; berries are generally made of wax; rocks are usually not real but made of painted plaster over a wire-and-burlap frame; sometimes actual lichen and moss are attached to the artificial rock. In such Museum exhibits as those of the Grand Canyon, real rock, which, of course, is much heavier, might imperil the understructure of the building." We passed some cases of wooden and plaster animal figures with skins



sewn over them, and reached a vast conference room filled with the future contents of one of five anthropological halls still in the planning stage (a two-foot Lucite human cell, plastic human hearts, livers, kidneys, stomachs, brains, intestines, and so forth). Next, via a freight elevator, we followed our leader into a tannery, on the third floor (skins in various stages of preparation, some soaking in old-fashioned bathtubs, with sculptured legs, that looked as though they had been salvaged from the Peter Cooper house). "Skins are rubbed with salt while they are still in the field," Miss Hussey said. "Then they are stored in a big icebox until the tanners are ready to prepare them; then soaked, under weights; then spread on benches and trimmed with large knives; then pickled in wooden tubs; then trimmed again, coated on one side with oil, and put in a machine called a 'kicker,' which kneads the oil in; then put in a drum with sawdust, which takes the excess oil out; then put in another drum, which takes the sawdust out; and then blown and combed." She led our group past a sign that read "Division of Osteological Preparation" and into a neighboring room—handkerchiefs again—where we noted, on a table, a bottle with the legend "BiSoDol Mints. Fast Relief from Upset Stomach," and, in a covered bin, an army of beetles and larvae. "We raise these dermestid beetles to eat the flesh off small animals," Miss Hussey said. "They are wonderful skeleton preparers. They will eat forty bats in a night."

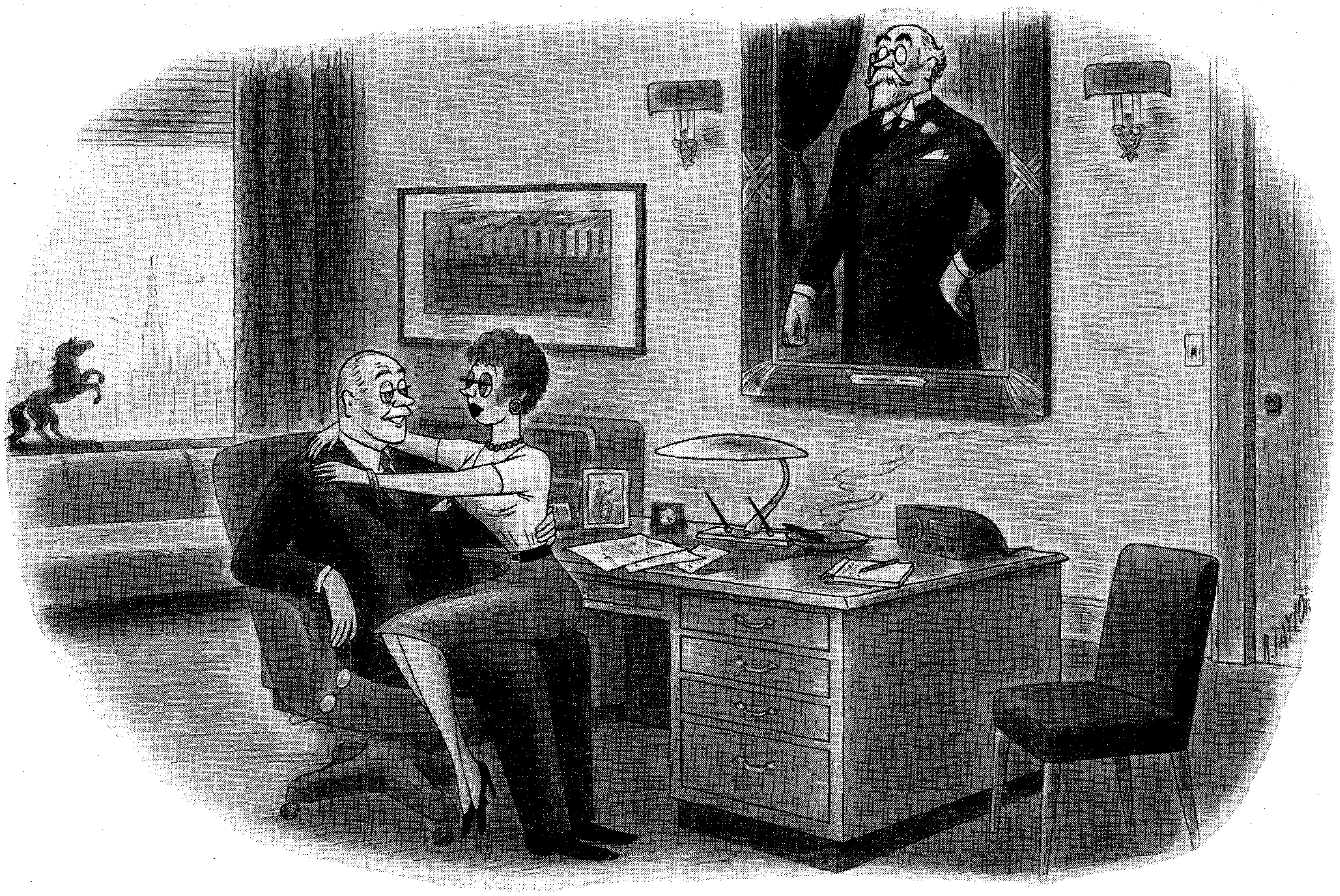
Opening a door marked "This Door Must Not Be Opened," our guide ushered us into an icebox, as big as a medium-sized ballroom, that was crammed with skins and corpses, including the corpse of a baby mammoth from Alaska, encased in the block of ice in which it was discovered. "Let's get out of here before we catch pneumonia," a male behind-the-scener said, and we all took the elevator to a big, light studio on the fourth floor, where habitat groups were being assembled. There were glass cabinets full of artificial flowers, plants, fruits, birds, and fungi, and there was a real ping-pong table, with real paddles. On the fifth floor, in a great skylighted chamber at the north end of the original Museum building, west of the Planetarium, we inspected architectural models of one of the projected anthropological halls, the Hall of the Biology of Man. "We work at least ten years ahead on these," Miss Hussey said. We spied, high up on a column, a rhinoceros head whose horn and ears were festooned with a sombrero and two blue caps, one bearing a Cub Scout insigne. "Children under eighteen are not allowed behind the scenes," Miss H. said, observing our glance. "I can't imagine how the things got there."

Hail and Farewell

A FRIEND of ours who travels between Manhattan and Brooklyn every day reports that he saw a very charming tableau on the B.-M.T. the other evening. A group of high-school girls were gathered around an ancient Italian who was squeezing an accordion and lining out some Christmas tunes. He was not a beggar, and was obviously having a good time. When the girls reluctantly took their leave of him at a station along the way, he doffed his hat, bowed, and said, "*Arrivederci, mie belle.*" The girls beamed upon him, and one of them replied, "Thank you, and, in your own language, *sayonara.*"

Parties

OUR pre-Yule commercial-cocktail-party life defies description, but let us give it the old Yale try. First, Miss Elizabeth Arden had "the pleasure of [our] company at her second birthday Christmas party for the Arden for Men Shop," at 1 East Fifty-fourth Street. We didn't have the pleasure of



"An only child is a lonely child, Miss Peabody."

• •

Miss Arden's company, but we did meet Mr. Lloyd Baker Case, who runs the shop—an establishment offering Arden for Men foam shaving cream, after-shave lotion, pre-electric-shave lotion, talc, and genuine-top-grain-cowhide-lined-with-genuine-leather-specially-dyed-red attaché cases, along with imported sweaters, shirts, ties, scarves, robes, cuff links, tie tacks, money clips, and Japanese straw beach pillows. "A bit off the beaten track," Mr. Case said, showing us one of the pillows, which looked like a minnow trap. "We also feature a brass combination calendar, cigarette lighter, cigarette box, and clock, for a man's desk. If he's in the oil business in Texas, he'll *have* to have it! Forty-five dollars." We accepted a drink catered by Robert Day-Dean, whose headquarters are next door, and asked Mr. Case, "What else?" "Christmas slacks," he said, pulling out a pair of red wool trousers with a braid of holly berries and leaves running along the seams. "For after-skiing and lounging. Wherever there are Arden salons for women, here and in Europe, there are items for men on sale." He presented us with a box of miniature cakes of Arden for Men soap ("tangy sandalwood scent . . . lathers to perfection") from a large pile, and we left, passing an astonished lady who had just come in and was saying, "What in the world is going on here? I only want to *buy* something."

WE went home, washed our face with imperfect lather, and presented ourself at the East Sixties home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Doane, who had bidden us to a reception in honor of Max Moreau, whom we had never met. For that matter, we had never met the Doanes, either. Mr. Doane turned out to be president of the International Paper Company, Mrs. Doane turned out to be a lady who, under her maiden name, Mary Goodfellow, writes a gossip column for three Florida papers, and M. Moreau, whose lapel bore the blue ribbon of the Order of Leopold II, turned out to be a Belgian painter who specializes in portraits. "My father was a painter, and I started at six," he said as he and his wife accompanied us on a tour of the living room, past a dozen excellent likenesses he had done. "I learned from my father; he was very severe. I made my first money at twelve, when I sold a copy of a Leonardo da Vinci. I copied many Old Masters in the Brussels Museum in my teens, and then, after the First World War, I settled in Paris, where I did many theatrical portraits. I did seventy-six of Denis d'Inez, the actor, in various roles. My wife and I have just come from our fourth visit to Portugal—eight months—and we're about to go to Palm Beach. We spend our summers in Vichy. I already have orders there for work to be done next year."

"Max also writes poetry and children's books, and composes music for the Brussels Symphony Orchestra," Mme. Moreau said.

"*Everyone* paints nowadays," her husband said. "It's supposed to be therapeutic."

M. MOREAU shook his head and we shook his hand, and a day or two later we found ourself at another reception—given by the Drama Book Shop, in the West Fifties—"to meet Mr. George Oppenheimer, Editor of 'The Passionate Playgoer.'" "It's an anthology of other people's pieces about the theatre," Mr. O., who is drama critic of *Newsday*, told us at the reception. "It was published October 20th, but the store is giving me this party now, as a kind of housewarming. It's just moved. I think this used to be a poodle shop."

"They say your book is delightful," a lady told him.

"It's six hundred and twenty-three pages, including the index, my dear," he said. "Five ninety-five. I had a lot of fun collecting the material."

"Ever see any of the old crowd?" another lady asked him.

"Well, Bennett Cerf," said Mr. O.

"I'm Marjorie Seligman," a tall lady said. "I've been associated with the Drama Book Shop since 1924, when I was *quite* young. I'm a granddaughter of Jesse Seligman, the banker, who was in the California gold rush."

WE pushed east to the Carstairs Gallery, where the pleasure of our company was enjoyed by a milling group at a "preview of an exhibition of New Paintings by Salvador Dali." Mr. Dali handed us a catalogue ten inches by fourteen, and, the place being too crowded to look at it there, we took it to Costello's, ordered an Irish coffee, and read, in part:

ANTI-MATTER MANIFESTO

> If the physicists are producing anti-matter, let it be allowed to the painters, already specialists in angels, to paint it.
>
> —S. D.
>
> In the surrealist period I wanted to create the iconography of the interior world—the world of the marvelous, of my father Freud. I succeeded in doing it. Today the exterior world—that of physics—has transcended the one of psychology. My father today is Dr. Heisenberg.
>
> It is with pi-mesons and the most gelatinous and indeterminate neutrinos that I want to paint the beauty of the angels and of reality. I will very soon succeed in doing so.

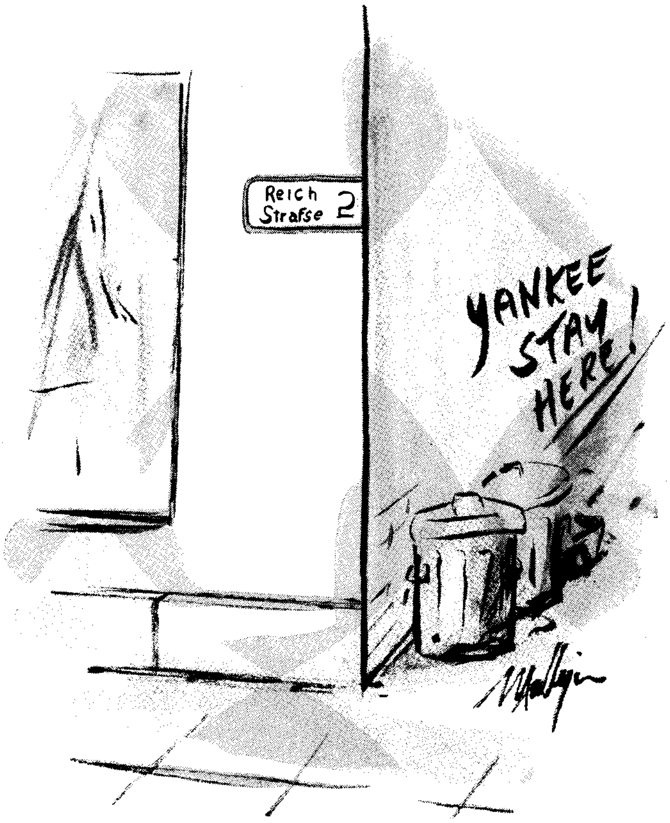
CATALOGUE

> 1. Quasi-grey picture which, closely seen, is an abstract one; seen from two metres is the Sistine Madonna of Raphael; and from fifteen metres is the ear of an angel measuring one metre and a half; which is painted with anti-matter; therefore with pure energy. . . .
>
> 3. The cut end of van Gogh's ear dematerializing itself from its frightful existentialism and pi-mesonically exploding in the dazzlement of Raphael's Sistine Madonna.
>
> 4. Dionysus spitting the complete image of Cadaques on the tip of the tongue of a three-storied Gaudinian woman.
>
> 5. Saint Theresa pierced by an anti-matter vision. . . .
>
> 10. The Great Shiver turned into the incorruptible gooseflesh of an ear. . . .
>
> 12. A single neutrino, of whose existence one is not sure, instigates a corporeity.
>
> This, my best exhibition, I dedicate in homage to Gala, my Sistine Madonna.

SHIVERING a Great Shiver, we presently lugged our corporeity to the Sheraton-East Hotel, where Rums of Puerto Rico had cordially invited us to "the introduction of the Royal Daiquiris created by James A. Beard." "Working with Mr. J. Diaz-Hernandez, director of Rums of Puerto Rico, we're transforming the oldest of cocktails, the Daiquiri, into a dozen modern modifications," Mr. Harold P. Bock, the Sheraton-East's manager, told us as waiters passed trays of varicolored cherry, mint, pineapple, banana, orange, grapefruit, and other daiquirian novelties. "These are variations and fugues, as it were. People are drifting away from Martinis, because they're too powerful at times. The vogue of vodka may be waning. Drinks have their day, you know, just as dogs at the Westminster Dog Show do. Rum is the thing. Besides, we like to help Puerto Rico out. The Sheraton people are planning to build a hotel there, our first overseas venture."

WE waved at ex-Mayor Impellitteri, who was sampling a Daiquiri on the rocks; refreshed our memory with a glance at a telegram that read, "FARLEY GRANGER JANICE RULE KIM NOVAK ELSA MAXWELL HOPE HAMPTON JUDITH ANDERSON AND JULIE WILSON WILL ATTEND SPECIAL SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR HERMIONE GINGOLD . . . SIX PM 154 EAST 74 STREET RSVP AT YOUR EARLIEST TO HENRY DORMANN YUKON 84010 UNSIGNED;" and, at this address, penetrated an apartment containing Miss Gingold, the English comedienne and humorist; Alice Pearce, the American comedienne; Bella Spewack, the playwright; Mrs. Eliot Elisofon, wife of the photographer; a stack of books titled "The World Is Square," by Miss Gingold and published by the Athene Press; and, attached to the ceiling, lots and lots of pink balloons inscribed "Hermione Gingold Says the World Is Square."

"We've published a number of political books, but this is our first nonpolitical one," said Mr. Marvin Liebman, Athene's chief. "I published it because I'm a great friend of Hermione's." He proposed a toast to author and book; all hands sang "Happy Birthday to You" and plunged into champagne and a big birthday cake; and we fell into conversation with an apprehensive-looking lady who turned out to be Muriel Resnik, the apartment's tenant, and author of "Life Without Father" and "House Happy." "The party was going to be held at Marvin's, but it got too big, so he asked if he could have it here," she said. We opened a copy of "The World Is Square" and read, in the first paragraph, "My mother came from a large well-to-do Jewish family. . . . [My father's] family [was] very well-to-do." Two common inhibitions triumphed over, right at the start! We wished Miss Gingold a merry Christmas and a happy and well-to-do New Year.



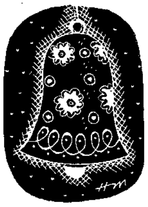
Precautionary

A MAN of the world we usually have lunch with around this season, when he pauses in New York in the course of his travels, told us the other day that he went to some trouble to pick out a Christmas gift for a friend in Bangkok, Thailand, and to have it sent there by air express. The salesgirl, he says, was sweet and young, and after he had carefully spelled out the name of the city and the name of the country for her, she looked at him with her great innocent eyes and asked, "Will there be anyone there to receive it?"

THE WHITE WILD BRONCO

AT the age of five, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, Isaac said he wanted to be a German. He was then blond and chubby, and not at all pugnacious. Because he stuttered, he pronounced the word "German" with three, sometimes with six, initial consonants. He had heard it by his father's bedside, where, propped most of the day on high pillows, the old fusilier remembered Givenchy and Messines Ridge in the hearing of his friends: Doherty the undertaker; Mickey Fish, who sold fish on Fridays from a flat dray and from door to door, and who stopped young women—even under the courthouse clock—to ask them the time of evening; Pat Moses Gavigan, who fished pike and cut the world's best blackthorns; and Cowboy Carson, the only man in our town who lived completely in the imagination. Occasionally, the old fusilier read aloud out of one or other of the learned anthropological tomes dealing with the adventures of Tarzan the ape man, but mostly the talk was about Germans. Isaac, quiet on his creepie stool, liked the sound of the word.

Bella, the loving wife of the old fusilier, had received her husband home from the war, we were told, in a glass case, the loser by a stomach shot away when—all his superior officers dead—he, the corporal, gallantly led an action to success. He had carried the *kopje*, or whatever it was they carried in Flanders, and had stopped just short of advancing into the fire of his own artillery. Back home, stomachless in his glass case, he cheated the War Office on the delicate question of expectation of life, collected a fine pension, and lived at his ease until the world was good and ready for another war. No crippled veteran left to beg at the town's end was the old fusilier. Secure in his bed in his lattice-windowed room in his white cottage that was snug in the middle of a terrace of seven white cottages, he talked, read about Tarzan, told how fields were won, and on big British Legion days condescended to receive homage from visiting celebrities, including, once, Lady Haigh herself. On the creepie stool, chubby Isaac absorbed the wonder of half-comprehended words, pondered the girth of the undertaker, the lean, loveless face of the fish merchant who thought that only beauty could tell him the time on a June evening, watched the hands of Moses as they cut a thorn or measured the monstrousness of an escaped pike, studied the Cowboy's eyes, which squinted—by way of twopenny paper-covered books—back to the Texas Panhandle and the old Chisholm Trail.



The undertaker, or the pike fisherman, or the fish merchant, or the Cowboy would say, "Isaac, what do you want to be when you grow up?"

Isaac would say, "I want to be a German."

Then the four visitors would laugh. His father, pale on his pillows, would laugh—forgetting Germans once seen in a sulphurous haze as he charged roaring through shot and shell, to become a hero. His father would read the next installment:

> "When Tarzan of the Apes realized that he was in the grips of the great jaws of a crocodile he did not, as an ordinary man might have done, give up all hope and resign himself to his fate....
>
> "His body trailed out beside the slimy carcass of his captor, and into the tough armor the ape man attempted to plunge his stone knife as he was borne to the creature's horrid den....
>
> "Staggering to his feet the ape man groped about the reeking oozy den. . . ."

IN the moonlight, the Cowboy walked home, pulling imaginary guns and talking in admonitory tones to Wyatt Earp. "Stand there, Earp! You may be a big man, but I'll cut you down. Do I have to push you into slapping leather?"

Alone in the moonlight, on the hill that went down to the red-and-white creamery, the brook, the Cowboy's hut, the fields beyond, he pulled and whirled and fired three times. With satisfaction he listened to the echoes dying away at the town's last fringe of shabby, sleeping terraces—over the tarred iron roofs of Tansey the carter's stableyard, over the railway-engine shed and the turntable. On green-and-white moonland beyond the Dublin railway, a mystic white bronco galloped in circles, as, noiselessly, the Cowboy slipped his smoking Colt back into the holster. He turned then, and continued down the hill to Tansey the carter's, and supper. He worked, carrying bags of meal to clumsy four-wheeled drays, in the warehouse of Dale the grain merchant—nicknamed Attention—who was an amateur astronomer and had a telescope installed in a beehive-shaped structure at the back of his store. Every night, after the fusilier's reading, the Cowboy ate his supper of yellow Indian porridge and buttermilk, in the huge coppery kitchen where Tansey the carter was a smiling, extrovert Buddha in the middle of his six stout sisters, who had never shown the least inclination toward matrimony.

"Every day, Cowboy, Attention's back is stiffer and stiffer," Tansey said.

"Stiff as a poker," said the third sister.

The sisters were all red-faced and brown-haired. The fourth one cooked the porridge.

"I hear he got drunk on wine gumdrops in Devlin's sweetie shop in Bridge Lane," Tansey joked. "The sergeant had to wheel his bicycle home for him."

Seriously resenting the imputation, the Cowboy, thumbs in the armholes of his patched and darned gray vest, drawled, "The Big Boss is a fast man on the draw. He never touches hard likker."

"We heard he can stare the sun in the face up in that spinning beehive of his," said the second sister.

The carter said, "It takes a good man to stare the sun in the face."

On a hook behind the broad oak door, the first sister considerately hung the Stetson that a rope juggler in a travelling circus had once given to the Cowboy.

"What goes on between himself and the sun is his own business," said the Cowboy reverently. "There was a cattleman in Wyoming had as big a spyglass. Could spot an Injun or a stray ten miles off."

"You and Wyoming," gently said the sixth sister.

"The Big Boss reaches me my wad. At the door of the bunkhouse. 'Your pay, Michael,' he says. 'Count it.' I counted one pound nineteen and elevenpence. 'A penny short, boss,' says I. 'One penny deducted, Michael, for a box of matches purchased on credit last Tuesday at 11 A.M.' He misses nothing."

"Your porridge," said Tansey the carter. "And give us another bit of the story."

"The place I was in that time," said the Cowboy. "Down Deep South. There was a river. Alligators. As plentiful as trout in the brook. This day I went for a swim. Just the way you'd go for a swim above the salmon leap by the hospital on the Camowen River."

"Showing off and strutting before the nurses," said the third sister. "For shame, Cowboy."

"And what should happen when I was out in deep water but an alligator. Silent-like, he grabs me by the arm. I could show you the mark still. But cute enough, he doesn't take the arm off. He needed it, you see, to drag me down."

"In this life, you'll always get some-

"Rockefeller Center is at Forty-ninth and Fifth, stupid!"

● ●

body to drag you down," said the second sister.

"Down to where?" asked the carter.

"Not down the town to a pub or the pictures, anyway. Down to his cave. They live in caves in that river."

"No homes to go to," said the third sister.

"Was he big?" asked the carter. "Would he be the size, now, of the last pike Pat Moses Gavigan caught at Blacksessiagh?"

"'Size'! Ten times the size! A mouth that wide. And the growls of him. Well, there was I. My body beside the slimy carcass of my captor. But I had a knife. A stone knife. Never swam without it. Wouldn't be safe in those parts. And as I was borne to the creature's horrid den, I attempted to plunge my knife into the tough armor of the reptile."

"Cowboy," said the carter, "you're the lucky man to be alive and eating porridge there this blessed night."

"'Lucky'! Quickness—that's what does it. An ordinary man might have given up all hope and resigned himself to his fate."

From the stables came a wild volley of hoofs on confining wood, then a second volley, then a slow thud-thud-thud and one mad, high, equine scream.

"That savage you bought," said the fifth sister. "He'll never cart."

"He'll cart," said Tansey. "More porridge, Cowboy?"

THIS was the time when Isaac desired—as every child, male or female, sometimes desires—a pony. It was, of course, long before he found his vocation and, in a lane above the engine shed—the town's unroofed gymnasium—learned to become the best fighter we ever had. Poise and stance, dynamite right and cunning left, footwork, speed, quick eye, cool head, and iron muscles—the fusilier's son was a natural champion. And, graduating from the green lane, he brought belts, cups, medals, honor, and glory home with him from every part of the country. We were proud of him.

But in the days of his desire for the pony, there were no blows struck but one. Where would a boy go who wanted a pony or a stable to house him but to Tansey's yard, where the great cart horses stamped with the assured gravity of savants, where the Taggarts—the horse dealers—displayed the shaggy, sullen-eyed animals they brought in droves from the mountains away to the southwest, even from tinker camps in the province of Connacht? Roosted high on the shaft of an idle dray, Isaac was there the day Tansey bought the wild white horse. In among the brown shaggy brutes he was white-limbed Tarzan among the ape people of Akut, and until he felt on his quivering flanks the confining shafts, he concealed horror in docility. Then he reared to the perpendicular, assaulted the heavens, came down again, lashed out backward, and did the rounds of the yard like a Derby winner, while old and young—Isaac among them—ran for shelter. With great Tansey swinging from the reins, the horse went round and round until the cart was in firewood and broken shafts trailed the ground.

"Powerful God," said Tansey to the Taggarts, "where did you get this one?"

"In Ballinasloe, in the County Galway," they said, as if that explained everything.

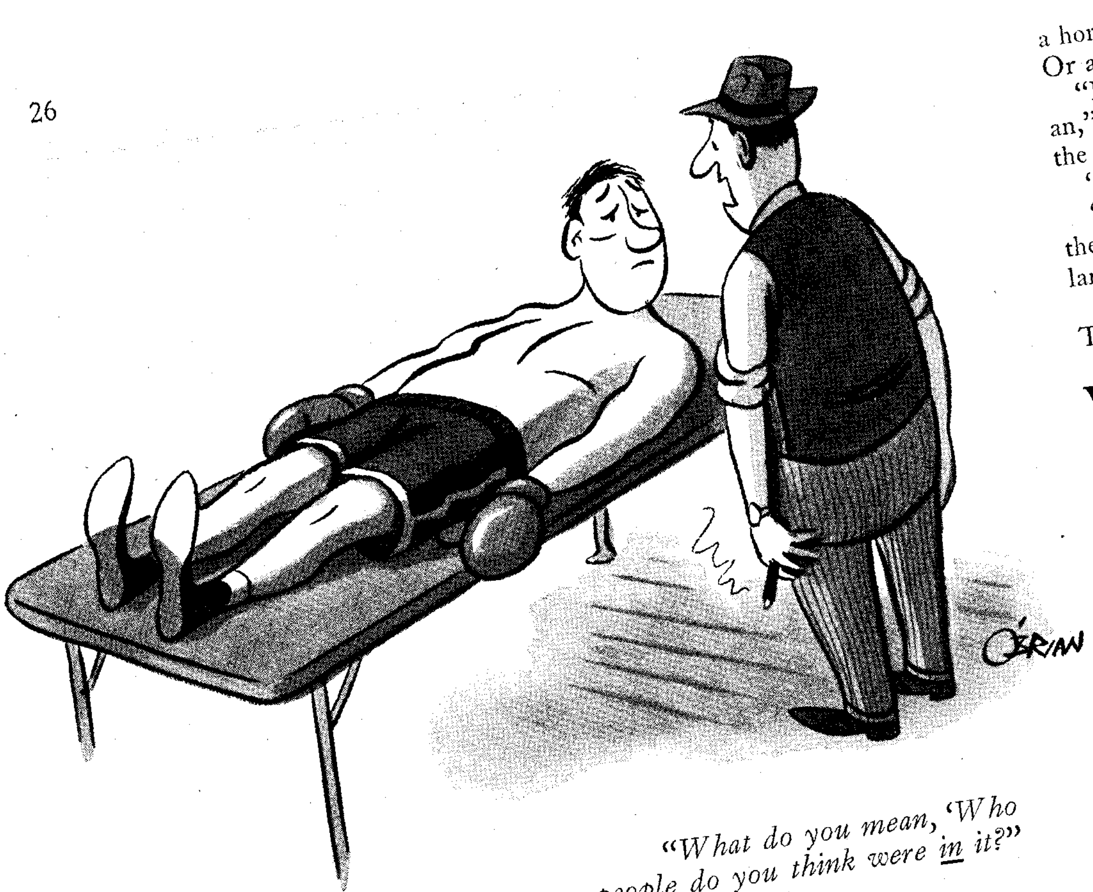
"Take him back to Ballinasloe," said Tansey. "But no, linger now," he said. "There's life in him. He'll cart. I'll coax him."

Dreaming at a safe distance, Isaac saw himself coaxing the savage with gently proffered lumps of sugar, and all through the white one's novitiate under Tansey, Isaac was in constant, reverent attendance. But no coaxing, no lump sugar, no whispers or magic hands could reconcile the untamed tinker-spirit of Ballinasloe to the base servility of the shafts of a dray.

"He has good blood in him," Tansey said. "I'll try him in a trap."

Some of the fragments of the trap, they say, were found fifty yards away on the railway line, and the great white creature stood shivering as if—if it were human—it would burst into hysterical sobs. For a whole fortnight, with Isaac perched on high walls or drays or snug on the hay in the hay shed, the wooing went on, and it was one evening in the stable that Isaac said, "Give him to me, Mr. Tansey. I'll tame him for you."

For one half second, while the carter—distracted—turned and laughed, the horse lunged and snapped, the razor teeth grazing the back of Tansey's skull and gashing the lobe of his left ear. The blood came out like a spout, and Tansey dyed his hand in it. Then, disregarding it, he looked sadly at the animal. With no sign of temper, he went to the back of the stable, picked up a crowbar from a heap of rusting metal, and with the deliberation of God struck the animal between the eyes and stunned it. When it woke up an hour later, it went—almost of its own accord—to the



"What do you mean, 'Who won?' How many people do you think were in *it?"*

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shafts. Isaac's sugar lumps were never needed.

BY the fusilier's bedside that evening, the Cowboy was sitting straddle on a stool—knees in, feet out, hands wide—showing how he had held the reins and stayed in the saddle when lesser men had bitten the dust of the rodeo ring. Isaac chewed toffee. He said, "Tansey the carter broke a bronc today. I saw him." He told his story.

"Tansey's a brute," said Doherty the undertaker. "He'd slay his six sisters before he'd lose two pounds sterling."

"You'd benefit," said Pat Moses Gavigan. "Six coffins."

"They're six fine big girls," said Mickey Fish.

"Not a watch between them," said the fusilier. "Time doesn't count in Tansey's."

The fusilier read:

> "Screaming with terror the Maoris were dragged from their lofty perches. The beasts, uncontrolled by Tarzan, who had gone in search of Jane, loosed the full fury of their savage natures upon the unhappy wretches who fell into their clutches. . . . Sheeta, in the meanwhile, had felt his great fangs sink into but a single jugular. . . ."

Afterward, when the guests had gone, Isaac said, "Cowboy Carson had a ranch once on the Rio Grande. He told me he had seventy pinto ponies."

"Son," said the fusilier, "I hate to rob you of your fancy. But better for your father to do it than for the hard world and the black stranger. The Cowboy Carson was never out of this town except perhaps to carry Pat Moses Gavigan's bag as far as the pike water at Blacksessiagh. It all comes out of the wee books you see in the paper-shop window: 'Deadwood Dick' and 'Buffalo Bill' and 'Hit the Tuttle Trail with Hashknife and Sleepy.' "

"But he was a gun slinger, Da, in Texas."

"Guns—he never saw guns," said the fusilier, musing for a minute and remembering Flanders and the roar of the iron monsters.

IN the dusk, the Cowboy walked home—spurs jingling, stiff and stilted on high heels, bowlegged from the saddle—left to right and right to left, practicing the cross draw, and remembering with affection his deceased friend Buck Duane, the Lone Star Ranger. He was light and elated. There was no pressure of crushing bags of grain on his old bony shoulders. Melodious with beeves, a freight train from the West truckled on toward Belfast. The Cowboy made his crooked way to the kitchen of Tansey the carter.

"You broke the bronc today, I'm told," he said to Tansey the carter.

"I broke the bronc, Cowboy, the only way my father taught me. If I buy a horse to cart, he has to cart. Or a woman to cook."

"He never bought a woman," said the third sister, and the six sisters laughed.

"Your porridge, Cowboy."

"Did I ever tell you about the time I was in New Zealand?"

"You never did," said Tansey the carter.

WHEN the Americans came to our town on their way to meet Hitler, somebody told them about the Cowboy, and one of them, meeting him, said, "Haven't we encountered you before?"

"Was it in Tucson?" said another.

"More whiskey," said a third. "It was in Tombstone."

"Not there," said the Cowboy. "I guess and calculate it might have been Deadwood."

"Deadwood it was," said the three of them. "Well, we'll be doggone darned."

"Tell us about Deadwood, Cowboy," said the man behind the bar.

"I was riding shotgun at that time," said the Cowboy. "Stiff knee, you see. Couldn't mount a bronc." For corroborative purposes he displayed his stiff knee.

They listened with a little laughter. They weren't cruel. They were, in fact, kind, because the worst thing you could have done was to tell him he was never there.

By that time, the old fusilier was dead and buried by Doherty the undertaker; Attention Dale had been succeeded by a nephew, who couldn't face the sun and sold the telescope; Mickey Fish was confined to a mental home, for chasing young girls to ask them the time of evening; and arthritis prevented Pat Moses Gavigan from fishing pike or cutting blackthorns. And Isaac, the fusilier's son, had realized that he would never be a German. He came like a bird as a paratrooper into Narvik, came out again alive, and possibly helped the three Americans who had listened to the Cowboy to storm the French shore. Until he was killed at the Rhine crossing, he remained the best fighter our town ever had. —BENEDICT KIELY

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Some of the effects of the drinking of liquor have been dciddly vil—th hadlins wil ltstify to that.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Let's leave the hadlins out of this.

PICTURES FROM AN EXHIBITION

LÉGER: "THE THREE SISTERS" (1952)

There were three sisters, and they knew their station;
They knew their sphere, and it was elevated.
They brought along with them a poor relation,
Stoutly denying that he was related.

The painter painted them. They were not flattered.
Their family had portraits by the dozen.
That they were naked really hardly mattered;
What mattered was he painted in the cousin.

This business was the cause of some dissension.
The boy was on the canvas, and he stayed on,
But (they declared) the painter must not mention
Him, or that dreadful instrument he played on.

Needing his fee, the painter (he was furious)
Cut through this knot that verged upon the Gordian.
Here are Three Sisters. But, demand the curious,
Who is that wretched boy with the accordion?

MODIGLIANI: "NUDE ON A WHITE CUSHION" (1917)

My figure is perfection.
My eyes are wide and strange;
They gaze in your direction
At something out of range.

A master sculptor modelled
The outline of my breast;
It looks superb when swaddled,
But better still undressed.

My beauty is resplendent
But subtly restrained;
I look quite independent
And rather self-contained.

Though I am sometimes spiteful,
Sometimes I can be kind.
The women think me frightful;
The men don't seem to mind.

MATISSE: "SMALL BLUE INTERIOR" (1947)

How blue is my interior!
The bluest ever seen.
Purple would be much eerier,
And mauve would be obscene,
While dove gray would be drearier,
Though not so dim as green.

I thought it needed brightening;
I thought one day, My lad,
It needs for beauty's heightening
A touch of blue, by Gad.
My sisters find it frightening;
It drives my mother mad.

Blue . . . I believed a touch of it,
Added discreetly, might
Make something faintly Dutch of it;
I painted day and night.
They say I used too much of it,
And maybe they were right.

BRAQUE: "STILL-LIFE" (1955)

Here is a black hat (and the hat has prongs),
A pine cone from the fabled lemon pine,
A jug designed to hold the brew of songs,
A chair that shapes the influence of wine,

An edible guitar without a tail,
A table that can only play one note,
A hook that speaks unkindly to a rail,
A sleeping cupboard in a reddish coat,

Three-quarters of a mainspring cut in two,
A cosine searching for its other end,
A ladder leading to a bar of blue,
A Grecian urn gone on a Grecian bend.

Such is this life, whatever mortals will.
Be thankful, brothers, that this life is still.

VILLON: "ABANDON" (1946-50)

Now dawn and doom are oozing up the stairs,
And dream-wise darkness down the stairs is creeping;
A weary woman on a nest of squares
Lies sleeping.

Her hidden head is pillowed on her arm;
She sighs nor stirs not, though the larks are singing,
And drums are beating, and the fire alarm
Is ringing.

She murmurs not nor mutters in her sleep,
Though horns are hooting and the doorbell jangles.
She is at rest upon a cozy heap
Of angles.

—R. P. Lister

ON LOGAN'S HILL

If Madeline Drew had been any good with her fists, I wouldn't have challenged her to fight me on Logan's Hill. At the age of ten, I was a cowardly girl, and I wouldn't have picked a fight with anybody—not even the slight, ineffectual Madeline—if I hadn't wanted desperately to be accepted by the other girls at the Logan Street Public School, in Sydney, Australia, where I grew up. They had despised me from that first morning, early in the autumn of 1930, when I arrived at the school, escorted by my mother.

To get there, my mother and I had to walk through a part of the city I didn't even know existed. I had the initial impression that we were no longer in Sydney at all but in some other town—an old fishing port, perhaps—and I remember thinking, too, that I might have been actually strolling through one of the old prints I had seen of the Sydney of a hundred years before. There was the same pattern of plain-faced little houses, often made of stone, and narrow streets winding irregularly up the hill above the harbor. There was the same deep blue of sky and water, but when I looked for masts and the black webs of their rigging, which should have completed the picture, I realized that the depression had changed the view, as it was changing my life. I couldn't see a ship in Sydney Harbor. Because my father was out of work, my parents and I had recently had to move from our old house in the shade of sky-high gum trees to a small two-room flat in a crowded city street. And now, from the gentle atmosphere of the convent I had been attending, I was about to be plunged into the unknown waters of a girls' public school.

My new school—a low, brown-painted wooden building—stood alone in a field of asphalt. Inside, in an office, my mother and I found a huge man with curly black hair, a rosebud mouth, and heavy eyebrows that jutted out, like balconies, over a pair of small, bright eyes. He said he was Mr. Best, and when he rose to greet us from behind two ink-stained desks that had been pushed together to make one large enough to accommodate him, he seemed to fill all the space between the dusty, unpolished floor and the low ceiling. Beyond him, an uncurtained window disclosed a hazy view of an asphalt courtyard through its dust-caked glass.

My mother said she wanted to enroll me in the school. Mr. Best explained that he was in charge of it, and inquired about my scholastic background. My mother proudly told him I had been attending a convent, and Mr. Best looked startled. "A convent, you say?" he echoed. "She's been attending a convent?"

The odd tone of his voice conjured up in my mind a vision of Sister Aloysius, harassed, smiling, skimming over the grass like a little black tea cozy on casters as she called out to my mother, "What luck to see you! I've been *so* wanting to talk to you about Patricia," and added, in her radiant voice, "I *do* feel we must *both* work harder at her *vowels!*" Then, murmuring over my vocal impurities, my mother and the nun would confer beside the azaleas that flowered so innocently pink under the convent sky. Standing beneath the dull ceiling of Mr. Best's shabby office while he wrote my name in his enrollment book, I remembered that sky as being always as blue as the robes of a plaster Madonna.

"We are, perhaps, a little rough here," Mr. Best said, closing the book with one huge hand. "Unemployment, of course, is a factor. So many in this area depended on the ships, and the government wastes no money on us." He rose, smiling. "However, we'll look after your little girl for you."

He ushered us out into the corridor, where two girls were loitering by some hatracks. "Wait here," he told me, "while I see your mother to the gate." He escorted my mother down the corridor and out of sight.

"Lookit 'er. 'Er muvver's gotta bring 'er to school!"

The voice, as rough and cold as chopped ice, belonged to one of the girls—a tiny creature with a forty-year-old face, who had moved up to examine me. I examined her right back. Her skin was beige-colored and seemed to have the consistency of leather, and she stared at me out of small, colorless eyes with wrinkled lids. She wore her dull-brown hair dragged back into two plaits that looked like dusty ropes tied with crumpled pink ribbons.

The other girl, a redhead, said, "Yeh, lookit muvver's girl."

"I in perticler don't like types that drag along their muvvers," the tiny girl confided. She kept tying and untying the ribbon of her left plait the way film gangsters caress their automatics, and she conveyed the same deadpan menace. I felt myself beginning to tremble.

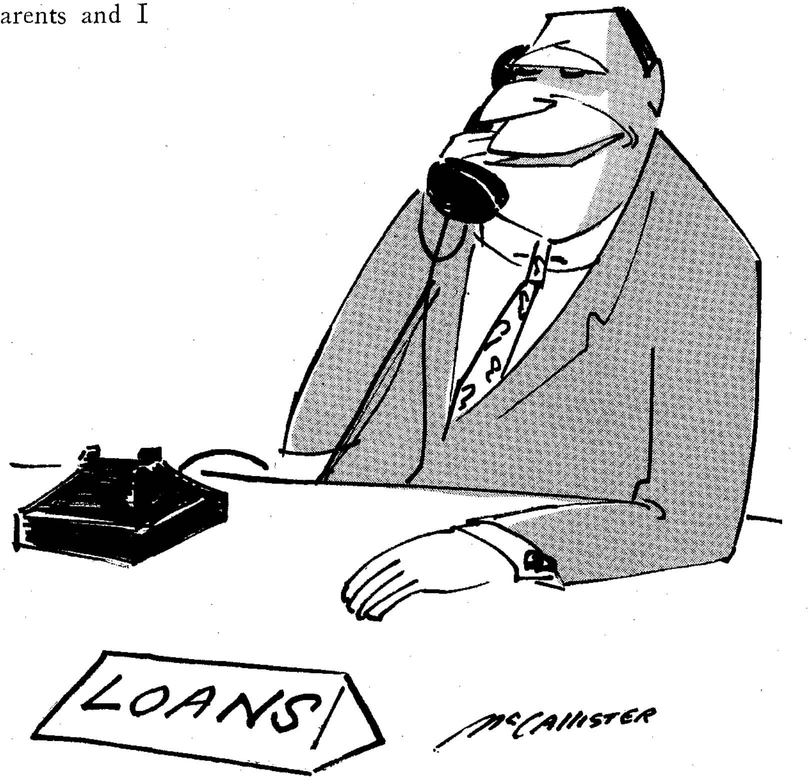
The redhead said, "My muvver wouldn't make a show of me by turnin' up 'ere."

"My mother is quite all right," I managed to say.

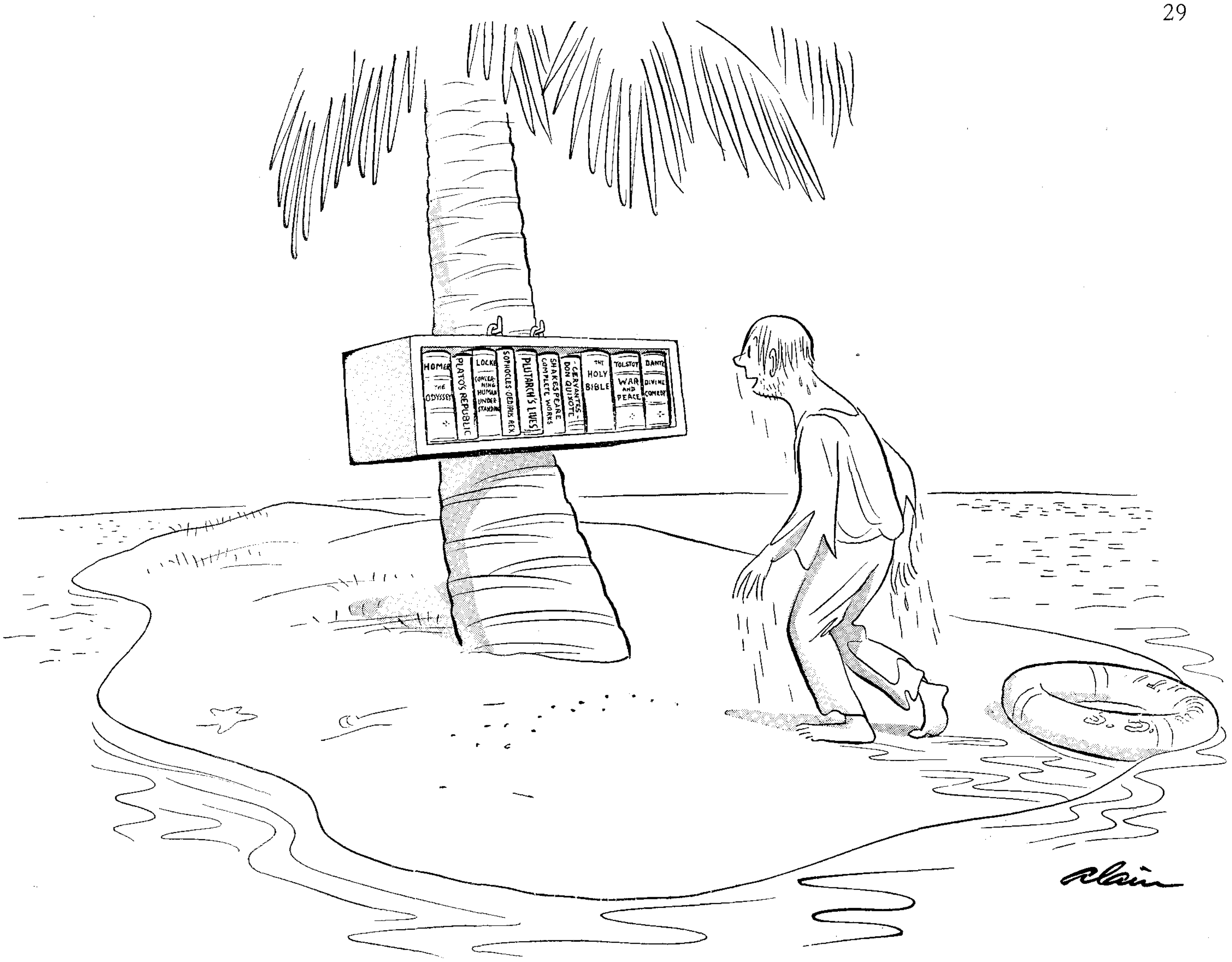
"Ooh, Thelma, will ya get that voice!" the redhead cried.

Little Thelma began to chant, "*May* muvver's quate all rate. Is *your* muvver quate all rate?"

"*Ooze* muvver?" This question came from a red-faced girl with platinum hair, who had been hurrying down the hall toward one of the classrooms. Thelma's chant had stopped her in her



"That's where you're mistaken, Mr. Daley. Let me assure you, we c̲a̲n̲ *get blood from a turnip."*



tracks, and there was fury in her bulging blue eyes.

Thelma examined this newcomer, who stood a head taller than herself. "Ooze muvver do ya think, Queenie?" she asked, parrying.

"Thelma, Best'll be back soon," the redhead said nervously, but the tiny girl ignored her and continued to stare at Queenie.

"I just wanna know if the remark ya made was to me," Queenie said. "I just wanna perlite answer to a perlite damn question. Ooze muvver?"

Thelma released her plait and dropped her hands, lightly clenched, to her sides. "Yours," she said.

Queenie hit Thelma on the cheek, and Thelma seemed to contract into a small, enraged animal. Her slight arms flailing furiously, she spun like a whirling top into the blonde. Queenie grunted and rocked, but stayed on her feet. She seized one of Thelma's plaits and brought the top to an abrupt halt, then methodically kicked the smaller girl's shins, one after the other, over and over, as if in time to a metronome. Thelma's mouth was open, and she was probably screaming, but I couldn't be sure, because by this time the corridor was full of little girls, all of them shouting.

In an open doorway I saw a slight, dark-haired young woman—a teacher, I guessed—standing with one hand pressed to her eyes and the other outstretched above the milling children. She reminded me of Sister Aloysius's picture of Canute commanding the waves. Her lips were moving, but you couldn't hear what she was saying above the yells of "Go on, Queenie!" and "Kill 'er, Thel!"

Thelma finally managed to wrench her plait away from Queenie, and immediately resumed her attack, with a momentum suggesting that she might have rolled down on her opponent from a hill. Queenie fell, and as the girlish screams soared to an exultant crescendo, Thelma straddled her and began to batter her face. It was at this crucial point that Mr. Best reappeared. He seized Thelma by her braids and hauled her to her feet.

It was quiet, suddenly—absolutely quiet. "Back to your rooms!" Mr. Best bellowed, out of his rosebud mouth, and, with a faint scuffing of little shoes on bare wooden floors, the girls, all but Queenie and Thelma, disappeared.

Queenie fluttered her eyelids and remained where she was, stretched out on the floor. Mr. Best pulled her up, and she looked dreamily at him and fell gracefully forward onto his waistcoat. "I'm so hurt," she whimpered.

"Good," Mr. Best said, and stepped sidewise, so that Queenie was forced to straighten up or fall on her face. She staggered, recovered her balance, and scowled.

Mr. Best turned and looked at Thelma, who, with downcast eyes, was retying the ribbons on her plaits. "Stand over here!" he ordered, and, with one hand, pushed her back against the wall, close to me.

At that moment, the pretty, dark-haired teacher in the doorway called out, "Mr. Best! Oh, Mr. Best, sir!" With a broad smile, he walked over to her, and Thelma instantly turned her hideous little face up to me. "Don't think I forgot," she murmured. "Don't think I won't get ya."

Queenie overheard her. She looked

"Let's think of this as au revoir, darling. There's bound to be another International Geophysical Year."

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at me briefly, then turned to Thelma and announced, "If ya touch 'er, I'll bash ya!"

Thelma looked surprised, and just managed a rather flat "Then I'll bash both of youse" before Mr. Best came back.

His little eyes peered down at me. "You!" he said. "Gracious!" He put his immense hand on my trembling shoulder and patted it, then looked at Thelma and Queenie. "No hockey for either of you for a month," he said.

"She was takin' cracks at me muvver!" Queenie howled. "Everyone knows me muvver drinks, but Thelma ain't gonna take no cracks at—"

"I said no hockey for a month!" Mr. Best yelled, and pointed dramatically to an open classroom door. Silently, we filed in and joined the other girls. Mr. Best followed, assigned me a desk, and proceeded to teach us arithmetic.

SLUMPED down behind the desk, I considered the horror of the threat posed by Thelma. I was certain that Queenie would forget her offer to protect me, and, in any case, why would she want to bother about me? In my distress, I remembered how Sister Aloysius had always encouraged me to seek a divine solution to my problems, and how, with her aid, I had often found one. That morning, at the Logan Street School, I sought a divine solution to the problem of little Thelma, but the only answer I received was "Turn the other cheek." Just once, in my imagination, I turned the other cheek to Thelma. She hit it.

At the end of an hour, when Mr. Best said, "All right, girls—break now for ten minutes," I felt that Heaven had not been very helpful. But, out in the corridor, I found that a solution had indeed been arranged. Queenie had remembered and was waiting for me.

"When I tell someone to keep orf," she said as she steered me out into the playground, "I see they do keep orf."

"Thanks awfully," I said.

Queenie stopped, and turned to look at me. "Say somepun else," she commanded.

"Something else?"

"Yeh, yeh, I wanna 'ear yer voice."

"Oh," I said. "Why? Don't you like my voice, either?"

"Oh, Gawd!" Queenie said.

We walked in a depressed silence to the fence at the far end of the playground. There, as she reflectively scraped the toe of one shoe against the palings, Queenie asked, "Oo d'ya vote for?"

"Vote?" Involuntarily, I gave the little patronizing laugh I'd found so successful with younger girls at the convent. "People our age don't vote, you know."

Queenie kicked savagely at the fence. "What's yer father vote, nitwit? And yer mother?"

"Oh," I said. "Why, I think they voted Labour last time."

Queenie peered at me from around a swatch of the platinum hair that made her face look so very red, her eyes so very blue. "Gettin' cunnin', aren't ya?" she said.

"Really!" I protested. "Why ever . . ."

"Ya gotta voice like a lady floorwalker, so why would ya vote for the workin' class?"

"My father *likes* the working class," I announced pompously.

"Ooh!" said Queenie. "Does 'e? And what's yer old man do?"

"He—" I began, and had to reconsider. "He's just—at home."

"So's mine," said Queenie. "So's most of the kids' fathers 'ere. It's like Mr. Best says—a real Labour stronghold."

"Well, I'm for Labour," I assured her.

"Yeh," she said. "Maybe. But there's no gettin' round yer voice. I could *not* mix with ya. Oh, I can see it's probly not yer own fault," she conceded, "but I still can't 'ave ya round me. Like I said, I'll pertect ya from Thelma. But please unnerstand that I *cannot* be"—here she groped for the right words, then delivered them carefully—"imbarrassed by ya." And, with a brief nod, she left me.

DURING the next few days, I grew to hate the recesses that thrust me out into the playground, where I was spoken to only by girls who had been told that my voice was awful. When I answered them, they'd go away, screaming with laughter.

It was Mr. Best who, after more than a week of this, brought me a new notoriety. "The last compositions this class handed in were execrable," he announced one morning, his terrible eyebrows probing the room like antennae. "Can any little girl here tell me the meaning of that word—'execrable'?" He waited. "No? Then, perhaps, the meaning of the word 'abominable'? No? Then I must simply say that your work, girls, was not good." He shuffled through the stack of papers. "With one possible exception. I shall now read aloud Patricia's composition. It's a good example of the sort of work I'd be satisfied to receive from the rest of you."

As Mr. Best's deep voice delivered the flowery phrases bequeathed to me by Sister Aloysius, I searched the faces around me for some indication that his admiration had miraculously rescued me from the contempt of my classmates. Now, I was absolutely sure, they'd see that, despite my funny voice, I was really very clever and well worth knowing. I saw no such indications, but the phrases charmed me so much that I believed the girls were won.

At recess, I floated down the corridor and out into the playground, where, instead of the crush of fans I had been expecting, I found only one person waiting for me—little Thelma.

"Yer a crawler," she stated flatly. "Just a big crawler tryin' to get in good with Best."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that Queenie was coming up fast. "All I did was write a composition, the same as everybody else," I said.

When Queenie reached us and took her place by my side, Thelma ignored her. "I said yer a crawler," she repeated, "and I'm willin' to fight ya formal, on Logan's 'Ill."

"Where's Logan's Hill?" I asked after a second or two.

"In the back of the school where the bandstand is," Queenie said obligingly.

How I wanted then to say, "All right, if that's where Logan's Hill is, I'll see you there!" But I couldn't. I looked down into Thelma's face, and the words stuck in my throat. I was terrified.

Queenie waited, looking hard at me, then pushed me aside.

"Go on!" she said to Thelma. "Everybody can see yer just jealous."

To my astonishment, Thelma looked a little frightened. "Jealous?" she echoed, but weakly.

"Yeh," said Queenie. "Jealous. Everybody knows yer in love with Best."

I thought for a moment that the look in Thelma's eyes would strike Queenie dead, but suddenly the wrinkled eyelids closed and the leathery little face crumpled up in grief. Sobbing, Thelma turned and ran away from me.

I laughed. "In love with Mr. Best! At her age!"

"She's older'n you," Queenie said sharply. "She's twelve. Maybe ya orta laugh at things ya unnerstand."

Amazed, I looked at Queenie's face, redder now than I had ever seen it, and then I understood why she had chosen to be my champion and Thelma's enemy. She, too, loved that huge, ungainly man, who must have been over thirty.

"Maybe, when yer a couple of years older, ya'll unnerstand about love," Queenie said darkly.

"I hope so," I answered humbly, and, to my relief, Queenie relaxed.

"Anyway, there's no chance for Thelma," she said glumly. "'E's always around that Miss Donald that teaches fifth class."

"She's pretty," I said. Miss Donald was the teacher I'd seen in the corridor that first day.

"Yeh? Once I seen 'er talkin' to 'im," Queenie continued, speaking in an oddly strained voice, "and she's got 'er legs crossed so ya can see the tops of 'er stockings, even. I bet," she burst out wildly, "I bet it won't be long now before 'e's gotta marry 'er!"

"Why?" I asked.

Queenie stared at me in amazement. "Don't ya even know why people 'ave gotta get married?"

"No," I said.

"At the age of ten!" Queenie marvelled. "Gee, I knew that when I was six."

"Tell me, then," I said.

"Oh, I couldn't tell ya," Queenie answered primly. "If yer mother don't tell ya, *I* won't."

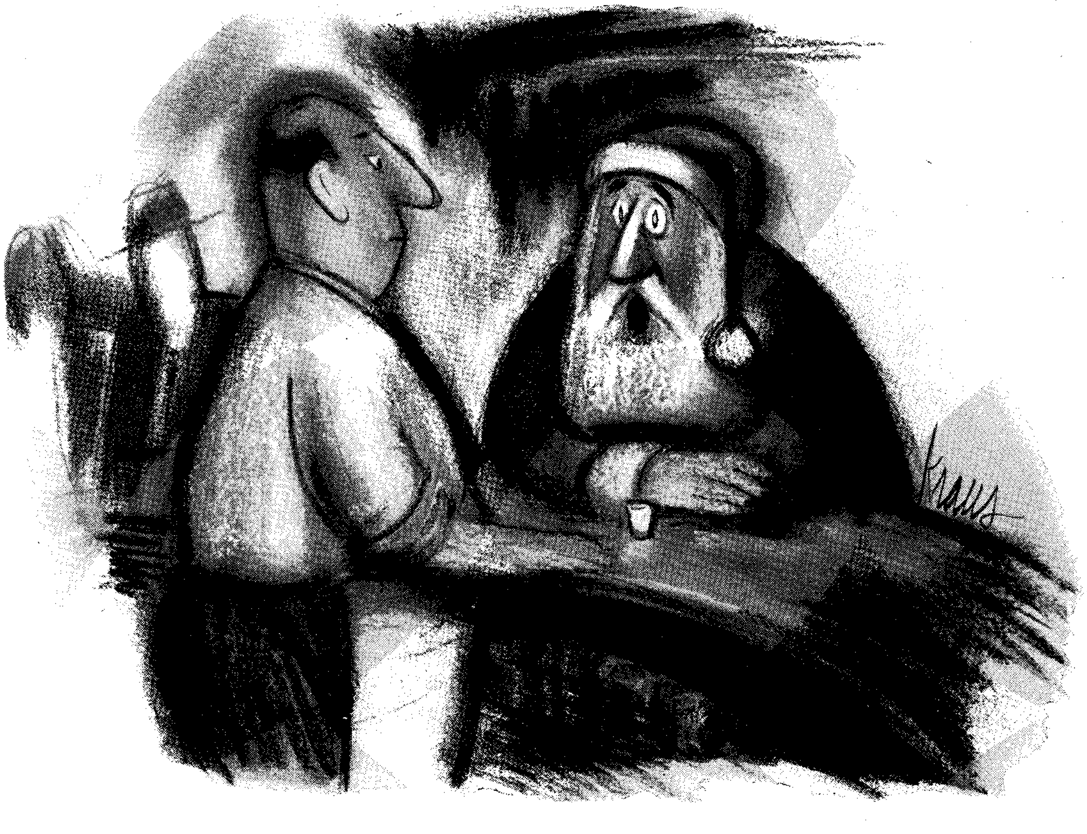
"Did your mother tell you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Queenie said, smiling broadly. "A boy told me."

"Well," I said, "shall I ask a boy?"

Queenie screamed. "Look," she said, "be safe and don't ask nobody. Maybe at the end of the year I'll tell ya, but right now ya'd do better with the girls if ya could bring yerself to stand up to Thelma. What people around 'ere like is a fighter."

OFTEN, after that, I tried to get up the courage to challenge Thelma, but I couldn't. For one thing, she avoided me, probably because she was embarrassed at my having seen her cry, and I couldn't bring myself to force the issue with her. On the whole, my school life gradually improved, even though Queenie told the other girls that I didn't know the facts of life, and they took to telling double-meaning jokes in my presence. If I smiled, I was chal-



"I am Santa Claus to everybody, but who is Santa Claus to me?"

lenged to say why, and, of course, I was unable to. Nevertheless, Queenie allowed me to be with her more and more, and even told me, once, that my voice sounded better. (I had been practicing very hard to rid myself of Sister Aloysius's pure vowels.) I spent a week's pocket money on peroxide for my hair, but my mother surprised me in the bathroom and, after a dreadful scene, poured it all down the drain.

"Well," said Queenie when I told her how impossible my mother was, "put up with 'er for now. Ya can leave 'er when yer fourteen, and do what ya like. That's what I'm goin' to do with mine—get away from 'er."

Queenie and I often ate our lunch together at the top of Logan's Hill, usually under a huge native fig tree, and from there we could stare down at the silken water of the harbor, with its empty wharves, below us. Once, I wandered by myself over to the enclosed bandstand near the tree, and heard voices inside. When I climbed up and peered in, I found myself looking at a group of men playing cards on the floor. They saw me, and silently they fingered their cards and stared at me. I dropped to the ground and raced to inform Queenie.

"Yer always puttin' yer foot in it," she said. "Of course the boys play cards up 'ere when there's no work around. Me own brothers do. If ya 'ang around long enough, ya'll see 'em fight up 'ere, too. Why'dja think Thel offered to fight ya on Logan's 'Ill? Because it's tradition, that's why. 'Er father fought me own cousin up 'ere, only quite recent. The kids sort of follow in their footsteps, like."

This long explanation was typical of the care Queenie had been taking with me lately; she was educating me to fit into her world. In fact, I was just about ready to vacate the position of class outsider when Madeline Drew arrived to fill it. With her blue eyes, long, fair curls, and waxen skin, Madeline was as pretty as a dainty French doll. She spoke in a light, finicky voice, which now struck me as affected, and she came to school, the first day, escorted by her mother.

"One of your sort," Queenie said, deadpan. "Ya could pair orf with 'er."

"Oh, even the look of her makes me sick," I protested. "I like going around with you."

Later, on our way up Logan's Hill, Queenie linked arms with me.

In the next few days, I often saw Madeline standing about by herself, and I knew exactly how much she was suffering. I knew, too, that I should help her, that I should do unto others as Sister Aloysius had instructed me, but my own suffering had sharpened my skill in school politics, and I remained aloof. I was sure that Madeline would eventually draw all the hostility of the class on herself, thus freeing me of the last traces of it, so I continued to hang around Queenie, and practiced dropping my aitches.

Madeline took to reading in the playground, and a printed card she used as a bookmark brought on the clash between us. One day, as she was walking past Queenie and me, the card slipped out of her book and fell at our feet. Queenie picked it up, and whooped with rage. "Lookit this!" she said.

Madeline stood by, puzzled.

Dutifully, I took the card and looked at it. "Protect Australia!" it read. "Use your vote to smash the Labour Wreckers!"

"Wouldja credit that!" Queenie asked, her face turning wonderfully red. "The way we've been treated, and our fathers can't get work! And then one of 'em comes 'ere flauntin' a card like that!"

"It's just some old thing I picked up at home," Madeline said. "It's to mark my place, that's all. Anyway, it's got nothing to do with you."

"We don't want yer sort 'ere," Queenie said.

Madeline was pale, but she managed to answer, "I don't really want to be here."

The next line was mine, but afterward I couldn't believe I had really spoken it. "I'll fight you for that," I said.

"Fight me?" Madeline murmured.

"Yes," I said. "On Logan's Hill, on Friday."

Queenie looked closely at me, and I looked back fearlessly. Madeline was a little taller than I, but, as surely as Thelma had known that I was her natural victim, I knew that Madeline was mine.

"On Friday," I repeated. "After school."

"Good on ya!" Queenie exulted. She drew my arm through hers, and together we went off to tell the others about the coming fight.

THE next week was blissful. Girls would stop me and ask deferentially, "What time Friday?" Or "She's bigger'n you—how're you feeling about it?" Or just "Can we come to yer fight?" One girl who had never bothered about me before gave me an orange; another asked me to go swimming with her on Saturday mornings. But it was Queenie who offered the greatest reward. "After ya've fought 'er," she promised, "I'll tell ya why people 'ave to get married. Ya won't never be left out of jokes again."

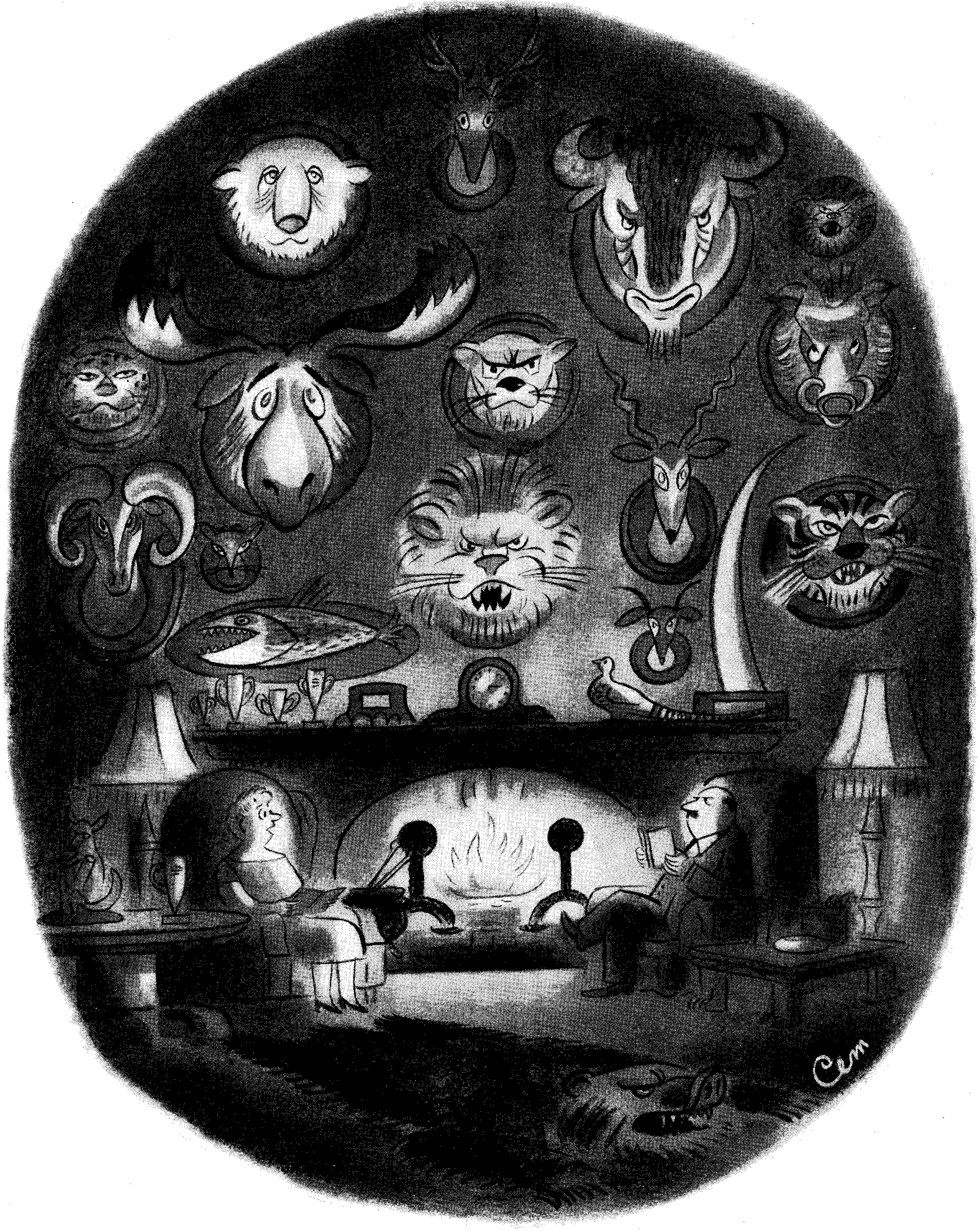
The secret of laughter! I knew instinctively that whatever that secret was, it was the condition of full membership in any gang in the class. The key to life itself—that was the reward Queenie was offering me for bashing up Madeline.

The fight itself seemed far off, something inevitable but hardly believed in, like death. Sometimes I'd think, You'll have to double up your fists and not

DURING DECEMBER'S DEATH

The afternoon turned dark early;
The light suddenly faded;
The dusk was black although elsewhere the first star
  in the cold sky whistled;
And I thought I heard the fresh scraping of the flying steel
  of boys on roller skates
Rollicking over the asphalt in 1926,
And I thought I heard the dusk and silence raided
By a calm voice commanding consciousness:
Wait: wait: wait as if you had always waited
And as if it had always been dark
And as if the world had been from the beginning
A lost and drunken ark in which the only light
Was the dread and white of the terrified animals' eyes.
And then, turning on the light, I took a book
That I might gaze upon another's vision of the abyss of
  consciousness—
The hope, and the pain of hope, and the patience of hope, and
  its torment, its astonishment, its endlessness.

—DELMORE SCHWARTZ



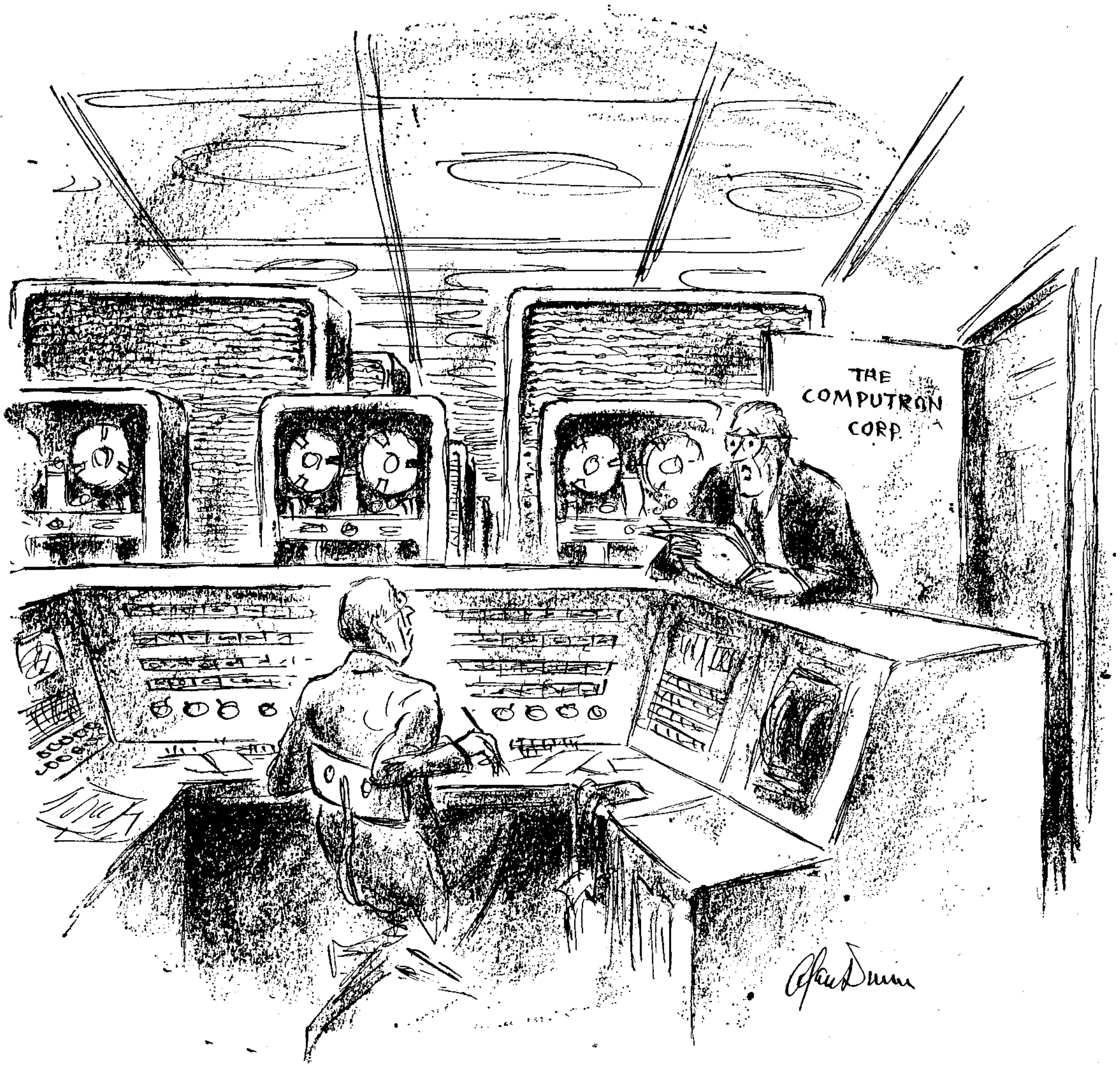
"I thought I heard a twig snap."

• •

mind the funny sound they'll make on Madeline's waxy face. Or, Madeline's got curls. I could grab them and hold her head back, the way Queenie did Thelma's. But I couldn't make myself really plan the fight. I was certain that if I just flailed my arms about, Madeline would run away. The girls would cheer wildly, and Queenie would tell me the secret of laughter and friendship. I'd never be lonely again.

When Friday finally dawned, it felt like a cross between my birthday and the morning of execution. Four o'clock then seemed as distant as the day itself once had. But the lunch hour advanced upon me inexorably; the bright sunshine of midday spawned the shadows of two o'clock, then three o'clock. And suddenly school was over.

With most of the class ranged


THE COMPUTRON CORP.

"Is it fair to make it compute a way to make a better computer?"

• •

around us, Queenie took my arm. Yelling, swinging our hats, we stormed up Logan's Hill.

Waiting for us at the top, by the native fig tree, stood Mr. Best, his immense shadow falling across my field of glory.

"Well, girls," he boomed, "a fine afternoon to be out, eh?" A sparrow flew up into the tree; I could hear it stamping about on a leaf.

"I heard a rumor that Madeline Drew was threatening to beat up Patricia, here," Mr. Best continued. "Bloodthirsty girl, that Madeline. Of course, I couldn't let her do it—today or any other day. So I sent her home." Then, smiling affably, he turned and sauntered down the gentle slope of Logan's Hill.

My first reaction was relief that I wouldn't have to fight, but almost at once I realized that now Queenie would never tell me her precious secret. Slowly, I gazed around the ring of stricken faces, then stopped when I found myself looking into Thelma's derisive eyes. "So yer not fightin' after all," Thelma said.

She's going to offer to take Madeline's place, I thought. I'll have to fight her. What'll I do?

"Maybe"—Thelma had started to finger her left plait—"maybe there's someone else willin' to fight with ya."

"Yeh?" I said. "Who?"

"Well," said Thelma, "whyn't ya just ask, formal like, if anyone wants the chance?"

"That's silly," I said. But if you've got to fight Thelma, you've got to, I thought. You'll have to stand up to her as long as you can; otherwise, you might as well leave the school.

Down the hill I could see Mr. Best, who had stopped to pat a dog, and, suddenly inspired, I said, "Maybe, Thelma, *you'd* like a fight? You could sort of put on a show—for Mr. Best?"

The effect of this inquiry was to wipe all assurance from Thelma's face, leaving on it only a naked plea to me to say no more.

"Just because Madeline Drew squibbed," I continued, "I don't see why I should fight anyone else. But if you'd like to please Mr. Best—"

"Don't be silly," Thelma cut in. "I was jokin'. If a fight's squibbed, it's squibbed, and that's all."

As she turned away, and the other girls, puzzled, saw that she was in retreat, I knew I had won a brighter victory than any I could have exacted from Madeline.

"That's really talkin'," Queenie said. "Yer gettin' good."

"Now," I commanded, pulling her aside, "you've got to tell me."

"Well, 'ang on," Queenie said, embarrassed. "Wait till the others go."

WHEN, finally, they did go, Queenie and I walked over to the fig tree and sat down under its low, spreading branches. There, in the gloom behind the screen of huge gold-green polished-leather leaves that shielded us from the glare of sun and water, Queenie gave me the key to all the jokes that ever had been or ever would be told on Logan Street.

I remember that in dealing with the facts behind the humor Queenie was conscientious but prim and nervous. To answer my immediate questions, she drew painstakingly on the economical and exact vocabulary of her brothers. When it was all over, we just sat there, uncomfortably silent.

One feeling only struggled up through the numbness that possessed me—surprise. I was surprised at Logan Street's humor, and I was surprised, somehow, at the God of Sister Aloysius.

At last, Queenie said awkwardly, "I probly don't make it sound too good. But it's all right, really. The jokes don't signify. And anyway," she added, getting up, "at your age ya need to know these things."

"I'm grateful," I said.

"Ah, that's all right," Queenie said. "It's funny, but I've got quite fond of ya."

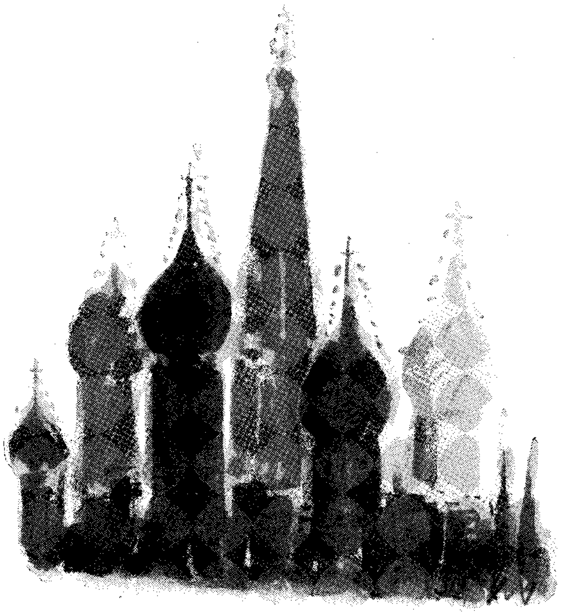
"I have of you, too," I said.

"Well, that's good," said Queenie. "And I guess ya'll get on better now with the others."

And, of course, I did. After that Friday on Logan's Hill, I got on beautifully. —PATRICIA SCHOLER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INTOURIST TOURIST—I



LAST summer, nearly five thousand Americans visited the Soviet Union. Some went there in posses—of athletes, for instance, and of astronomers—bent on engaging in their own mysterious rites. Others were individuals on special missions—a washing-machine salesman hoping to sell washing machines, Mrs. Roosevelt hoping to sell the brotherhood of man. The vast majority, however—if the word "vast" can be applied, even relatively, to a trickle—consisted of run-of-the-mill tourists like my wife and me. We went to Russia because we had a couple of weeks to spare, and had never been there.

In a sense, the most challenging aspect of a trip to the Soviet Union is its aftermath. I know people who have lately been to Saudi Arabia and Sierra Leone, but it is my impression that since their homecoming they have not been grilled to anywhere near the extent we have. Not only is the person who returns from Russia expected to discourse at length on his personal experiences (even color slides are tolerated) but he is expected to be an inexhaustible source of intimate, throbbing, hair-raising, up-to-the-minute behind-the-scenes intelligence about what is really going on There—and, indeed, what is going on in parts of There several thousand miles from any part he laid eyes on. My wife and I have already alienated one stay-at-home neighbor of ours by insisting that we know nothing more about the current whereabouts and state of health of Marshal Zhukov than we have gleaned from the *Times;* the neighbor is sure we are holding out on him.

As if in preparation for the encounters with the Hot-Stove League that lie ahead, the hit-and-run tourist is likely, while in the Soviet Union, to try to secure and stow away some exclusive nuggets of information. I recall the chagrin I felt in Leningrad, when my wife and I, at the end of a culturally uplifting afternoon, ran into an Englishman who announced that he had just gone on an automobile outing to two palaces. Two palaces! A car! We were consumed with envy.

"*We've* just seen the icons at the Russian Museum," I said, putting up a brave front.

"Been there," said the Englishman witheringly.

In Moscow, several days later, we again ran into the Englishman, and I am glad to say that the smug fellow got his comeuppance. A few hours before he got it, my wife and I, along with a crowd of other tourists, had visited the All-Union Agricultural Exposition—a sprawling, permanent, World's-Fair type of exhibition on the outskirts of the capital—and there an American girl I'll call Geraldine (I am not using her, or any other tourist's, real name) had asked our guide if it was true that there was a shortage of wool in the U.S.S.R. The guide, a steadfast Communist, reacted warily to any question he thought might be loaded. And since Geraldine took great delight in twitting guides, any question of hers, he had learned, was almost sure to be. "Shortage? Shortage?" he parried, though his English was normally quite good. "I do not recognize this word." After Geraldine had prodded him awhile, he finally gave a little ground. "We have shortage of nylon, but of wool, satin—no," he said. Later, back at our hotel, I heard the two-palace Englishman remark to Geraldine that he had seen some colored stockings in a show window of GUM, Moscow's main department store. He wondered if they were nylons. "Probably not," said Geraldine crisply. "I thought everybody knew there's a shortage of nylon in Russia." The Englishman was crushed.

My wife and I spent a mere ten days in the Soviet Union, but since this does not disqualify us as experts—at least among people who have been there nine days or less—we have spent much longer than that answering questions about the place. By now, we can pretty well predict what questions will be asked, though not necessarily in what order.

DID YOU HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GETTING A VISA?

It is a little disconcerting to have to confess that there was really nothing to it. We simply applied for one through the New York travel agent who arranged the Russian phase of our trip, which had to be paid for in advance. The jaunt we signed up for was Tour No. 102, encompassing Leningrad, Kiev, and Moscow, in that order—one of a series of excursions conducted by the Company for Foreign Travel to the Soviet Union, which is more commonly known as Intourist. The visa application was a one-page printed form, and the only questions that might be interpreted as having sinister implications dealt with whether the prospective tourist was born in the Soviet Union or had relatives currently living there. Not that an affirmative reply to either mattered much—or so it seemed. Among the thirty-five members of Tour No. 102 was a Russian-born American citizen, a Mrs. Armstrong. She was a registered nurse from New York, and her principal reason for returning to her native land was to see a brother—an engineer living in Moscow—from whom she had been separated for thirty years. The Soviet government not only gave its nod to this reunion but allowed the brother to proceed to Leningrad and mingle freely with all us outlanders, thus exposing himself to whatever ideological poisons we might exude.

The day Mrs. Armstrong reached Leningrad, she came down with a sore throat. Intourist referred her to a Russian doctor, who, for no fee at all, wrote out a prescription for some cough medicine, and this, she informed the rest of us, was first-rate. As the only member of No. 102 who had occasion to consult a local physician, she will always have the edge on us in any future symposia on Soviet therapy. "The Russian doctors are very partial to mustard plasters," she told me one day in Kiev, and she is probably saying the same thing to some invalid on Park Avenue right now.

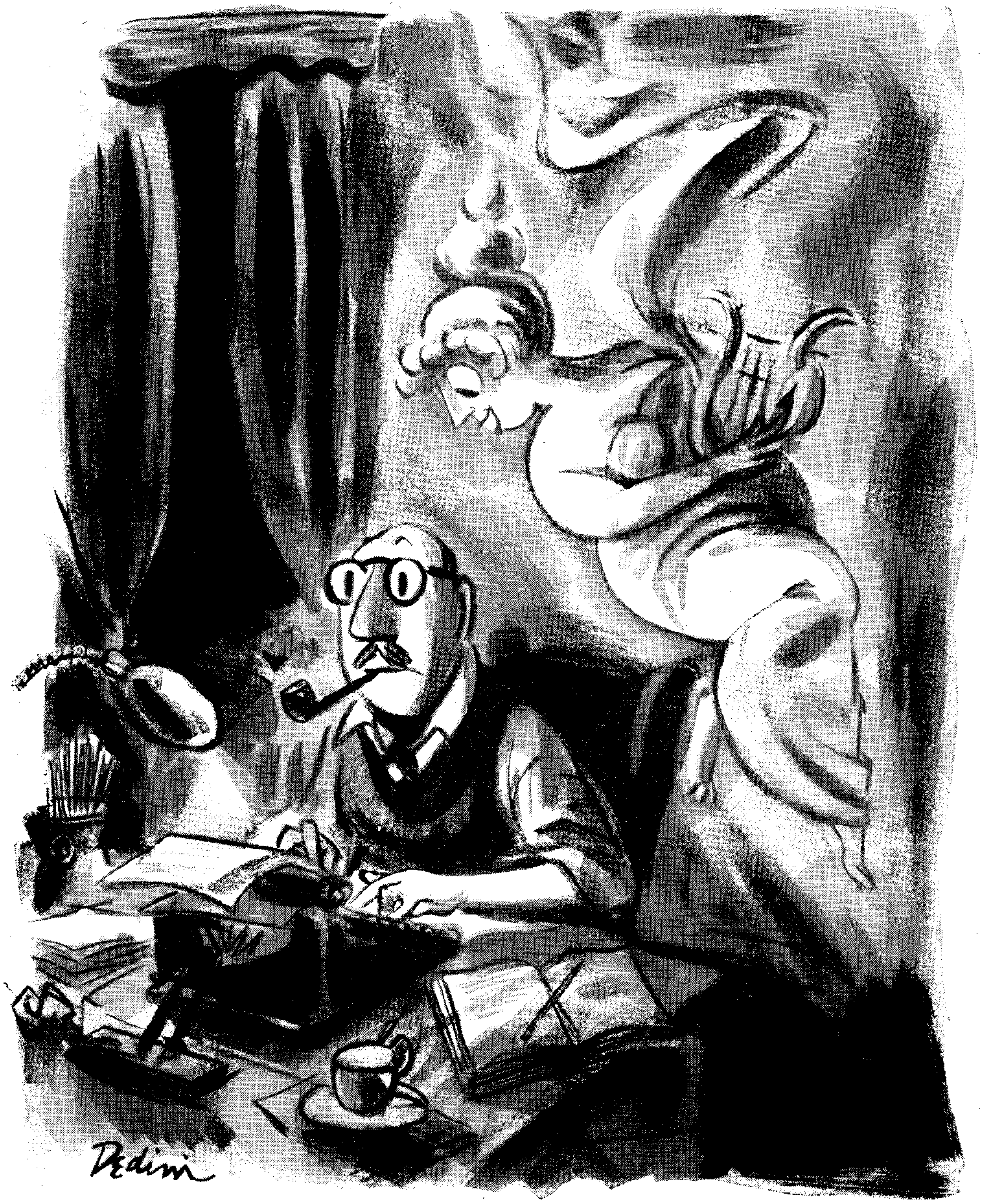
It may well be that it is easier for a tourist to gain admittance to Russia than to this country. Take the case of François, a young French law student on No. 102. As the winner of some scholarly competition, he was enjoying his prize—a trip around the world. When our tour ended, he was to take the Trans-Siberian Railway to Peiping, and from there he would make his way, by stages, to South America. He wanted to visit the United States, too, for he had never been here, but our State Department had turned him down after learning that it would have to share him with both Russia and Communist China.

François was not the only French citizen in the Soviet Union who seemed bemused by the official American attitude—which some Europeans took to be the unofficial one, too—toward tourists who set foot on Communist soil. With us on No. 102 was an American girl named Gloria, who lived in New York and had a job with the United Nations Secretariat. In Leningrad, a transient Frenchwoman Gloria got to talking with asked her earnestly, "What will happen to you when you get home? Will you lose your job for having gone to Russia? Will your friends refuse to have anything to do with you?" Since these questions were addressed to Gloria and not to me, I will skip them.

IS IT DIFFICULT TO GET THERE? Moscow is now connected with half a dozen other European capitals by regularly scheduled non-stop flights. My wife and I planned originally to fly in from Helsinki, but the Soviet airline Aeroflot, on which we were tentatively booked, is casual about confirming reservations, so we turned to Sabena, the Belgian airline, which flew us from Brussels to Moscow in five and a half hours. (We had better luck with Aeroflot on our way out, and took one of its TU-104 jets from Moscow to Copenhagen—a two-hour trip. Owing to a two-hour time difference, we left at 8 A.M. and arrived at 8 A.M.)

Although we went to Russia at the height of the tourist season, our plane out of Brussels, a DC-7, was two-thirds empty, and of its two dozen passengers all but four were Russians. The airline had apparently taken this unbalanced national representation into account, for while the Martinis served en route were brown and unappealing, the vodka was delicious. Naturally choosing the latter, some Russians sitting near my wife and me drank it in dainty sips—a disappointing contrast to the robust, bottoms-up technique we had expected. Aside from this mannerism, however, there was nothing dainty about the Russian passengers. They were all men, possibly returning home after a fling at the Brussels Fair, and they were so uniformly burly that they might have been shaped in the same bulging mold. All were wearing the broad-shouldered, bell-bottom-trousered suits to which Soviet tailors seem addicted. Around the chest, they measured five centimetres more, on the average, than they would have in 1926—an esoteric comparison that I cite with confidence, having read it, after we landed, in the letters column of the English-language edition of a Russian propaganda weekly called *New Times*. The writer of the letter in question, with obvious awe, attributed this gain of two inches in chest circumference over a period of thirty-two years partly to "the free creative labor of the Soviet citizens."

The non-Russians on the plane, a fairly puny lot, were, in addition to my wife and me, an uncommunicative American girl, travelling on a diplomatic passport, and Lester, an exceedingly communicative twenty-year-old college student from California, who wouldn't have been with us if we hadn't taken off late. Ten minutes after our scheduled departure time, he raced up to the ticket gate, looking very American in chino slacks, a blue blazer with brass buttons, and soiled white shoes. His face was purple. While he was getting his wind back, an airline official, pointing to him and addressing the Russian passengers collectively, said



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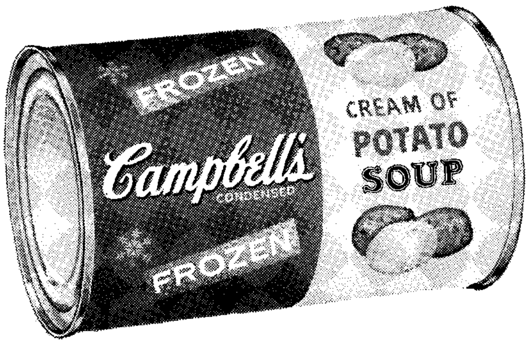

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"*Amerikanets.*" The Russians swung around, in a formidable body, to gaze at him.

"Gosh!" gasped Lester. "Are all those guys Russkis?" Keeping a wary eye on them, he told the airline man he was majoring in psychology and was on his way to the U.S.S.R. to join an Intourist group—No. 102, it later developed. The airline man asked him if he planned to write a psychological treatise on his journey. "If they ever let me out," said Lester.

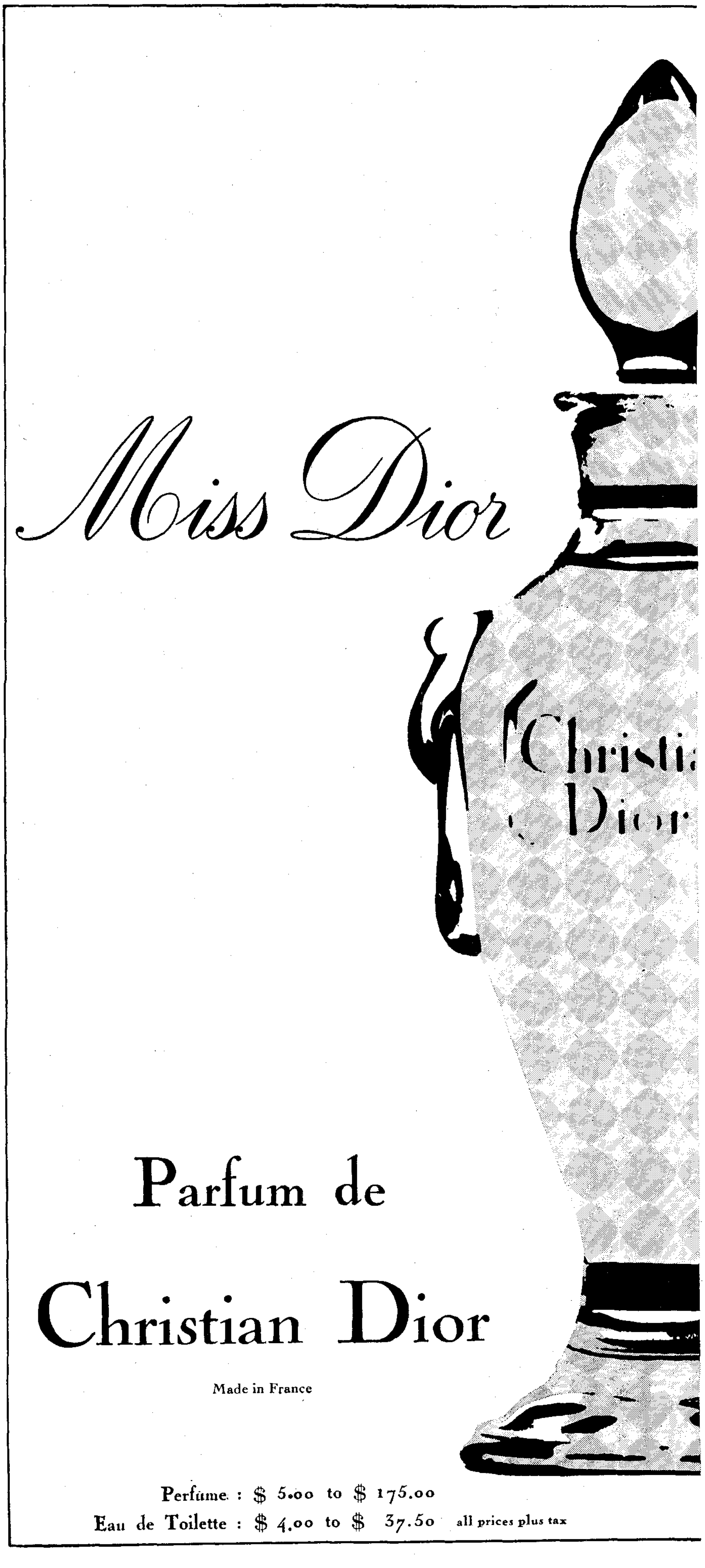
"Well," said the Sabena man airily, "just remember that if you get arrested, you're guilty until proved innocent."

"*Really?*" cried Lester.

Few, if any, of the Russians could have understood much of this byplay, but on the plane, as if to reassure the young man, a couple of them took seats near him, smiling, and one transferred a Lenin's-head pin from his own lapel to Lester's. By the time we were aloft, Lester was chattering away at his new acquaintances—if not exactly to them, since they couldn't understand him. "Is is possible—*est-ce possible*—how do you say it? Get a car?" he asked one of them. "Drive yourself around?" The Russian looked blank. "Automobile?" persisted Lester. "*Voiture?* Machine?"

"Ah, *machina, machina!*" said the Russian. He and Lester were both so elated at having hit upon a word more or less common to their respective tongues that they passed it back and forth several times, like a peace pipe.

Lester was to have some diverting adventures in the Soviet Union. After a twenty-minute layover in Moscow, he and my wife and I flew on together to Leningrad, to join up with Tour No. 102. Our second day there, she and I were having lunch when Lester flopped down at our table. His face was magenta, and he was carrying a sheaf of American magazines. "I've found a Russian girl!" he told us enthusiastically. "She's the best-looking girl I've seen in a long time! I wouldn't be ashamed to take her home." When we inquired how he had met this dazzler, he took a deep breath and said, "Well, I saw her walking on the other side of the street, and I walked across at about eighty miles an hour, and I was too winded to talk—not that she could have understood me anyway—so I just flashed my vote-winning smile. And—listen to this!—half an hour later I was walking right in her own neighborhood with her, holding her hand. How can you beat a country like this!" Lester paused to take a swig of a sweetish, bot-



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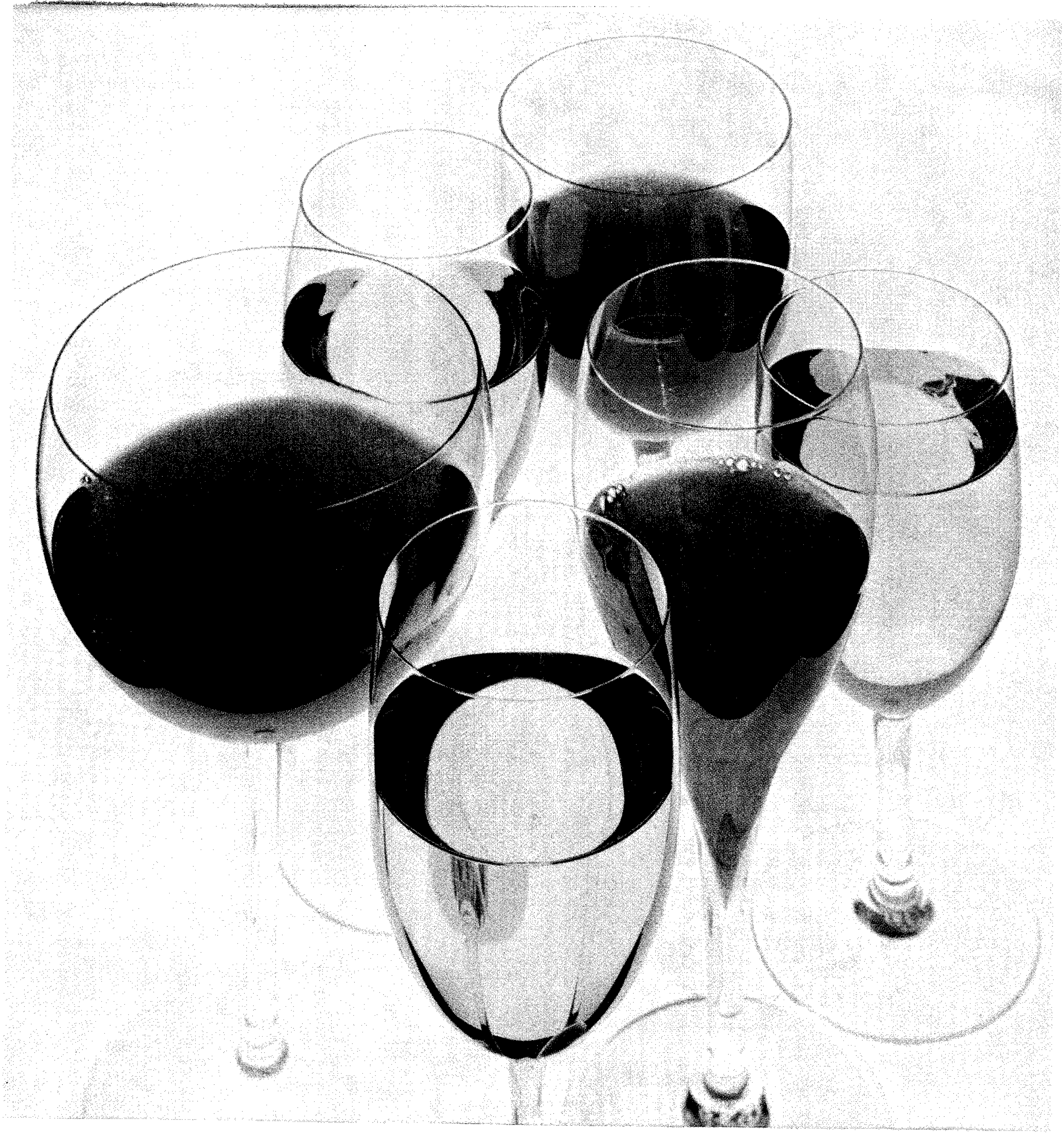

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tled fruit drink called Mandarin. "Her name is Tania," he went on, "and I have a date to meet her this afternoon. She's an engineer, and she's also a painter, and she can play the piano. She made me feel almost ignorant. Boy, when I get back to school, I'm really going to have to hit those books! I'm going to give her these," he concluded, exhibiting a *Saturday Evening Post*, a *Ladies' Home Journal*, a *Science and Mechanics*, and a Mickey Mouse comic book. "I knew it would be a good idea to bring them with me."

Within forty-eight hours, though, Lester had seen the last of Tania. Maybe she made him feel too ignorant. In any event, while she apparently accepted most of his proffered gifts, he still had the Mickey Mouse, and he was presently bestowing it upon another attractive indigene, a chubby-faced, dark-haired young woman named Olga, who was a schoolteacher but, in Lester's estimation, less overpoweringly intellectual than her precursor. (It was the consensus of the other Americans on No. 102, who naturally took a chauvinistic interest in Lester's involvements, that neither of these ladies was a hussy.) Lester got on so famously with Olga that he tarried overlong with her the night we were all supposed to fly from Leningrad to Kiev, and missed the plane. He turned up in Kiev twenty-four hours later, and I asked him if he'd had much trouble catching up with us. "Naw," he said. "Oh, the dame that's the big cheese at Intourist tried to give me a hard time. She wanted to know what had held me up, and I told her it was none of her damned business. It wasn't as though she was my mother."

I asked him if Olga had been sorry to see him go. "She wanted me to come again next year and take her back with me," he said. "I'm not so sure, though. You know, Olga's home was depressing. It was terrible. Why, I was over there after lunch one day and they hadn't even done the breakfast dishes. I'll be glad to get out of this country. I don't like being depressed."

DID THEY LET YOU TAKE ALL THE PICTURES YOU WANTED TO?

Before my wife and I left the States, we had heard, from people who had been to Russia, that we might be subjected to all sorts of inconveniences in the name of security. Being stripped and searched at the border was one of them. Living in bugged hotel rooms was another. Having any English-language books or periodicals we might

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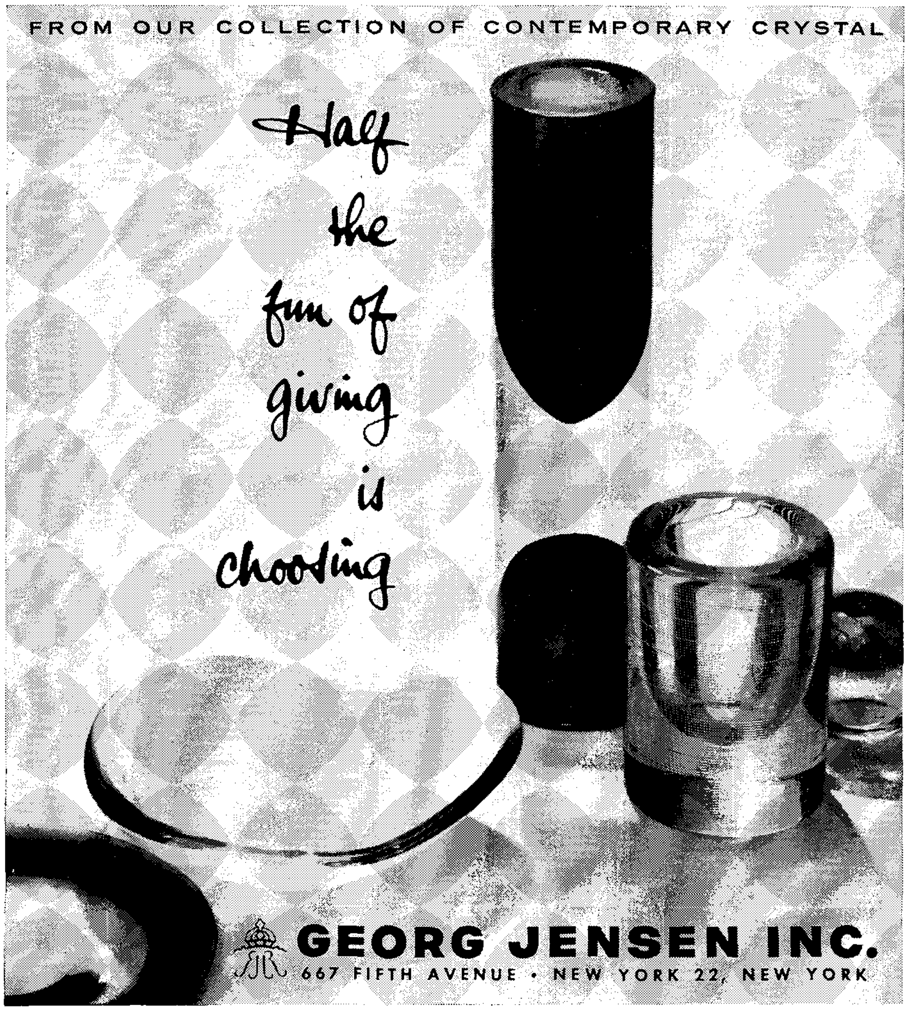

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try to bring into the country confiscated by customs was a third, and a fourth was running into the same difficulty with whatever undeveloped film we might try to take out. Maybe our experience was atypical, but at least three of these prophecies failed to pan out. (We had no way of checking on bugs.) On the plane to Moscow, we were asked to fill out a customs declaration, but the only inconvenience it caused us was linguistic. It was printed in Russian, Polish, and German, and of these three languages the only one we were acquainted with—and but noddingly, at that—was the last. Concluding that we were supposed to own up to any munitions, opium, or hashish we might have on us, we responded with a forthright "*Nein.*" As it turned out, we could have brought in enough opiates to keep the Russian masses happy for some time, since nobody so much as peeked inside our luggage. It wasn't inspected when we left, either.

We carried very little reading matter with us, partly because we had been warned of its probable fate but primarily because there wasn't any room left in our bags once we had packed all the instant coffee and aspirin and other provisions that we'd heard highly recommended for such a trip. (We never used any of them.) Our library, in fact, consisted only of two Erle Stanley Gardner paperbacks and a Paris *Herald Tribune* we'd bought in Brussels. All three items, to be sure, were swiftly appropriated by a genial, red-haired Intourist man who met us at the Leningrad airport and took us to our hotel, but his mood was plainly covetous rather than confiscatory. He badgered us for them so unrelentingly that by the time we reached the lobby, we decided we had better let him have them if we hoped to do anything in that city besides listen to his wheedling. When, at last, we capitulated, the Intourist man insisted that this cultural transfer take place privately, in our suite (he may have known that our rooms were *not* bugged), and the instant it was completed, he thrust his trove inside his suit coat. If he ever got around to doing the crossword in the *Herald*, he probably found one five-letter entry a cinch: "Executed Russian leader." The answer was "B-e-r-i-a."

The acquisitive Intourist man was also fond of cigarettes. He was quite knowledgeable about extraterritorial brands. He preferred Marlboros to Winstons, and thought the French were a narrow-minded race because the Frenchmen he had met were undeviatingly partial to Gauloises. I learned

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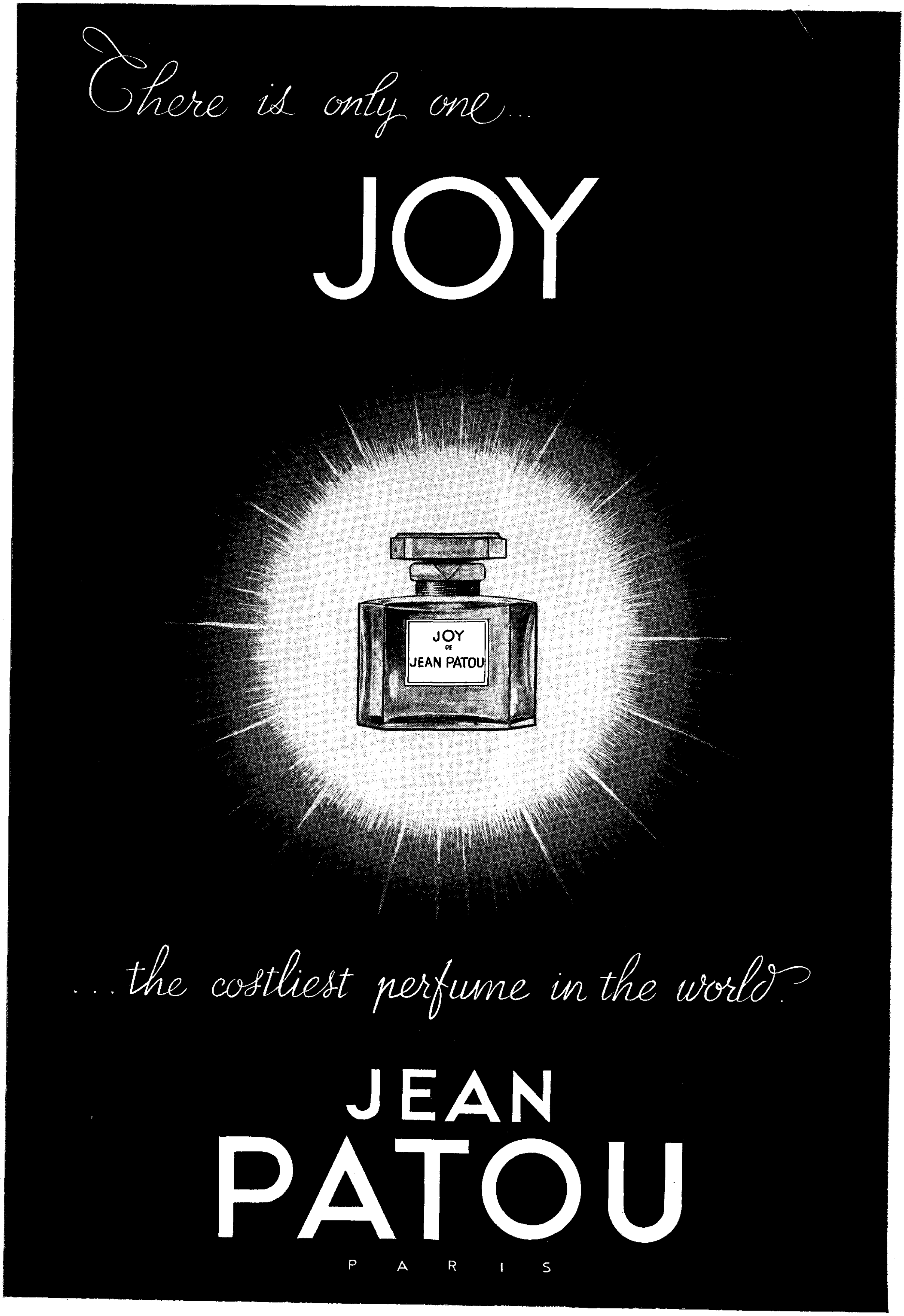
one footnote to Russian folklore from him. As he was leaving our suite, his clothing lumpy with books and butts, I went to the door with him and held out my hand, and he spurned it and jumped back inside. A truly furtive fellow, I thought, but I turned out to be wrong, for he told me that it was considered bad luck in his country to shake hands while standing on a threshold. We shook hands on unobjectionable ground, and then he was gone.

To get back to photographs, we were allowed to take all we wanted, wherever we wanted, and to bring our film out of the country undeveloped. Nearly every member of No. 102 had a camera, and while a number of Soviet citizens expressed intense interest in our equipment, it was in the hope of buying it from us. A few glowered when we snapped them without a by-your-leave, and two Russian sailors turned their backs on me one time, but they may have been shy, or A.W.O.L. The most dedicated photographer among us was a teacher named Alec, a Virginian living in Stockholm, where he gave private English lessons to children. Alec was the exposure man of our group. Almost before the wheels of our sightseeing bus had stopped rolling, he would disembark, consult a light meter, and make some such pertinent proclamation as "*f*/8 at a fiftieth." He had been to the Soviet Union before, and he told the rest of us, not without satisfaction, that the police had once detained him for four hours on a charge of taking pictures illegally. He never did say what it was he had been shooting on that occasion, but it may have been his captors, because he liked nothing better than to bag Russian cops. On the bus, he would always occupy the back seat; squirming around, he would click his shutter at any policeman framed momentarily in the dust-streaked rear window.

Alec seemed determined to take at least one picture in the course of No. 102 that would get him in hot water. On a train carrying us from Kiev to Moscow, he huddled in a compartment with his camera at the ready and peered ahead, alert for any taboo installation that might loom up along the tracks. After he had snapped one hulking factory, he swiftly hid his camera and, catching the eye of our porter—a woman, by the way—he pointed questioningly toward his subject as it disappeared behind us. The porter said something in Russian that sounded like "*Atom-stantsia.*" Alec was ecstatic until Mrs. Armstrong told him that what the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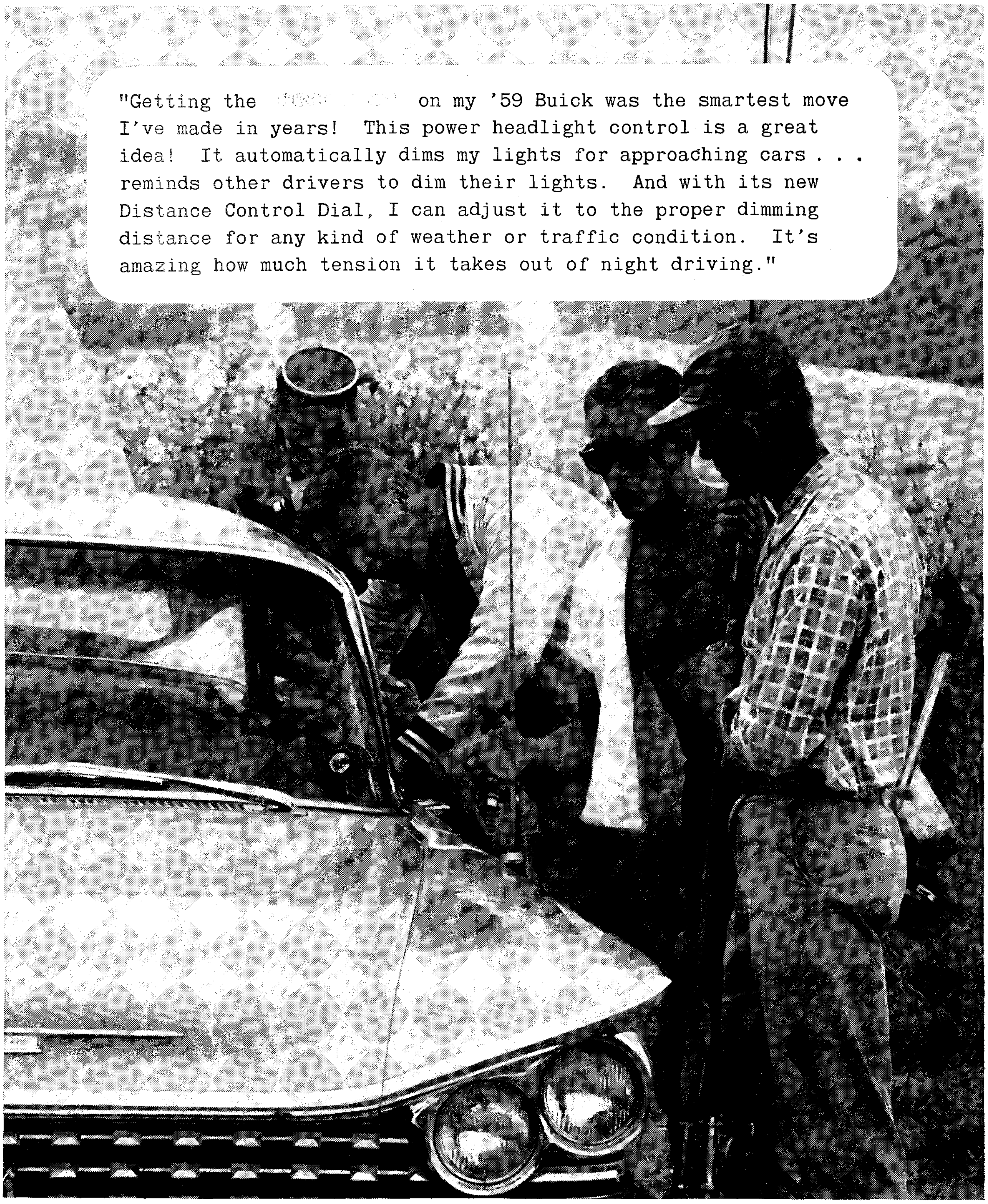
woman had said was "Let me have your empty tea glasses, please."

WHAT SORT OF TOURISTS GO TO RUSSIA THESE DAYS, ANYWAY?

The Soviet Union puts out a surprising number of foreign-language publications, but the nearest thing to a society column I saw in any of the English-language ones was a department in the twice-weekly Moscow *News* headed "Our Guests." Except for a few visiting dignitaries and their accompanying kin, if any (the president of the Burmese-Soviet Cultural Society, for instance, and the Icelandic Minister of Fisheries and Trade, both with wife and daughter), the guests who rated mention were identified by group rather than as individuals—a delegation of Czechoslovakian agricultural and industrial workers, a delegation of Yugoslavian textile workers, a farm delegation from Finland, a youth delegation from Peiping, a delegation of scholars from the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, a theatrical troupe from the Korean People's Republic, and a delegation of British mothers.

In the dining room of our hotel in Kiev one day, we sat near another delegation of Britishers, about two dozen of them, including some grandmotherly-looking specimens. One of the males in the party, a mustachioed elder of military bearing, spotted an acquaintance in our party, an Englishman named Michael. The old boy came over, exchanged a few words with Michael, and then toddled off. When he was out of earshot, Michael said, "Rum bunch, those," and told us that the group was made up of Leftists who were so ideologically compatible with the Communists that they had been given a civic reception in Leningrad. They were on a forty-day swing around the Soviet Union, he continued, and the trip was almost wholly subsidized by the Russians. "It's costing each of them only twenty-five shillings a day," he said. (Tour No. 102 was available on a first-, second-, or third-class basis, and it was costing even our third-class tourists the equivalent of a hundred shillings a day.) "I shouldn't be surprised if, at those rates, some of these chaps stayed on here permanently. No great loss to the United Kingdom if they do, I should say. Still, I rather hope they don't. I shouldn't want too many Russians to get the notion that they're typical British subjects."

Tour No. 102 was ignored by "Our Guests," possibly because we weren't a homogeneous delegation, possibly because we were paying full freight. On our roster were twenty-three Ameri-



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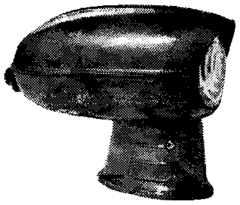

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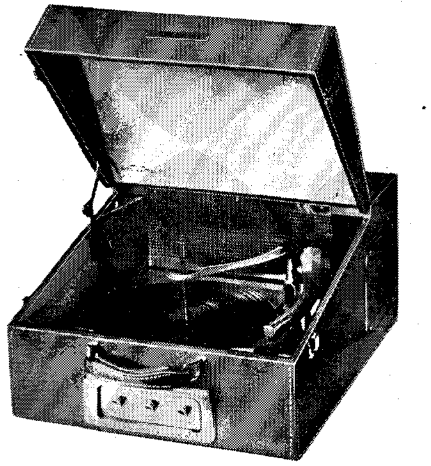

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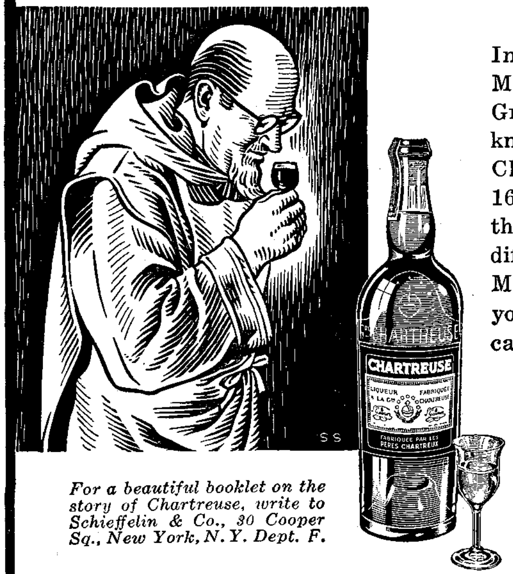

cans, six Canadians, two Englishmen, two Swedes, one Frenchman, and one Japanese. The only married couple besides my wife and me were Mr. and Mrs. Bronsky, who hailed from British Columbia and had brought along their three daughters, the youngest of whom was seven. The father, who was of Russian descent, always wore a metal maple leaf in his buttonhole, to make clear where his allegiance lay. The Bronskys were travelling on a single passport, and the Soviet official in Canada who had put the family visa on it had omitted to take note of the seven-year-old. None of the Bronskys could *read* Russian, though, so they did not become aware of this oversight until they reached Leningrad, where Intourist began matching visaed names against visible noses. Mr. Bronsky eventually got things straightened out, but only after he had spent several anxious days ascertaining whether he would be allowed to take a seven-year-old girl out of Russia when there was no proper evidence that he had ever brought one in.

Most of the Americans on No. 102 were students or teachers. Three of them wore beards—two black, one red—and some Russians may have deduced from this that beards are a prominent part of the contemporary American scene. (Maybe they are, at that.) One of the black beards belonged to a teacher from Washington, who had been escorting eight American boarding-school students—four boys and four girls—around Europe. He now had only six in tow, because in Stockholm, as he was about to set out with his whole brood for Leningrad, he had received frantic wireless messages from the fathers of two of the girls, enjoining him not to shepherd *their* daughters beyond the Iron Curtain.

The least homogeneous member of our tour was the Japanese. An exceedingly affable businessman named Tsutuki, he was in a paradoxical position; English was the language our guides used, and he knew some Russian but not a word of English. Nonetheless, he nodded affirmatively whenever anybody asked him anything, in any language. The general belief among the rest of us was that Tsutuki had signed up for some other tour, had been assigned to ours by mistake, and was too polite to call the error to Intourist's attention. Several of us hoped that the impetuous Lester would double-check before acting on the response Tsutuki made to a question of his. The question was "Can an American readily travel from Vladivostok to Tokyo, with a side

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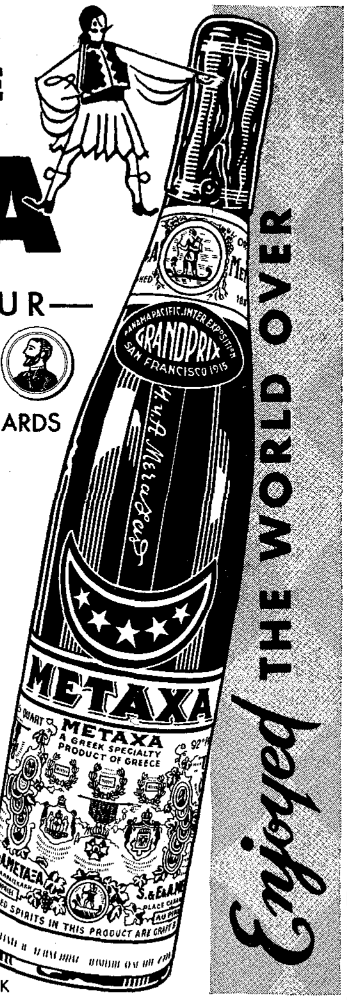
trip, perhaps, to North Korea?" As usual, Tsutuki nodded vigorously.

HOW CAN YOU GET ALONG IF YOU DON'T KNOW RUSSIAN?

We encountered our share of the misunderstandings and frustrations that crop up in any country where one doesn't know the language. In Moscow one night, my wife and I were all set to go to the theatre—to see a play we had mulishly bought tickets for because an Intourist woman had counselled us not to. (We thought at first that she was trying to talk us out of it for political reasons, but I now believe it was just that she knew the play, a comedy, would be harder than some others for foreigners to appreciate, since much of its effect depended on double-edged dialogue. If so, she was right, but while we didn't get the jokes, we got the point; the characters were mostly Czarist noblemen portrayed at their dissolute worst—drinking heavily, abusing social inferiors, and indulging in all kinds of frivolous pursuits, some of them downright scandalous.) We had heard that the theatre was only a few blocks from our hotel, but we were late in getting under way, so we took a cab. Another No. 102 man, a free-lance writer named Herbert, who specialized in articles on child care and was looking into the Russian angle, was going to the same show, and he hopped into the front seat. When a non-Russian-speaking tourist in Russia hires a taxi, he generally either asks a native to write out his destination for him or, if he is going to a theatre, shows the driver his ticket. Herbert did the latter. The taxi man nodded, said something that we took to mean "Must hurry!" (too bad, we thought; the curtain's up), and lurched off. We had travelled a mile or so, at a spanking clip, when it occurred to my wife to ask Herbert, whose grasp of Russian orthography we knew to be minimal, just what he had shown the man. It turned out to have been a Kiev-Moscow railroad ticket. As soon as the driver got the idea that we didn't want to catch the night express, he laughed so hard he had to stop the car.

Such misadventures, however, were rare. In the large cities, at least, the tourist can usually find somebody who fathoms English or French or German. Moreover, the Russian alphabet can be assimilated without much effort, and while transliteration is many versts removed from translation, it helps. The Russian words for "apothecary" and "restaurant" are practically the same as ours, and it is nice to know that



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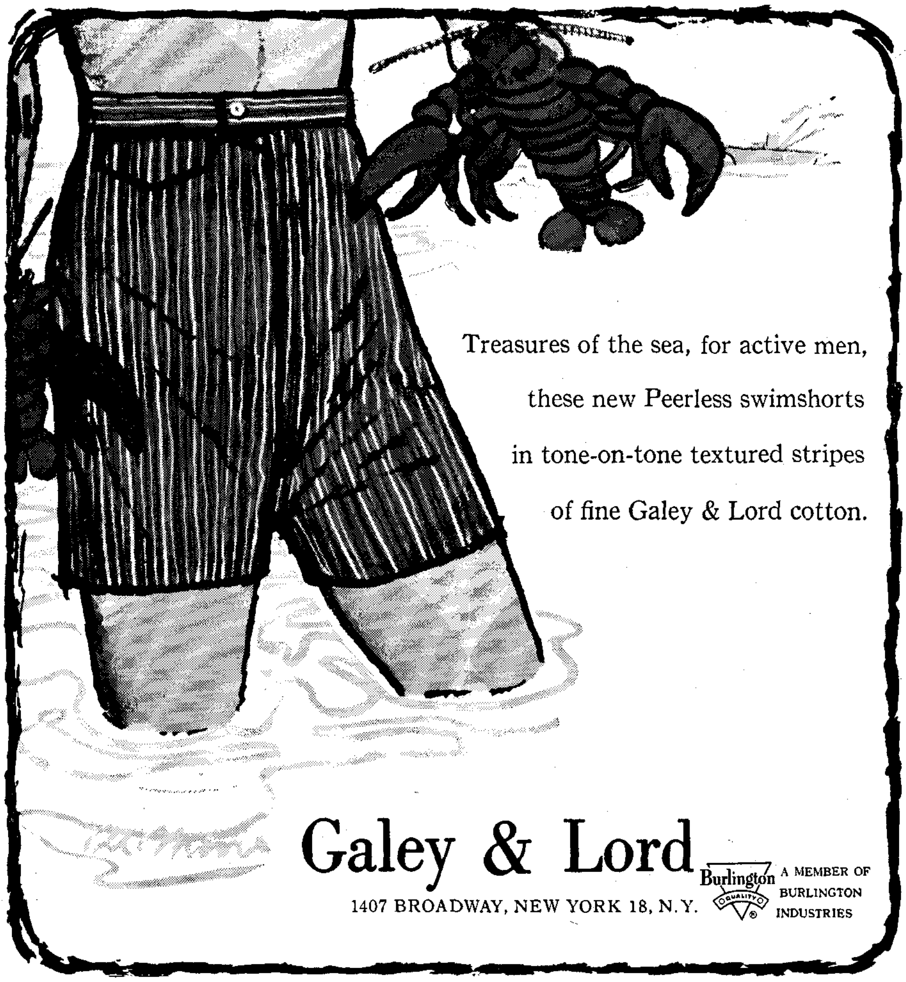

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the characters "Хрущев" stand for "Khrushchev." (The editors of the phrase book in whose pages I came to grips with the alphabet were apparently hedging their bets on the durability of Soviet leadership. Introducing that spectacular "щ," which stands for the consonantal cluster "shch," they instructed us to pronounce it as in, of all evasive proper names, "Ashchurch.") In the matter of language, Tour No. 102 was lucky. Besides Mr. Tsutuki, four of its members knew some Russian—a circumstance that the rest of us took avid advantage of. Perhaps the most sought-after fellow in the group was an upstate New Yorker named Elbert, who had studied Russian at Princeton and had an idiomatic command of it. On learning from Elbert that "compote," "omelet," and "coffee" are just about the same in Russian as in English or French, several of us took to ordering this manageable trio every morning. It made breakfast monotonous, but it made us feel articulate.

Our main communication links with our often unintelligible environment were the various guides Intourist assigned to us. The principal one was a thin-faced blonde—in her early thirties, I should guess—named Nina. A teacher in Leningrad during the school year, Nina took us in tow there and led us on to Kiev and then to Moscow—an accomplishment that, considering how greatly we outnumbered her and how unaccustomed most of us were to disciplined travel, may have been comparable to Hannibal's getting his elephants over the Alps. Nina seemed unusually worldly for a Russian woman. She was trimly, if not flamboyantly, dressed, and she went in for makeup; she painted her fingernails, and used mascara rather liberally. Her delight was boundless when two American women on No. 102 dug into their handbags and edifyingly plucked forth a rub-on perfume dispenser and an eye-blacking machine called, I believe, a Mascara-matic. If these were hardly earth-shaking artifacts—at least, for an International Geophysical Year—Nina seemed to think they were. While Nina tended to get rattled in unexpected situations, she could handle the expected to perfection; her mind was a tidy storehouse of data. She reeled off the names of five blue-blooded malcontents who were exiled or executed (and which happened to which) after the uprising against Nicholas I in 1825; she knew the names not only of all the nobility who had once occupied the palaces now occupied by the workers'

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bureaucracies but of the architects of these stately hives; and she knew the precise number of columns that hold up, or adorn, St. Isaac's Cathedral, now the State Antireligious Museum, in Leningrad. "A hundred and twelve of them, all monoliths," Nina told us, as proudly as though she came from a long line of pre-revolutionary engineers, or columnists. "St. Isaac's was built by serfs. You know that we had serfs."

By the time Nina was finished with us, she had no great need for mascara. Her eyes were dark and hollow in a face that had become drawn and pallid. Before taking on the thirty-five of us, she confessed, she had never had to cope with more than two alien tourists at a time. She spoke wistfully of a seventy-eight-year-old American whom she'd recently escorted on a leisurely jaunt to Yalta, Odessa, and a few of the other cities that the Soviet Union now lets foreigners enter. "I almost came to look on him as a father," Nina said. There seemed little likelihood that a similar affection would blossom between Nina and any of our gang; if she had familial feelings about us, they were those of a long-suffering parent toward a batch of incorrigibly truant children. Her seventy-eight-year-old charge had been hard of hearing, she said; there was nobody thus handicapped in No. 102, but before Nina said goodbye to us, she had had to yell so much that she nearly lost her voice. Among other things, she was obliged, by one Soviet regulation or another, to keep our passports in her possession during a good part of the trip. As she was juggling a couple of dozen of these one day, a fellow-tourist—a Canadian woman who taught in a school for children of Dominion soldiers stationed in Germany—whispered to me that a guide was liable to an eight-year prison term for mislaying a passport. Just then, Lester came crashing along, jostled Nina's elbow, and sent two passports slithering across the floor. Nina grimly retrieved them, thereby perhaps saving herself sixteen years in Siberia.

From time to time—particularly when she was not worrying about passports—Nina displayed flashes of vivacity. Until her vocal cords got frayed, she sang with us. She also danced with us, and joked with us. (She would not drink with us; whatever her other standing orders may have been, she was evidently not allowed to tipple with the tourists.) She was especially fond of watery jokes—possibly because she had been born in Leningrad, a city that, as she informed us without faltering, is

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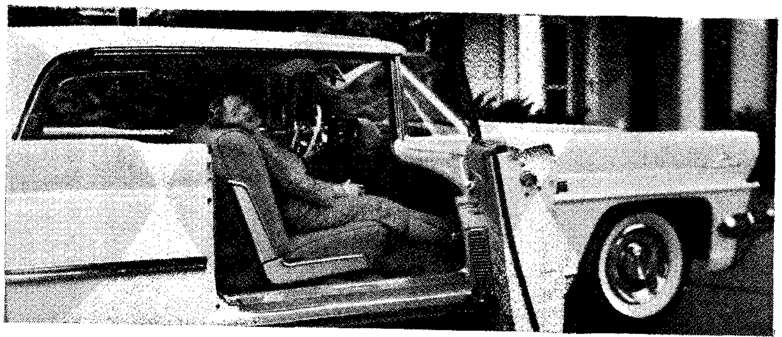

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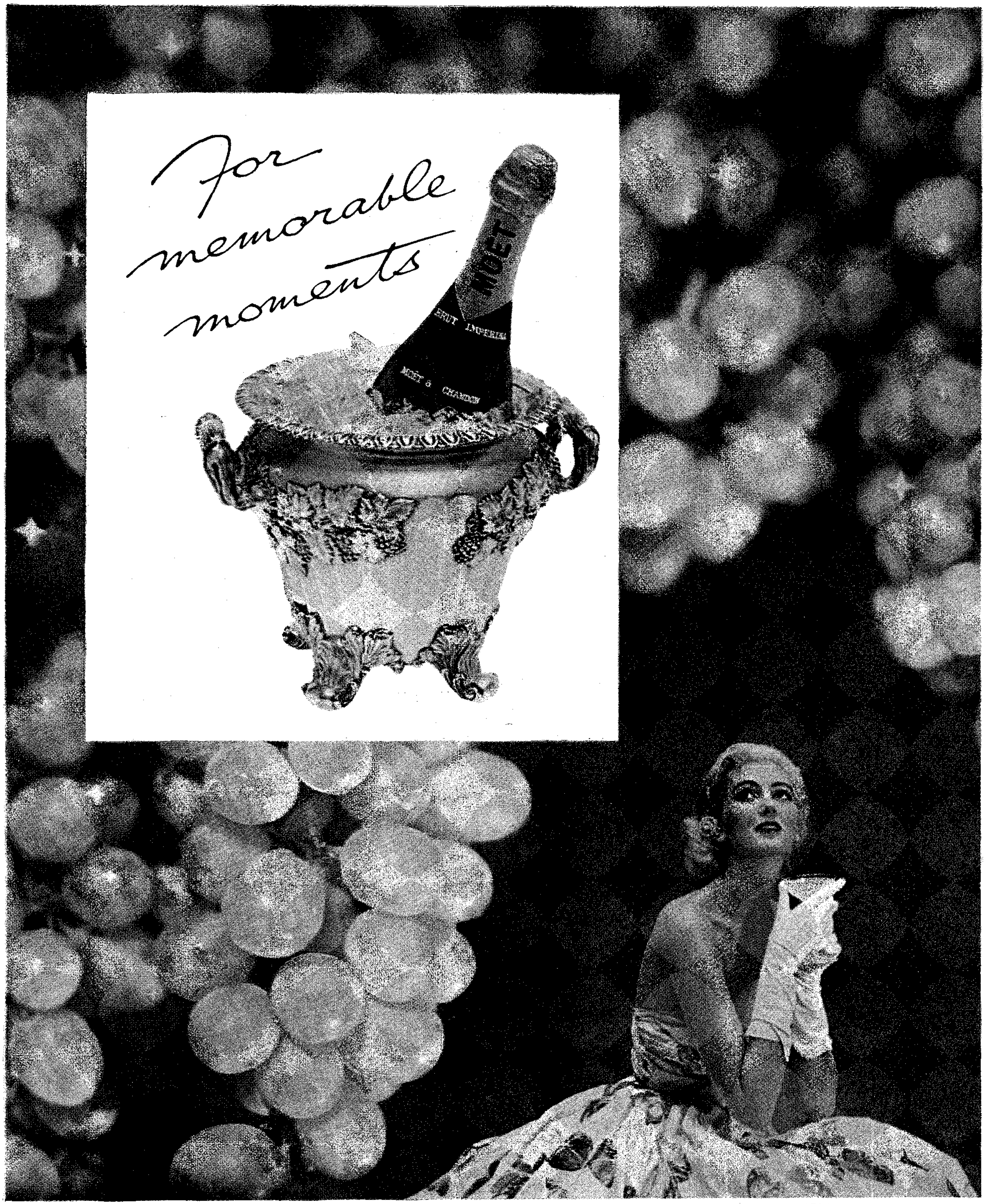
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composed of a hundred and one islands connected by three hundred and sixty bridges. (Many of the bridges have life preservers hung on their railings—an accommodation that the Western world, as far as I know, nowhere furnishes its accident-prone citizens.) In the Russian Museum in Leningrad one morning, while we were examining a boiling expanse of ocean painted by a seascape man named Aivazovsky, Nina took seven-year-old Dottie Bronsky by the arm and drew her away from the canvas. "So do not stand too close," Nina told her mirthfully. "You might get splashed." Another morning, Nina led us to Petrodvorets, a Versailles-like summer playground of the Czars outside Leningrad, on the Gulf of Finland. The Nazis knocked the place to pieces during the war, but the Communists have been faithfully restoring it, and a great many ornate fountains are now in shimmering operation. Pausing alongside a muscular bronze Triton who was prying a stream of water from the jaws of a writhing bronze sea monster, Nina remarked gaily, "Somebody told me this sculpture is supposed to represent dental aid. I like that joke." A few minutes later, it became clear that she also liked practical jokes of a watery cast. Catherine the Great had had a few hidden fountains installed at Petrodvorets (or Petershof, as it was called when Leningrad was called St. Petersburg), for the impish purpose of dousing her guests. When a victim ambled along a pebbly path, an attendant screened by foliage would press a button and release a drenching spray. Nina, in cahoots with an invisible colleague, gave several of us the treatment as, like lambs behind a Judas goat, we followed her through the pleasant, handsome palace grounds. *Après Nina le déluge.*

One thing Nina did not jest about was politics. Her English was splendid—that was what she taught in school—but whenever one of us asked her a question touching on current events, she would reply, politely but firmly, "I don't understand." For example, Leningrad was full of soldiers—astonishingly full, in view of the Russians' recent protestations about the demobilization of their armed forces—and one day I asked Nina whether there was a very large military garrison in or near the city. Oh, no, she replied. Then why were there so many uniformed men on the streets? "I don't understand," said Nina. Later that day, we were looking at the Maryinsky Palace, which is now the headquarters of the Leningrad City Soviet, and a sixteen-year-old prep-school student

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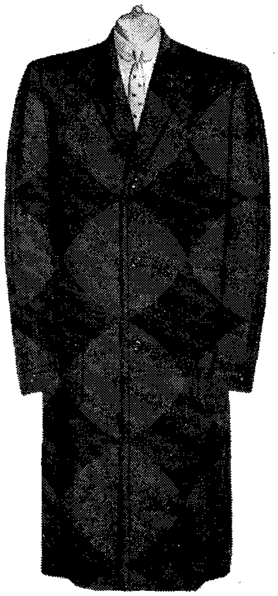

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named David asked Nina if the local electorate, in choosing members of that august body, had a chance to vote for more than one candidate.

"I don't understand," said Nina.

"I must have a long talk with you one of these days about politics," David told her solemnly.

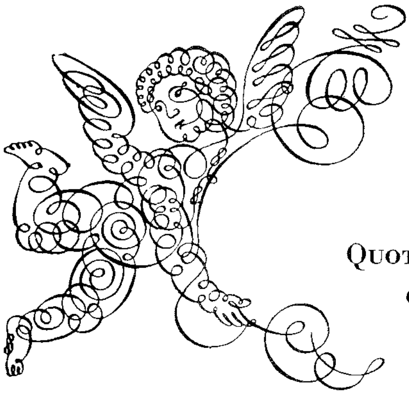
"Oh, I know nothing of politics," Nina said.

She seemed grateful when a fourteen-year-old girl named Diana began telling her something of two-party politics in America. "My parents are Democrats absolutely *surrounded* by Republicans in Litchfield, Connecticut," Diana told her in a hushed tone. "Mother registers Republican, of course, but actually she's a Democratic spy." Nina blinked. To her, it seemed, "spy" meant *spy*.

IS IT TRUE THEY ONLY LET YOU SEE WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO?

Few people would think of going to London or Paris for the first time without visiting Westminster Abbey or the Eiffel Tower. The formal itinerary of a guided tour in Russia is largely limited to landmarks like the Kremlin and the Moscow subway, but these, after all, are what the tyro tourist has been hearing about for ages and wants to see anyway. And Intourist did not insist that we inspect solely what it put before us. True, our visas confined us to the three cities covered by Tour No. 102, but once we arrived in any of them, we were free to ignore the prescribed agenda and go off on our own. In fact, at practically no moment during our trip were all thirty-five of us together. Lester, for one, hardly ever materialized for an organized jaunt.

A surprising number of the organized jaunts involved palaces. In "The Russian Revolution," Alan Moorehead quotes Maxim Gorki's advice to the proletariat in 1917: "Citizens . . . take care of the palaces—they will become palaces of your national art; take care of the pictures, the statues . . . preserve the monuments, the buildings, the old things, the documents—all this is your history, your pride." Gorki's counsel has been conscientiously heeded. Fresh gilt adorns the spire of the Admiralty in Leningrad and the domes of the Kremlin cathedrals; to spruce up the glittering summit of St. Sophia's Cathedral, in Kiev, the Communist regime—so a guide told us—contributed seven kilos of pure gold. The historic museums we saw were invariably crowded, and most of the visitors were not foreigners but patently proud Russians—countrywomen, in boots and ba-



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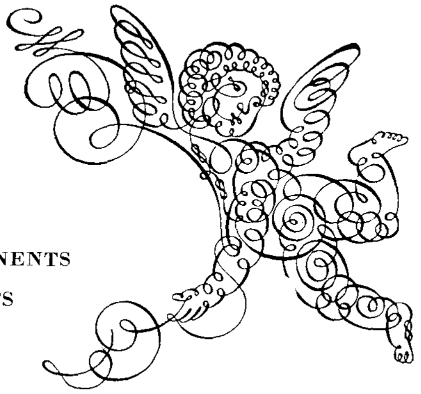

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"Ashkenazy is a poet who never bangs, concentrating on a beautiful singing line. He has strength when strength is needed, but the main impression one gets from his playing on records is of plasticity, subtlety, and a beautifully regulated performance ...*Ashkenazy is an artist.*"
(Harold C. Schonberg, *N.Y. Times*)

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Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nicolai Gedda, Erich Kunz, others. Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Otto Ackermann. With libretto. 2 records **Angel Album 3566 B/L**

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(Victor Seroff, *Saturday Review*)

[illegible]

Complete Ballet. Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden. Yuri Fayer, Conductor. With illustrated book.
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(Clive Barnes, *Records and Recordings*, London)

WAGNER: DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG (Complete)

Elisabeth Grümmer, Ferdinand Frantz, Rudolf Schock, Benno Kusche, Gerhard Unger, Gustav Neidlinger, Gottlob Frick, others. Chorus of Municipal Opera and German State Opera, Berlin; Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Rudolf Kempe, Conductor.
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(George Jellineck, *Saturday Review*)

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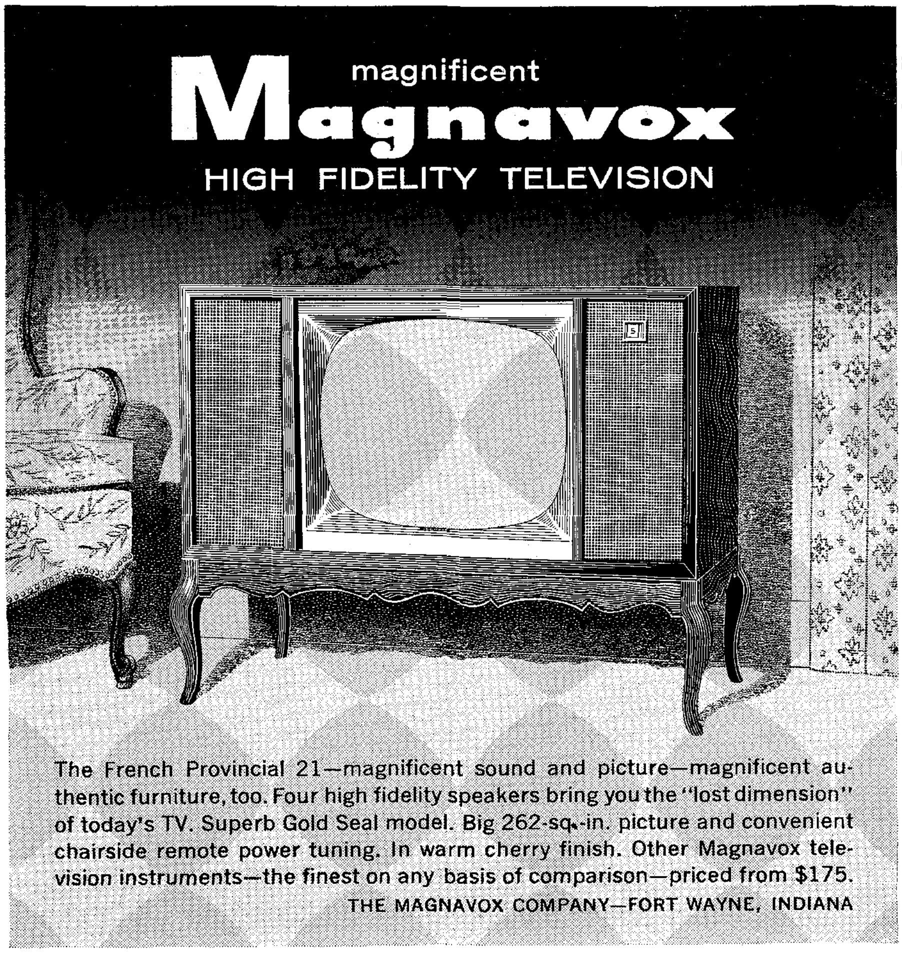

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bushkas, shoulder to shoulder (and what shoulders!) with urban art students flourishing their sketchbooks. We saw as many soldiers and sailors in the art galleries on Palace Square, in Leningrad, as one might see in the shooting galleries on Times Square.

Leningrad—a dignified, gray city full of historic and cultural shrines—has often been compared to Paris. The famous art collection in the Hermitage Museum is in many ways a counterpart of that in the Louvre. The Russian treasures are stored in a onetime royal dwelling, the Winter Palace, that hugs a bank of the city's principal waterway, the Neva River. The Winter Palace is just about as heroically proportioned as the Louvre, but it is far more cluttered. Though practically every square inch of wall is in use (the lighting is atrocious), thousands of the Museum's two million-odd works of art are not on display, for lack of space. The collection would also seem to be more haphazardly catalogued than the Louvre's; while we were in Russia, the curators of the Hermitage were expressing their delight at having unearthed, in some unexplored recess, an original da Vinci sketch that they hadn't known was on the premises.

We had only a little over two hours in which to inspect the Hermitage. Nina had warned us we would have to gallop, and she set a stiff pace. Very nearly at a trot, we went past a bunch of paintings that, she said, her government was about to send back to Germany. There was some confusion among us as to whether she said the works got to Russia in the first place because they were saved by Soviet soldiers during the war or seized by them; in the tumult, we had no chance to pin her down. (The Moscow *News*, a few days later, said "saved" was the word; it ran a testimonial article by the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the German Democratic Republic to the U.S.S.R., in which the East German legate said, among other things, "Now these treasures are being returned to the German Democratic Republic. By this action they are being returned to the German people as a whole; for the German Democratic Republic is by right the sovereign German state.") The speed at which we were moving did not let us do justice to the marvels of the Hermitage. I do recall striding briskly past assorted Titians, Rembrandts, Raphaels, and El Grecos, as well as two glorious da Vinci oils, on the main floor, and a group of orange-red dancers by Matisse, on the top floor, where the servants' quarters must have been when the Winter Palace was a going concern. All the French Impressionist works—a magnificent sampling, in the view of this particular sprinter—are displayed up there, presumably because they are less esteemed by contemporary Soviet critics than the Older Masters in the downstairs parlors.

HOW ARE THE HOTELS? Each Soviet city to which foreign tourists are admitted has at least one Intourist hotel. In these, the visitor never has any truck with the main desk. Instead, he gets his mail, buys his theatre tickets, and complains about the plumbing at the Intourist Service Bureau in the lobby, and leaves his room key with an attendant, customarily a female one, on his floor. The custodian of keys on the third floor of the Hotel Europa, where we stayed in Leningrad, was a puzzling trusty. One afternoon, Herbert, the child-care man, wanted to enter his room. Suspecting that the custodian knew no English, he showed her a slip of paper (the right one this time) with his room number written on it. "That's not your room," the woman told him, in English. He insisted that it was, and had been for three days. "You're mistaken," she said. Here, one would have said, was a case of black or white, with no gray compromise possible. Nevertheless, the Russian woman hit upon one; she handed him the key he wanted and, as he went down the hall, called after him, "All the same, that's not your room."

The Astoria is widely reputed to be the best hotel in Leningrad, but the red-headed Intourist man who escorted my wife and me to town from the airport, feverishly smoking our cigarettes, said he personally preferred the Europa. He knew, of course, that we had been assigned there. The Europa struck us as somewhat less elegant than the Astoria, but it was unquestionably of first-class dimensions. It covers a whole block. Our quarters were spacious, too—big bathroom, bigger bedroom, great big sitting room. On one wall of the sitting room was an oil painting of a bejewelled lady who, like the furniture, was overstuffed. Beneath the glass top of a broad mahogany desk was a list of house rules, printed in English, French, German, and Chinese. No visitors were permitted between midnight and eight in the morning, and the playing of musical instruments was forbidden between midnight and ten.

One confusing element of Soviet

for the knowing few on your gift list

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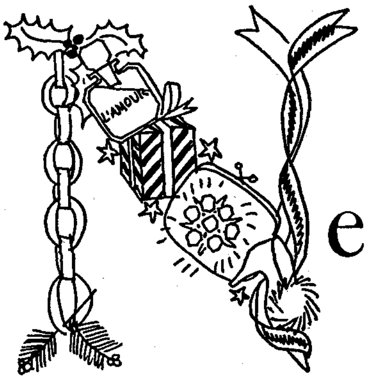
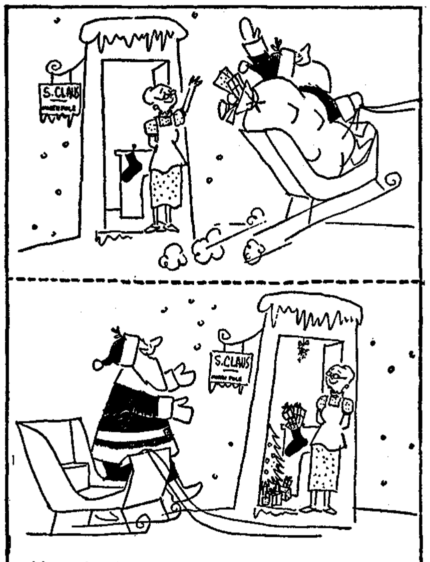


Never underestimate the power of

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY



S. CLAUS
S. CLAUS

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!

Men are talented, men are tender,
Men are my possibly favorite gender.
Braver than women, and bolder and brisker,
Men can build bombs and grow a whisker,
Sing bass or swagger a liner's decks.
But a man at Christmas? The frailer sex!

* * *

On three-inch heels, with the twins in tow,
Can he tramp all day through the gift-shops? No.
He can face a tiger and be its surmounter,

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!
A Man's Guide to Women
Merry Christmas, Happy New Year
Phyllis McGinley

PHOTO BY BASCH

Never Underestimate the Power of Phyllis McGinley! Housewife, mother, author of books of prose and verse, Phyllis McGinley's byline appears on two new books this year...

The first is her own delightful "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year" (Viking; 2.50).

The second is her introduction to "Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!" (Dodd, Mead; 2.95) – a collection of Ladies' Home Journal's famous cartoons which have extolled the resourcefulness, stamina and ingenuity of women for over 15 years. "Vive womanpower!", says Phyllis McGinley. "And vive Journalpower for having brought it to light!"

a woman at Christmas-time

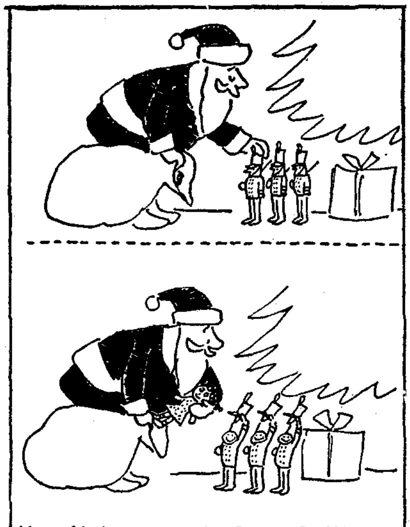
But he flees at sight of a holiday counter.
The Yuletide hopes of his kin and kith
Are more than his mind can grapple with.

* * *

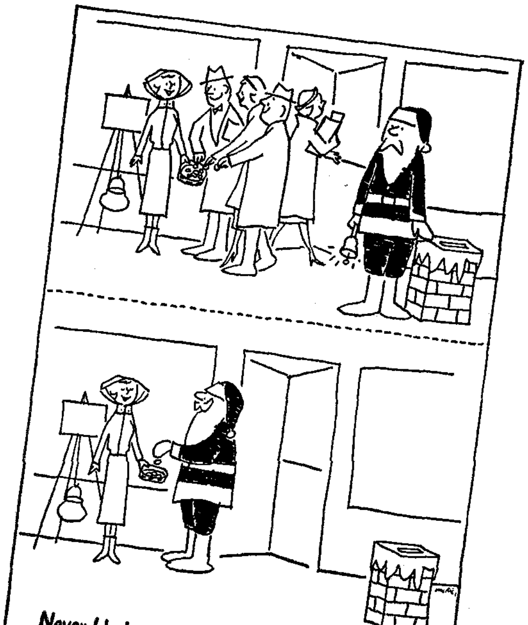
There's somebody wants something pink and scenty,
But her size—ho hum—is it twelve or twenty?
And what shall it be for rich Uncle Bryant,
Comrade, customer, firm's best client?
Though he hasn't a clue, he can still make merry,
Saved by his wife or his secretary.

* * *

The moral of this should give one pause:
There must be a *Mrs.* Santa Claus.



Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!

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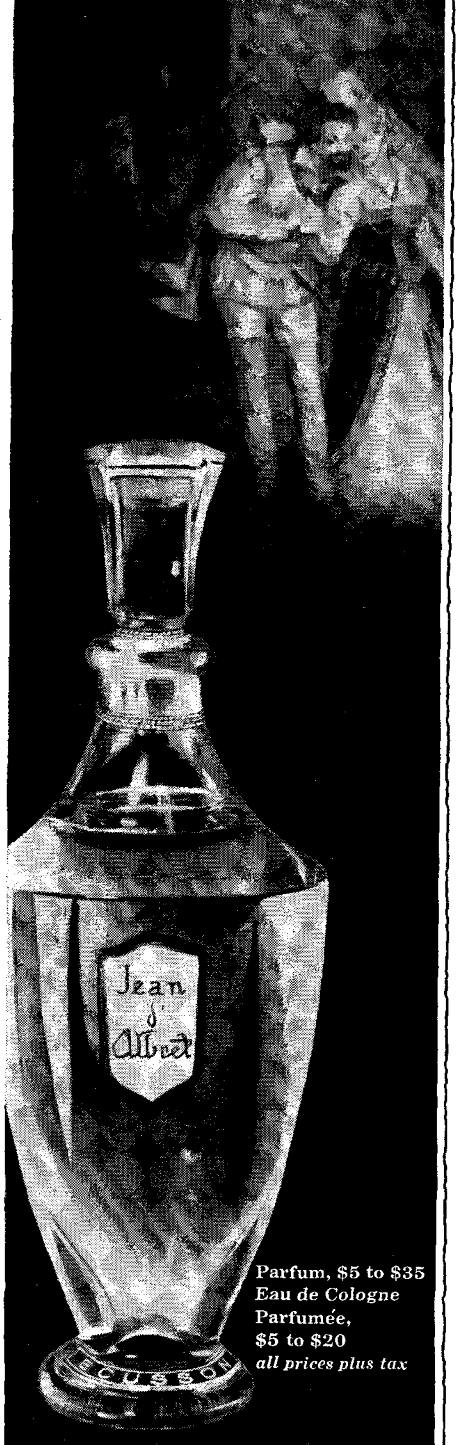

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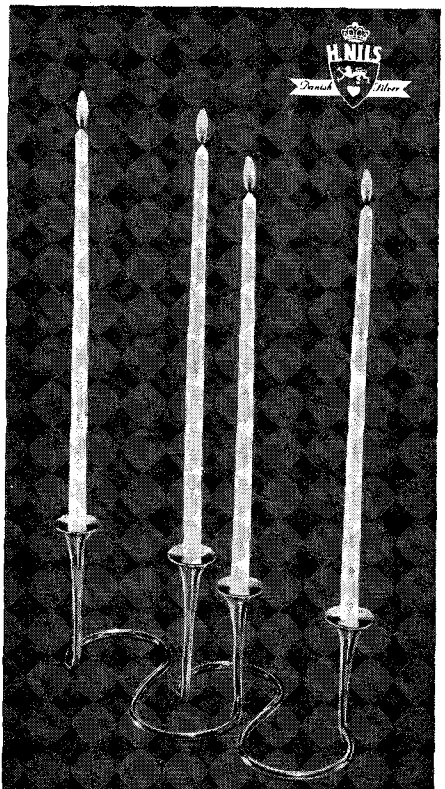
hotel life is the capricious elevator service. At the Europa, the operators, seemingly according to their mood, might or might not take aboard downward-bound passengers. In Kiev, at the Hotel Ukraine—where we had no sitting room, a bedroom as small and crowded as a ship's cabin, and a tiny bathroom with a shower but no shower curtain—the elevators were self-service. The doors above the main floor could not be opened from the outside, so there was no chance of wangling a ride down unless somebody happened to stop at your floor. We were on the sixth floor, and walking down to the lobby, after several hours of ambulatory sightseeing, was something of a chore. Getting to the café in the Hotel Ukraine also took some doing. The easiest way, we discovered by trial and error, was to go out into the street, walk half a block, and cut back into the hotel through the barbershop.

Moscow is the most cosmopolitan city in the U.S.S.R., I suppose, and our hotel there, the Moskva, had manned (womaned, to be precise) elevator service operating consistently in both directions. The Moskva is only a couple of blocks from Red Square, and its lobby is suitably scaled to the neighborhood; it could accommodate a good-sized parade. At the Moskva, we had another majestic suite. The sitting room had a button you could push for room service, another for a valet, and still another for a chambermaid. (We tried room service for breakfast one morning. The waitress who answered our summons knew not a word of any language familiar to us, but it all worked out very nicely. We had compote, omelet, and coffee.) The sitting room also contained an upright piano, which looked brand-new. Unfortunately, it was locked, although if we had asked, maybe we could have had it opened—at least from ten in the morning to midnight. In our bathroom the pièce de résistance was a tub that must have been eight feet long. It was the kind of appliance that deserved sculptured lion's paws for feet, but its dignity had been cruelly ruffled; it was propped up on two roughhewn wooden blocks. Through the bedroom and sitting-room windows we could see, on the north side of Red Square, a corner of the Historical Museum—a red stone pile out of which half a dozen Newport homes could be carved without making much of a dent. Beyond the Museum loomed a section of the Kremlin wall, and beyond that we could see two of the seven lofty Kremlin towers, surmounted by huge red stars.



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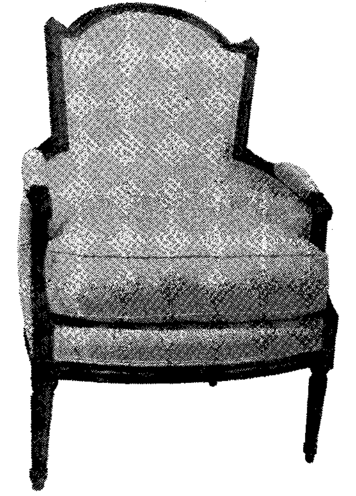

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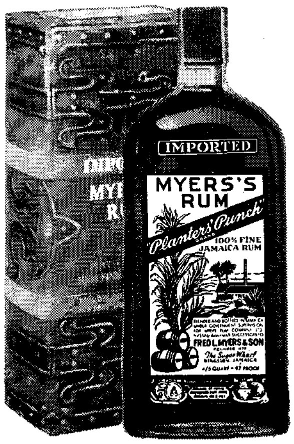
After dark, the stars, which revolved slowly in the breeze, were brilliantly illuminated. It was an odd sensation to go to sleep with those meaningful sentinels so close at hand.

WAS THE FOOD TERRIBLE?

While it is true that one's first exposure to a Leningrad restaurant would quickly dispel any illusion of being in Paris, the food we had there, and in the other cities, was not bad at all. For the most part, we took our meals in the dining rooms of our Intourist hotels—large, chandeliered chambers served by dinner-jacketed staffs and equipped with bandstands that, come evening, were occupied by hard-working dance orchestras. The music was predominantly American, but every so often a band would assert its independence of the West by emitting a jazzed-up version of "The Song of the Volga Boatmen." The bands played imitatively, and a bit raggedly. It was as if the instrumentalists had got hep to American music by attending movies in which the sound and action were imperfectly synchronized.

A tourist in Russia is supposed to pay for his meals with coupons that Intourist doles out. Though each has a stipulated value in rubles, the sum does not appear on the ticket itself. My wife and I were travelling first class, and our coupons, we learned in due course, entitled us to fourteen rubles' worth of sustenance apiece at breakfast, twenty-four at dinner, four at tea, and sixteen at supper. (The official exchange rate for the ruble is four to a dollar, but tourists enjoy a rate of ten to one.) We never had tea, but it didn't matter, for the coupons could be used at any meal. You could buy drinks with them, too, if you had any to spare, but you needed a lot of spares. One evening, in a Continental mood, I asked a waiter to bring us a bottle of dry red wine. What we got was sickeningly sweet, and we couldn't down much of it. When our bill came, we found that the bottle had set us back seventy rubles and twenty kopecks, or seven dollars and two cents. The twenty kopecks really hurt.

Given enough time—two hours, say—a Soviet waiter can, and probably will, deliver a satisfying meal, though the chances are he'll bring the entire order, from caviar through ice cream, in one trayload. This may save trips to the kitchen, but it crowds the table. Occasionally, though, the service we got was so indifferent that we darkly suspected our waiters of ideological discrimination. In Leningrad, for in-



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—Chapman, News

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JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05, 6.90; Boxes $6.90, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.) Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alt. dates.
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stance, two dozen North Koreans—possibly the theatrical bunch welcomed by the Moscow *News*—trooped into the hotel dining room after four of us on No. 102 had been seated. We hadn't yet been able to place our order when they trooped out again, licking their lips and rubbing their stomachs. Another time, the prep-schoolers in our group got so famished while waiting for their lunch that after a stranger at the next table—he had the air of a Bulgarian—had finished his meal and departed, they lunged for a few pieces of black bread and globules of caviar he had left behind. In their frenzy, one of them smashed a glass. When the teacher in charge of them went to the lobby a few minutes later to complain that his wards were on the edge of starvation, an Intourist woman cut short his lament to say sternly, "Don't tell me about *your* troubles. I hear one of them broke a glass."

The best food we had in the Soviet Union was chicken à la Kiev, in Kiev—breast of chicken rolled in bread crumbs and deep-fried. As a rule, we did not tip our waiters; since they did not normally give us any change after accepting our coupons, they probably pocketed the difference between what these were worth and the cost of our food. In Kiev, I would gladly have tipped the waitress who served us that chicken, but when I handed her a couple of coupons, she did some rapid calculating and, reaching into the pocket of her uniform, pressed six rubles on me. I had never been tipped by a waitress before, and it was an exhilarating sensation.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE EVENING?

The best ballet and theatrical companies of the U.S.S.R. were on vacation, or at the Brussels Fair, during our visit, but my wife and I did squeeze in an opera, a ballet, an operetta, a straight play, a circus, and a puppet show—a far more strenuous postprandial program than we would tackle at home, or in most places we would contemplate visiting regularly. The puppet show, at the State Central Puppet Theatre, in Moscow, was the most engaging of the lot. The performance, entitled "An Unusual Concert," was a spoof of conventional concert-hall virtuosos. It was staged by Sergei Obraztsov, who was described in the program—a Russian-and-English one—as a "People's Artist of the U.S.S.R." His artistry was flawless, and funny. In Russian theatres, the electricians are customarily stationed, along with their batteries of lights, in upper boxes; the minuscule stage on

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"A WALLOPING HIT!"
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The New Musical
FLOWER DRUM SONG
ST. JAMES, 44 St. W. Of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

which Obraztsov's puppets cavorted had its own adjoining boxes, and in one of them perched a puppet electrician, busily working tiny spotlights. The ballet and the opera were both put on, in Leningrad, by a visiting company from Lithuania. The opera was called "Vaiva," and before we went to hear it, we asked an Intourist woman to synopsize the action for us. "It's a fairy tale," she replied. "I'm not sure of the plot, but I think it has something to do with good and evil forces, and a magic belt. '*Vaiva*' means 'belt' in Lithuanian, you know. The good forces win. It's their belt." Thus briefed, we carefully scrutinized each new waistline that came onstage, but it did us no good; practically every character was besashed.

Later that night, I picked up a copy of *Soviet Literature*, one of the English-language propaganda journals on sale at the hotel newsstand. A printed supplement that had been tucked inside fell out, and proved to be the text of a decision taken by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in regard to "the Correction of Mistakes in Appraisal of the Operas 'The Great Friendship,' 'Bogdan Khmelnitsky,' and 'With All My Heart.' " It had been determined on February 10, 1948, I read, that the libretto of "Bogdan Khmelnitsky," to cite just one of the trio, was guilty of major ideological defects. On May 28, 1958, though, the C.C. of the C.P.S.U. had decreed that this ten-year-old denunciation was unjustified, being "a reflection of the subjective approach to certain works of art on the part of J. V. Stalin," who, I learned as I read on, "was in large measure influenced, negatively, by Molotov, Malenkov, and Beria." I was sorry, in a way, that "Vaiva" had escaped reappraisal; I might have learned what it was all about.

The circus we saw was—in delightful contrast to so many greatest shows on earth—a one-ring affair. What is more, it took place not in an arena that could be converted overnight into a hockey rink or a revival-meeting hall but in a cozy, circular, low-roofed building, in Kiev, that had apparently been designed with circus-going children in mind. The house was packed with kids, who loved every minute of it. So did we. There were some amazingly limber acrobats; a juggler who kept three flaming torches in play while atop a galloping white horse; some clowns who rose to extravagant heights of buffoonery (one of them had a donkey whose rear end had been costumed in imitation of a man feigning to be the rear end of a donkey); and a suave, tailcoated

'Twas the night
before Christmas...
and **JAMES STEWART** came calling,
Upon a young temptress for whom he was falling.
The stockings weren't hung by the chimney with care,
But were filled by **KIM NOVAK**, and well worth a stare.
When **JACK LEMMON** should have been snug in his bed,
Visions of pin-up girls danced in his head.
Then whom to **ERNIE KOVACS'** eyes should appear,
But HERMIONE GINGOLD, a professional seer,
And a lady named LANCHESTER, but sometimes called ELSA,
Whose antics could give even Santa an ulcer.
What dashing, what dancing, what prancing and mixin',
It was obvious a hot-toddy night was a-fixin'.
The party had started, and oh what a riot!
I'm sure that you've never seen one that could tie it.
Children are welcome, but who can gainsay it,
It was game time for grown-ups, as only they play it.
Miss Novak, since childhood unable to blush,
And Mr. Stewart, an expert on a subject hush-hush,
Strike up the sparks 'twixt the snow and the frost,
While conventions are told, (but politely), "get lost!"
It's a new kind of Christmas, with hugging and kissing,
Poor Santa Claus never knew what he was missing.
But though we take leave of this scene in the night,
It's a Merry Christmas for all who see this delight.
In case you were thinking our tale had no handle,
We'll tell you right now it's called **"BELL,**
BOOK
and
CANDLE"!

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Screenplay by DANIEL TARADASH • From the play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
As produced in New York by Irene Mayer Selznick • Directed by RICHARD QUINE
Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN • A PHOENIX PRODUCTION

magician, who, among other feats, turned a lady into a lion. We were a mite taken aback not to find any trained bears among the acts, but in compensation there were some trained white doves and a pack of exceptionally well-tutored dogs.

There were more dogs in that one circus act than we saw anywhere else in the Soviet Union. In Leningrad, a city of three million people, we met up with just one dog, and it may have been a tourist itself, for it was a French poodle leashed to a French-looking woman. On the streets of Moscow, we saw no dogs at all (maybe all the dogs in town had been requisitioned for space travel), and on the streets of Kiev we saw just one—a small white animal, which my wife guessed was part of the circus act, out for an airing. It therefore came as a surprise to us to find the last page of one issue of the Moscow *News* devoted to stories about dogs, complete with pictures. There was even an All-Union Dog Show in the offing, we read. Many breeds were to be represented, including some that I could tell from both pictures and text were strikingly different from the breeds recognized in the United States. There would be four kinds of Eskimos, for example, and five kinds of borzois, and one entirely new Soviet breed, the Estonian hound. It is only a question of time, I suppose, before doggy delegations from North Korea, Bulgaria, and maybe even the United States will be making trips to Russia themselves. Not that this is likely to produce any relaxation of international tensions. To judge by the pictures in the Moscow *News*, Khrushchev and Eisenhower may find it easier, in the long run, to reconcile their different standards than the All-Union Dog crowd and the American Kennel Club. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the first of two articles on a trip to Russia.*)

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Nassau Bahamian Tribune*]

NOTICE

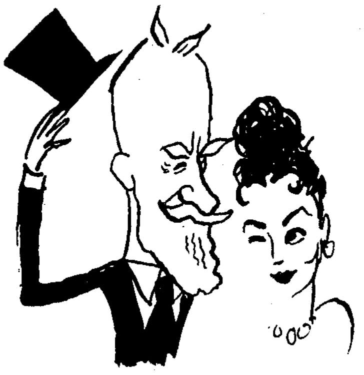
This is to notify the public that the Willie Andrew Williams who was sent to prison was not Willie Williams the Plumber or the driver of Taxi Cab 245.

(Signed)
WILLIE ANDREW WILLIAMS
West Street, South
P. O. Box 1266
Nassau, Bahamas

NOTICE

This is to inform the public that I, Willie Williams, will adopt the name Willie Andrew Williams.

(Signed)
WILLIE ANDREW WILLIAMS



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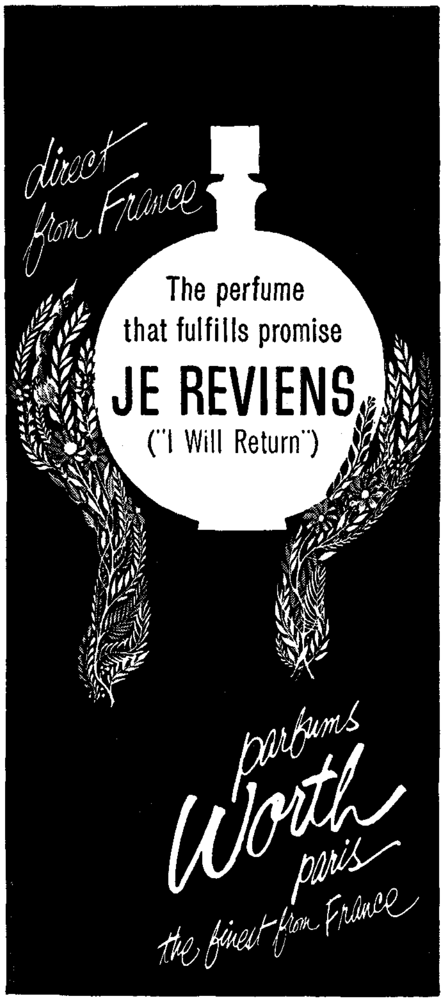

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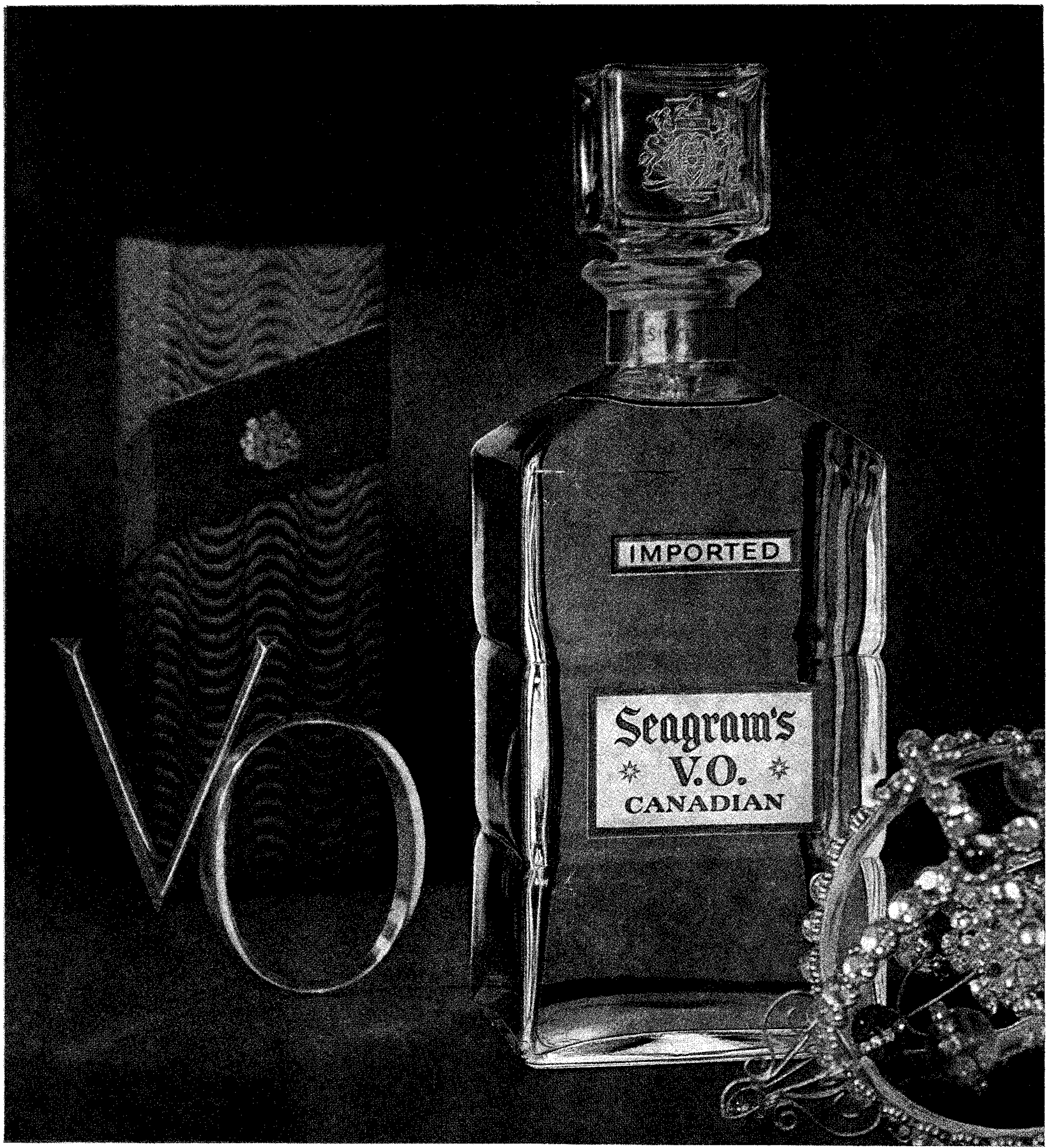
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Unretouched photo shows clarity of cocktails made with Gancia Vermouths

Why an aperitif vermouth should never be used in a cocktail

Without knowing it, most people are making cocktails the wrong way, regardless of proportions. They are using an aperitif vermouth – not realizing that the very word *aperitif* means "made to be drunk straight."

Aperitif vermouths are strongly flavorful and aromatic. They tend to smother a cocktail with "vermouthy" taste. Which is why the call has lately been for less and less vermouth – with the aim of achieving clarity and crispness.

Made only to mix in cocktails

This whole misconception needn't be – and shouldn't be – accepted. For there is one vermouth – made in Italy especially for export to America – that is definitely *not* aperitif: Gancia Torino Sweet and Gancia Extra-Dry Vermouth.

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So whether you mix your cocktails 8 to 1 or 3 to 1 – or anywhere in between—the special taste is there. In addition – for a vermouth to be drunk as an aperitif – Gancia imports its superlative Bianco.

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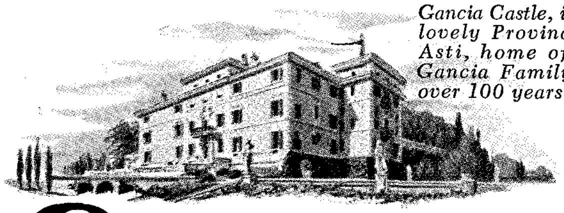

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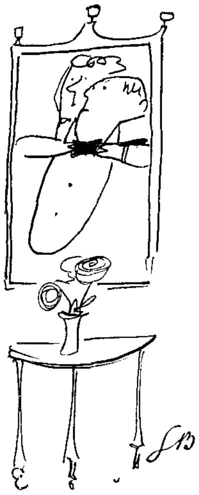
THE THEATRE

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG CAMERA

"THE play is memory." These four words, which occur in the opening speech of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," may stand as an epigraph for a considerable segment of postwar American drama. They are uttered by a character who represents the author as a younger man, and they introduce an incident from his past, seen through a semi-transparent fictional veil. This technique—the use of what might be called the first person once removed—cropped up again in "I Am a Camera," whose hero was the youthful Christopher Isherwood, and since then there has been no escaping it. In play after play, we have accompanied writer after writer on a series of formative strolls down memory lane, that broad highway leading from the wrong side of the tracks to the anterooms of Perry and Pulitzer. We have been lashed by storms, and dampened by drizzles, of autobiographical emotion, recollected sometimes in tranquillity and sometimes, one suspects, with the aid of tranquillizers. William Inge revisited his childhood for us in "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs;" "Look Homeward, Angel" invited us to share the growing pains of Thomas Wolfe, "Winesburg, Ohio" those of Sherwood Anderson; and we gained from "Long Day's Journey Into Night" a profound and tenebrous insight into the adolescence of Eugene O'Neill. The latest excursion into nostalgia is "The Cold Wind and the Warm," at the Morosco, which offers an elaborate report on how it felt to be the young S. N. Behrman.



Mr. Behrman's play is founded on episodes from his book "The Worcester Account," a collection of reminiscent *contes* whose quality I cannot judge, since I have not read them. There is always, however, a sizable gap between the printed page and viable drama, and it does not seem to me that Mr. Behrman has succeeded in bridging it. Prose in stiff covers (or soft, for that matter) is addressed to only one reader at a time; drama, by contrast, is aimed at a thousand spectators, simultaneously assembled. Where a bored reader would skip, a bored audience walks out. To prevent this, the playwright must concentrate his action, narrow his focus, and resolutely shun those digressive details that are at once the novelist's province and his pride. "In the play," said Virginia Woolf, "we recognize the general . . . in the novel, the particular." The dangers of getting too particular are multiplied when drama verges on autobiography. Fondly ransacking the attics of his mind, the author grows more and more reluctant to throw anything away, and frequently ends up by convincing himself that nothing could be more fascinating to an audience than a lengthy procession of the most unforgettable characters he has ever met, including, of course, himself. The result, almost invariably, is something that might have achieved a modest sale as a volume of memoirs but has about as much to do with drama as a police lineup. The awkward art of writing a good memory play demands far more in the way of self-discipline and condensation. The two great examples of the genre are "The Glass Menagerie" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night," and it is significant that neither of them was adapted from a book. In each case, the author, looking back on his life, singled out a turning point—a crucial, indelible event that somehow determined the course of his maturity. Mr. Behrman is inspired by a similar conception; where he falters is in the matter of execution. Both Williams and O'Neill confined their dramatis personae to people who were actively involved in the crisis—in Williams' play, his mother, his sister, and the latter's "gentleman caller;" in O'Neill's, his parents and his elder brother, plus a harmless necessary maid. And both of them were careful to select incidents in which they themselves figured not merely as observers but as participants, not just recording but contributing. Mr. Behrman slips up on both counts. Not only is his plotting vagrant and diffuse; he has imposed on it a character who does nothing but impede it—to wit, himself as a child. This is a camera-type (or perhaps I should say daguerreotype) play that has been thrown off balance by the photographer's insistence on being in the picture.

The situation, once we have peeled off its nostalgic slough, is the old one in which an ambitious boy is forced to choose between a nice girl and a militant flirt. All three are members of the Jewish community in Worcester, Massachusetts, half a century ago. Willie, the hero, is an enthusiastic student whose zeal for research and inquiry extends to his private life, which he devotes first to Myra, the dazzling blond widow he pursues to New York, and later to Leah, the docile homebody whose child, in a moment of erethism, he fathers. (Under the International Convention of Theatrical Conventions, annually ratified by the Society of Authors, one night's cohabitation is enough, irrespective of the calendar, to guarantee a pregnancy.) Unwilling to marry the girl, he commits suicide, by means that are not revealed, after a scene with Myra that we do not see and an internal struggle that is never exposed to us. There might have been time to repair these omissions if Mr. Behrman had kept himself out of the play; as I should have pointed out several sentences ago, Willie represents not the author but the author's best friend and elder counsellor. The young Behrman appears in the guise of Tobey, a would-be composer in knee pants who utters a great many lines, takes no part in the action, and might with advantage have been jettisoned. His relatives are all designed to accord with the popular theatrical image of Jews as warmhearted clowns who get their sentences back to front. One of them, a matchmaking aunt, is played with uproarious, upholstered aplomb by Maureen Stapleton, who can cock an eyebrow and purse a lip with more wit than many actresses find in the whole of Oscar Wilde, but there are limits to the joy one can derive from lines like "I could tear you from each limb." Morris Carnovsky, shrugging as to the manner trained, performs wearily and well as Mr. Behrman's fictional father, a rabbinical grocer, while theatrical *chutzpa* of a more shameless kind is displayed by Sig Arno, all popeyed apology, and Sanford Meisner, whose parody of a foxhunting *nouveau riche* makes me long to see him in a farce by Feydeau or Labiche. Apart from Suzanne Pleshette, the prim unmarried mother, and Carol Grace, who pitches Myra somewhere between a

Nothing makes a woman more feminine to a man...

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THE ESSENCE OF BEAUTY THAT IS FRANCE

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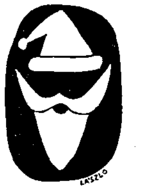
pallid fawn and a Southern belle, almost everyone is joke-Jewish. As Willie, Eli Wallach is interestingly miscast. Instead of an ingenuous face that betrays precocious intelligence, he shows us a sophisticated face through which boyishness occasionally peeps. What is needed here is not a better actor but a slightly younger one. The direction, which is by Harold Clurman, struck me as markedly stale.

Elia Kazan, who staged Archibald MacLeish's "J. B." at the ANTA Theatre, is the best man alive to direct plays that rumble with passion, blaze into violence, and flower in a climate of frenzy. Whether he has the lightness of touch and the affection for grace that are required by works of less febrile content, I have no means of knowing; it is enough to say here that he can raise whirlwinds, and that whirlwinds are exactly what Mr. MacLeish wants raised. The cast is a strong one. It is led by Pat Hingle, a specialist in portraying the American male as a lusty, overgrown boy, given perhaps to blustering but inherently good-hearted. He is flanked on the one hand by Raymond Massey, as imposing as a riven oak, and on the other by Christopher Plummer, the flexible, saturnine young Canadian whose range, widening every season, has already put him within striking distance of most of the light-heavyweight roles in the American and European repertoires. Boris Aronson's setting, a desolate, cavernous circus tent, is one of the most majestic I can remember; it prepares the heart for events of towering grandeur and cosmic repercussion. In every department, the presentation is flawless. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the thing presented.



Never one to waste his time on trivialities, Mr. MacLeish has taken on the Miltonic task of justifying the ways of God to man. "J. B." is the Book of Job, that greatest of hard-luck stories, retold in the form of a morality play. The characters are modern but speak in bumpy alliterative verse, and the narrative technique is similarly medieval. God and Satan are embodied in, respectively, a peddler of balloons and a popcorn vender (Mr. Massey and Mr. Plummer), who wander down the aisle of the theatre, pick up a couple of masks, and act as joint masters of ceremonies, commenting on Job's story (which unfolds in the circus ring) from the vantage points assigned to them by tradition—stage left for Evil, stage right for Good. Mr. Massey, high up on a funambulist's platform that Mr. Aronson has cunningly turned into a pulpit, gets the best of the bargain. Beneath him Job, in the person of J. B., a "perfect and upright" businessman, takes the ghastly battering that is to test his faith in the benevolence of the Deity. In a series of scenes as predictable as they are repetitive, he loses most of his family and all of his fortune. War and an automobile accident dispose of four of his children, while the fifth and last is murderously assaulted by a juvenile psychopath. To cap everything, a bomb falls on his bank, leaving him not only penniless but afflicted by an unpleasant skin condition—Mr. MacLeish's substitute for the boils in the Bible, and presumably to be diagnosed as the result of exposure to atomic blast. After each new body blow, God's chosen sparring partner staggers back off the ropes for more, to the delight of Mr. Massey and the chagrin of Mr. Plummer, whose purpose is to make Job curse his Creator. Up to this point, the play falls into a clear-cut sociological category: it represents the apology of American capitalism for its astonishing prosperity. Job knows he has not sinned, yet feels permanently and inexplicably guilty; he cannot bring himself to deny that God is just. His first Comforter, a Marxist, tells him that historical necessity is punishing him; the second, a psychoanalyst, that he is punishing himself; the third, a gloating cleric, that he is being punished for the unpardonable crime of having been born. He rejects all three but still feels terrible. Why? And here the argument disconcertingly swerves. God takes off the gloves and restores to Job, as a guarantee of good will, his affluence and his wife, who has left him in disgust at his refusal to defend himself. He accepts these favors with an eagerness that shocks Mr. Plummer, and even perturbs Mr. Massey. Job's explanation, offered in a brief epilogue, is that there is no divine justice; there is simply human love. He and his wife will be content hereafter to live together and, in a phrase worthy of an Abe Burrows parody, "blow on the coal of the heart." To say that this ending cheats is to put it mildly. The play rests on the assumption, everywhere endorsed by the text, that we are judged by God. It then poses the question: Why are we judged so harshly? The answer, which destroys everything that has preceded it and entirely demolishes the original premise, is that He does not judge us at all. Having bothered us for more than two hours with an apparently insoluble problem, Mr. MacLeish blithely shrugs and confesses that it was the wrong problem to begin with.

The truth, of course, is that he has stated the right problem in the wrong way. We are all of us vitally concerned in any search for the causes of human pain, but when needless agony is inflicted (as it is on J. B.) by bombs, bullets, drunken drivers, and psychotic adolescents, our first impulse, if we are rational beings, is surely to seek an explanation in human terms—to ask how the war could have been avoided, why the man drank, what pressures sent the boy mad. Not many of us, I think, immediately ascribe our sufferings to the judicial acumen of the Old Testament God, who could never be ranked among the more sympathetic characters in world literature, and who appears in the Book of Job at his worst—arrogant, bombastic, and casually cruel. Yet Mr. MacLeish's hero thinks of nobody else. The emphasis on guilt is obsessive:

> We have no choice but to be guilty.
> God is unthinkable if we are innocent.

And, again:

> Guilt matters. Guilt must always matter.
> Unless guilt matters the whole world is
> Meaningless.

Long before the final curtain, I was bored to exasperation by the lack of any recognizable human response to calamity. Above all, I yearned for the intervention of just one character from an alien—preferably an Oriental—culture. It would have clarified so much. Mr. MacLeish's postulate is that we expect God to be just, since we think of Him not only as our Creator but as our judge, a maker of moral laws that we break at our eternal peril. If we defy them, we feel what Alan W. Watts, my authority on comparative religion, calls "a sense of guilt so preposterous that it must issue either in denying one's own nature or in rejecting God." This is Job's dilemma, and it is relevant only to a civilization that equates the Creator with the Legislator. Oriental tradition separates the two functions. Justice, which distributes punishments and rewards, is a human invention that can err and be corrected; to be wrongly chastised by it is a misfortune, not an evidence of sin. The process of creation itself, meanwhile, is above and beyond justice. It neither punishes nor rewards, and cannot be lauded or offended; it merely exists. This is the attitude toward which Mr. MacLeish seems to be veering at the end of "J. B." Had he reached it sooner, he might have written

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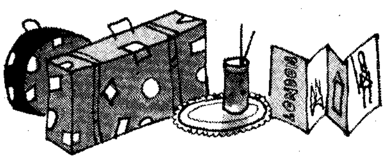
DOTS & DASHES

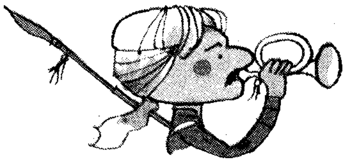
Riddle! Why did that sudden burst of rain make Peter Minuit angry? Answer: For twenty-four bucks wouldn't you expect to get a *Dry* Manhattan?

Dash! Speaking of Manhattans—dry, sweet, or personal formula—please remember that the most important ingredient is the one you use the least of: Angostura. Without a dash or two, it simply isn't a Manhattan.



Wizzo! Fashion Co-ordinator Elaine Horan brought this appetizer back from the London collection: Half tomato juice, half sherry, 2 dashes Angostura. Sort of a mild cousin to a Bloody Mary.

Wagon! You don't have to imbibe to enjoy Angostura. A dash or two adds to the flavor of cola drinks, ginger ale, or just plain soda water. Greatest thing since the invention of ice.



Pukka! An ex-Bengal Lancer who asks we conceal his identity writes: "Please publish the recipe for a Gin Sling. Practically no bartender or host can make a proper one." Glad to oblige. Into an 8-oz. glass put 1½ oz. gin, 3 dashes Angostura, enough soda water and a twist of lemon. (Americans may prefer to add ice.)

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a better play, or no play at all, sparing us, in either case, lines as pompously hollow as "Death is a bone that stammers." But he seems to have been determined to wound nobody, even in passing, and to keep up, at all costs, the appearance of devotion to an antique and extravagant concept of the Deity. Even at curtain fall, we do not know where he really stands. As Samuel Johnson said to Boswell in the spring of 1776, "Sir, there is no trusting to that crazy piety."

A GAZEBO, according to the Concise Oxford, is "a structure whence a view may be had." "The Gazebo," by Alec Coppel, is a play on which no printable view may be had, at least from me. A television writer, to save his wife from blackmail, fires a gun and buries a corpse in his garden. The agents of the law close in from one side, the dead man's colleagues from the other, both groups making accusations that are almost as foul as their jokes. Walter Slezak is the hero, charming as an outsize puppy, and Jayne Meadows, celebrated as a TV panelist, plays his wife, who is celebrated as a TV panelist. The bricks and mortar that protect this travesty against the brisk night air are those of the Lyceum Theatre.

THE Old Vic has opened its season at the Broadway Theatre with a crisp, inventive production of "Twelfth Night." I hope to review the work of this youthful troupe next week, by which time "Hamlet" will have joined the repertory. —KENNETH TYNAN

OFF BROADWAY

The Power If Not the Glory

IT is always an unsettling experience to see a familiar novel enacted on the stage. If the novel is a good one, the play will come as a sort of redundancy, for the reader has already seen it dramatized, so to speak, in the ideal theatre of his imagination. And in practice, no real theatre can reproduce the atmosphere of a fine novel, however extravagant the outlay for scenery and lights. To reduce a description to props and paint is to obliterate the image created by the author and substitute another in its place. The same argument holds, with added strength, for characters. Even if a director's supply of actors were unlimited, he could not hope to find a cast that would correspond exactly, in appearance, speech, and gesture, to the characters of the novel. At every turn, and in spite of

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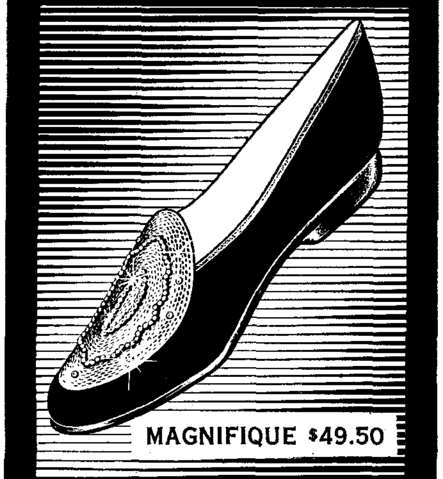

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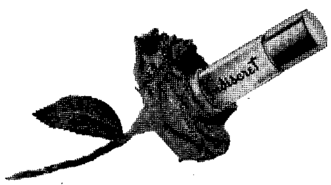

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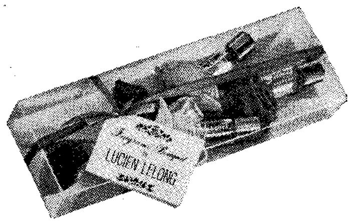

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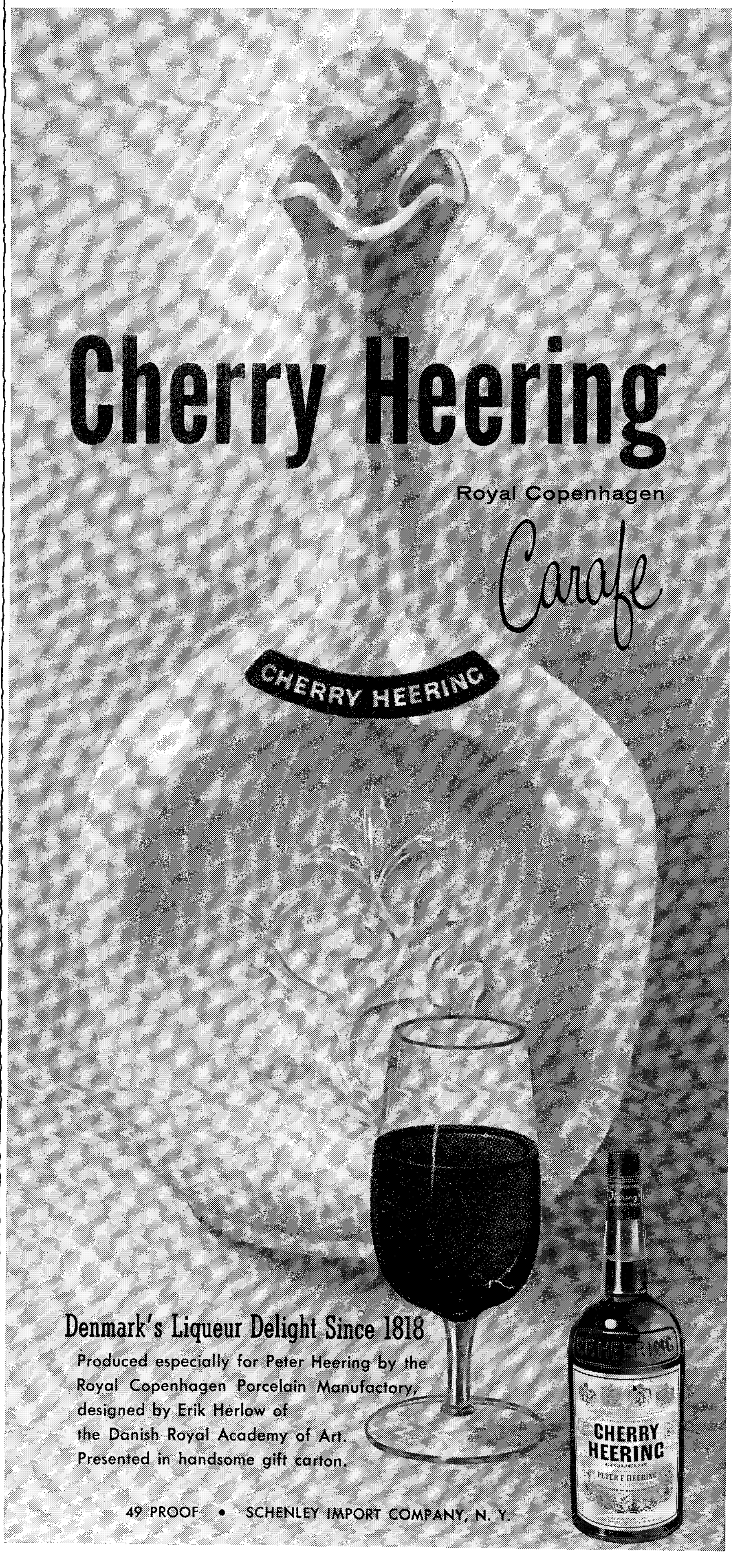
Lucien Lelong

their best efforts, the actors will depart from the reader's recollection of the book. "And why not?" you may ask, pointing out that one does not object to a performance of "Hamlet" on the ground that it differs from previous productions, nor does one fasten on Sir Laurence Olivier's portrayal of the role with such tenacity as to exclude the possibility of enjoying another actor's interpretation. The cases, however, are different. A dramatist may create characters that are as sharply individual as any in literature, but they are never minutely particular. A great many of their physical qualities are sketched in with the lightest of pencils, so that the outline might be filled by any one of a number of performers. It is different with the novelist, who must complete the portrayal himself, down to the ultimate idiosyncrasy. He aims at the utmost in particularity. But when his novel is translated to the stage, this portion of his labor must be undone and his characters made general enough to meet the requirements of casting. And however diligently the selected actors go about their business, they usually will seem, to one who has read and admired the novel, rank impostors.

This preamble is by way of accounting for a certain coolness I cannot help feeling toward the Phoenix Theatre's dramatization of Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory." I regret my involuntary chill, for the production is nearly perfect. The adaptation was accomplished by Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost, and they adhere with scrupulous tact to the plot of the original, which runs as follows: The last remaining priest in one of the southern states of Mexico during the anticlerical period of the early nineteen-thirties is trying to escape to safety before he is discovered and executed by the revolutionary authorities. He is about to leave when he is informed that a woman is dying, and so he stays, with evident reluctance, to administer the last rites. This priest, we subsequently discover, is a disgrace to his calling. Not only does he drink a great deal more than is good for him but he is also the father of an illegitimate child. Nevertheless, there is a kind of pathetic dignity in his insistence on fulfilling his clerical obligations as long as circumstances compel him to remain with his flock. He is an avowed coward, yet he conducts secret Masses and runs enormous risks in order to procure the necessary wine, which is prohibited by the government. And when at last he does escape across

...a very cheering holiday gift



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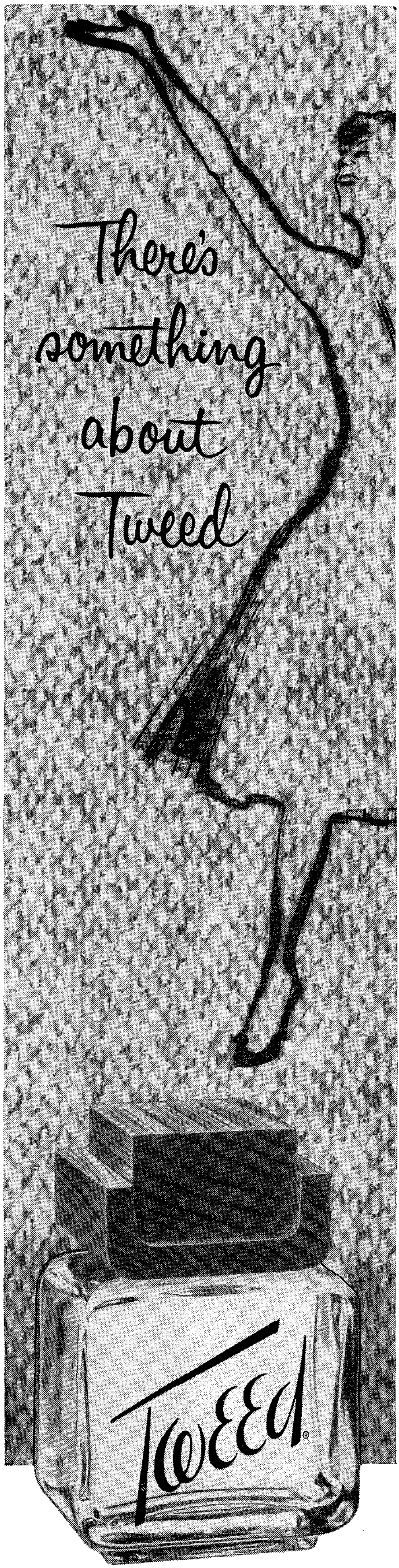

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PERFUME BY

Lenthéric

the state border, he is persuaded to return by an extremely sinister half-caste, who has come to tell him that a dying sinner has begged for absolution. Unable to refuse, the priest goes back, only to be arrested and shot by the waiting police.

From first to last, the play is impeccably presented, and at least one of its scenes actually improves on the corresponding passage in the novel. That is the episode in which the priest, having perilously secured a bottle of wine, is forced to offer a glass to his supplier, who calmly proceeds to annex the contents of the bottle. Effective enough in the novel, the scene is almost unbearable in the play, as, glass by glass, the potential celebrations of the Mass disappear into an exceedingly profane gullet. But this gain does not, unfortunately, offset the losses of the dramatization. The character of the priest, in particular, suffers by the change. In the novel, it is made clear that part of his reason for wishing to escape to a more tolerant region is his desperate need to confess and be absolved of the sin that produced his illegitimate daughter. And thus when he returns with the half-caste, whose treachery he has guessed, he is consciously going not only to death but to damnation as well. I have no idea how the adapters might have established this point. I merely assert that their failure to do so diminishes the play.

Fritz Weaver is superb in his portrayal of Mr. Greene's reluctant and grubby saint. By the depth and power of his performance, he makes good many of the deficiencies of the text. Especially admirable, I think, is his subtle change of manner on finding himself secure and among respectful Catholics once more. One can see him assuming, by degrees, the rather smug piety of a comfortable parish priest, but one is also made to see that his former complacency has been forever shaken by his ordeal. It is a marvellously suggestive and sustained stroke of acting. As the villainous half-caste, Jerry Stiller delivers every speech in a wheedling howl that charges his utterance with feeling but that comes dangerously close, on occasion, to depriving it of sense. Dana Elcar, Robert Geiringer, and Eric Berry play the chief of police, his lieutenant, and a resident English dentist, in that order, and they must be congratulated on their skill. Each of them did violence to my recollection of the novel, of course, but I suppose it couldn't be helped.

—DONALD MALCOLM

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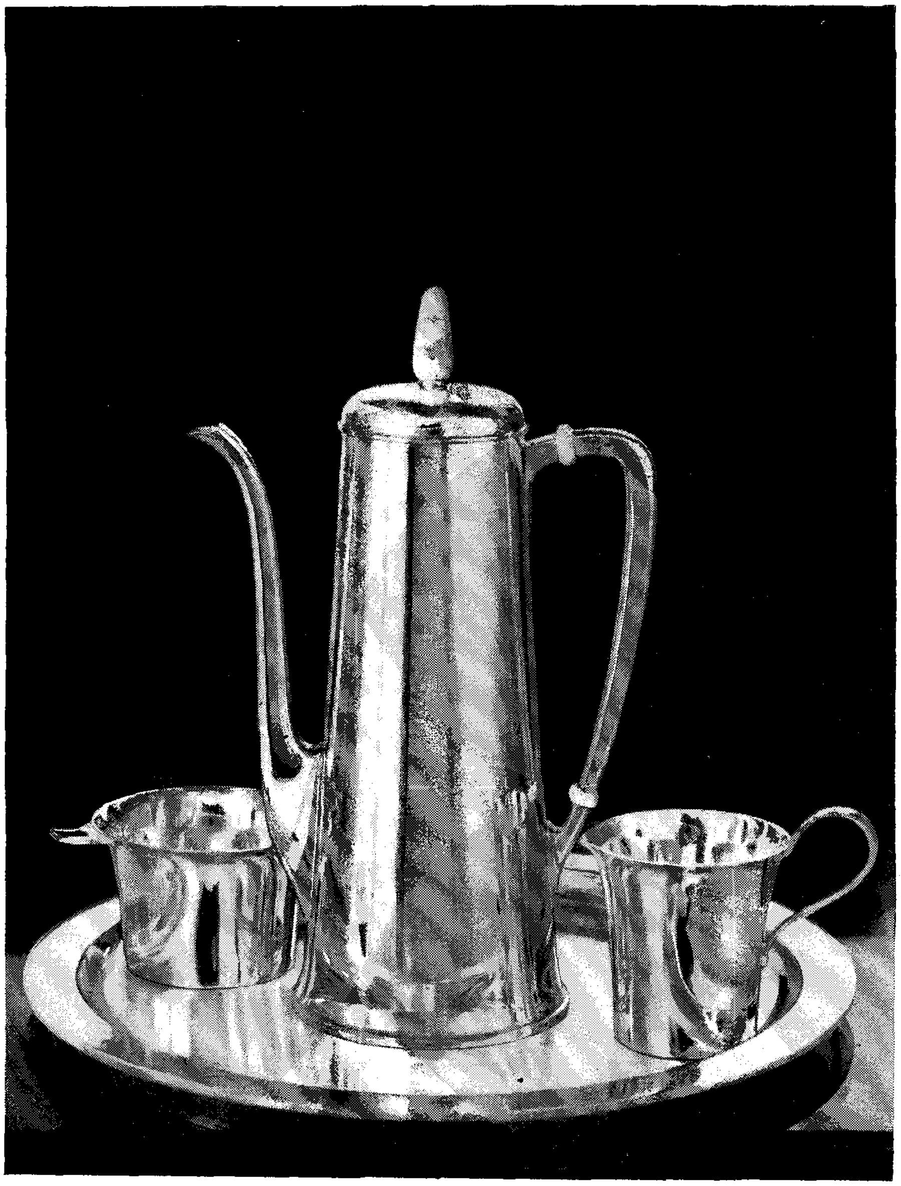
THE RACE TRACK

Frozen Cup

IT'S my guess that the twenty-second renewal of the Pimlico Cup at Baltimore last Saturday will be remembered longer for the weather than for the runners. As you may or may not have heard, Cross Channel won it, Combahee was second, and Civet was third, but what you'll probably go on hearing long after the people who were there thaw out is that it was the coldest day on a race track since Snowflake won the Endurance in zero weather at Bowie thirty years ago. I doubt whether a more undistinguished animal has ever carried off the cup. Certainly Cross Channel, who had won only once all summer, could hardly be mentioned in the same breath with Exterminator, Display, and Stymie—to name a few previous winners. Nevertheless, there was a deal of whooping and hollering as Cross Channel, who was saddled by Ed Christmas, a Maryland horseman with a big local following, came rolling home by six or seven lengths. Incidentally, Casual Friend, the winner of the Exterminator the Saturday before, finished next to last. Bleak as the day was, Pimlico had a crowd of more than sixteen thousand, and although it was the final Saturday of the season, they weren't all trying to get even, for there will be racing at Charles Town this weekend, and it won't be long until Bowie opens. The date is February 7th.

WHAT would you say was the most memorable racing event of 1958? Gallant Man sweeping around Bold Ruler in the last furlong of the Metropolitan Handicap? Tim Tam catching Lincoln Road in the Kentucky Derby? Tudor Era running away with the Washington, D.C., International, only to have his number taken down? Neji losing the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase by a head? Bold Ruler doing a fadeout in the Brooklyn? (I suppose I could go on and on, and even then commit grave sins of omission.) Well, if anyone cares, I'd pick First Landing's spectacular finish in winning the Garden State Stakes.

A WHILE back, a horseman I know remarked that racing needs good jockeys quite as much as it needs



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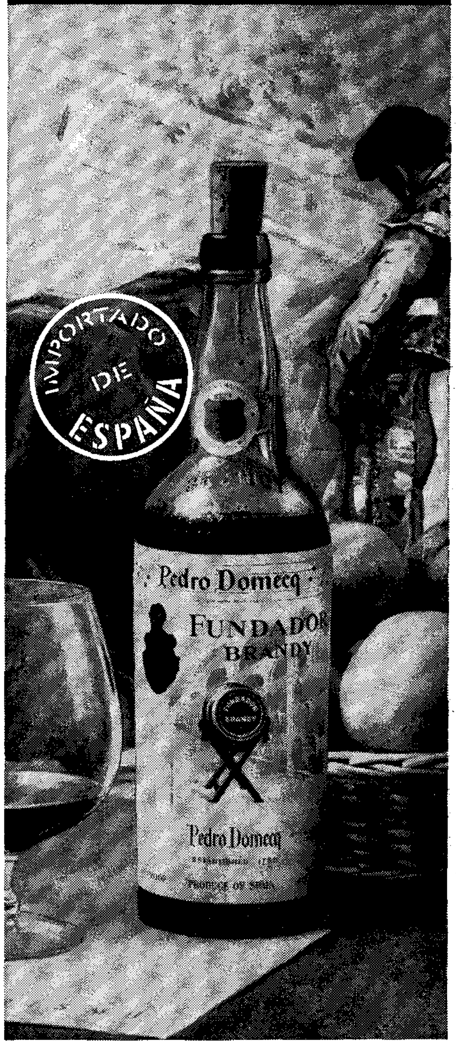

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good horses, and that both are in short supply. Of course, one reason up-and-coming riders are scarce is that the big stables *aren't trying to* develop them any more. Trainers say it's too long and thankless a chore, and leave the job to the bush leaguers. (The last serious effort in that direction was nearly a decade ago, when Harry Trotsek, trainer for Hasty House Farm, started a school for jockeys. Nothing came of it.) Which brings me to an English book I've been reading lately—"From Start to Finish," by John Hislop (Hutchinson), who did such a polished job in his "Steeplechasing" several years ago. "From Start to Finish" is full of sound advice for a boy who wants to become a flat-race jockey, and it is also lucid and witty. It comes straight from the feed-box, too, because for many years Mr. Hislop was one of the leading amateur riders in England (a sort of opposite number of our Pete Bostwick), holding his own against professionals both on the flat and over the jumps; in fact, he rode more than a hundred winners on the flat—something of a record for an amateur. The book's illustrations are by John Skeaping, who is a horseman, too.

Mr. Hislop gives tips on how a boy can get into the right sort of stable and what he should do there; discusses basic horsemanship, riding in workouts, and the importance of keeping one's weight down and reputation up; and goes into the details of racing tactics, telling how to use a whip and how otherwise to get the most out of horses who won't do their best in a race. I liked his cautionary words on the tricks of the trade, in which the reader is warned to watch out for leg-locking, bridle-pulling, and elbowing, and for the kind of jockey who will hang on to the tail of a horse he wants to beat. (I saw that once at Pimlico.) Another caper he mentions is sticking out a foot so that the rider's heel and stirrup iron dig into a contender's ribs. (That little stratagem was tried in a Kentucky Derby, and almost won it.) Racing is the same the whole world over. Indeed, barring a few differences in nomenclature, the book might have been written for would-be jockeys in this country, and it will tell the horseplayer a lot more about what to look for in a race than he'll find in seven volumes of past performances.

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—AUDAX MINOR

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WAITING FOR CHRISTMAS

MARGARET's husband said, "It's the small things I remember about Christmas. What bothers me is that I can't remember the whole of it. There's one small thing I'm trying to remember."

Margaret didn't answer, but she put down the book she had been reading. For some time she hadn't been really reading it anyway. She and her husband were lying in bed. The bedside lamps were on, one on his side and one on her side, making a cave of light in the shadowy bedroom. In the room across the hall, their son was sleeping, and what Margaret had been thinking, through her reading, was that this was the child's fifth Christmas. She had been wondering how it was for him. When Michael spoke, she realized that he, too, must have been thinking of that while he was reading.

"What are you going to tell him?" Michael asked. "This year, it's going to be pretty hard to fool him, isn't it?"

"Yes," Margaret said. "I suppose so. I don't know what to do about it. Just see what happens, I guess."

"I wish they wouldn't bear down so hard on Christmas," Michael said. "All this stuff around everywhere for weeks and weeks. It gets on your nerves thinking of all the things you should get, or maybe shouldn't get. I still don't know what to get you." He turned as he spoke and looked at her hopefully, so that what he'd said became a question.

"I don't know, either," she said. "I don't want anything, really. Nothing that I haven't got."

There was a silence, and Margaret gazed through the bedroom's open door into the hall, luminously reflecting the light from their room, and at the opposite half-open door of the child's room. She thought of him lying there in the dark with the cold, sweet December wind blowing in through the window. She could smell the coldness of it a little even in here. She reached down and pulled the quilt up from where it lay rumpled at the bottom of their bed. It was a faded lavender quilt, and she saw that it had got a bit dirty again, even though it had been cleaned only a little while ago. That, she knew, was because Michael took naps under it in the living room. Sometimes, before dinner, or on a Sunday afternoon, he'd pick up the quilt by one corner and drag it into the living room and lie on the couch, untidily covered, and go to sleep. After a while, he'd wake up and yawn and push the quilt out of the way, and, naturally, it would slide to the floor, and, naturally, it got dirty. She thought all this while she pulled up the quilt, and she also thought of the child in his bed. Poor child, she thought. Poor children. It isn't fair that they should always have to sleep alone. Together is the way people should sleep, especially when it is cold like this. There is no warmth like the warmth of a man beside you, or, I suppose, if you are a man, like the warmth of a woman beside you. But children have to wait so long for that.

What she said to Michael was "I wish you wouldn't keep dragging the quilt into the living room the way you do. If you've got to take it in there, can't you *carry* it in? It's got dirty already." As she said it, she was aware that such remarks are not worth answering.

Michael did not answer. He asked, "Is he terribly excited?"

"Yes," Margaret said. "Terribly."

"Have you got all the stuff?"

"I think so," she said. "But God knows what he's set his heart on that I don't know about. Anyway, I ransacked the ten-cent store and Rappaport, and I've got enough stuff for an orphanage, let alone one little boy."

Margaret yawned and, assessing her sleepiness, felt she had reached the point at which to turn out the light and roll over, but she made no move to do so. Instead, a moment later, she lit a cigarette and lay gazing into the shadows of the room. Though she and Michael hadn't been talking about anything in particular, she had the sense that there was some thought she wanted to follow through to the end.

Michael turned toward her and rested on one elbow, and the book he'd been reading slid off the side of the bed. With the fingers of his other hand he combed the locks of her long hair.

"He's caught on to one thing, anyway," Michael said. "We passed a couple of those Santa Clauses on Fifth Avenue this morning, and he said, 'They're not real Santa Clauses. They're just actors.'"

"Uh-huh," Margaret said. Her

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One went to *Conquest* as "the best science television program for youth"; another to *The Twentieth Century* as "the television program best portraying America"; and the third to the *New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts* as "the best children's television program." You may have seen the first concert last Saturday; there'll be three more. You can watch *The Twentieth Century* every Sunday at 6:30 p.m., but you'll have to keep your eye on the program listings for *Conquest* which is broadcast at irregular intervals.

Hot on Edison's heels came a scroll for "10 years of distinguished service in recognizing the significant and vital contribution that religion has made to the historical development of this country." It honored our Sunday morning program *Lamp Unto My Feet*, and was presented to CBS jointly by the National Council of Churches, the National Council of Catholic Men, the New York Board of Rabbis, and the American Jewish Committee. This was followed by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith which presented one of its three 1958 America's Democratic Legacy Awards to CBS for "distinguished service in maintaining an informed public on the subjects of civil liberties, civil rights and human relations."

It's hard to think of more important areas in which to excel than science, children, religion, civil rights and America. Come to think of it, we don't do too badly entertainment-wise, either, you should pardon the expression.

CBS

thoughts had slid back to another time. "Do you remember Christmas at the beach?" she asked.

Michael stopped combing her hair. "Yes," he said, a note of wariness in his voice. "Don't bring it up."

"Don't worry," she said. "I think it's funny now." She laughed, now wide awake, watching Michael and knowing that he could picture the scene as well as she could. It was their first Christmas together. They were on the West Coast, far from home, and lonely. As a Christmas present, Michael had taken her for the weekend to a cottage attached to a fancy hotel at a beach resort. "It was the rain that broke my spirit," she said suddenly. "Otherwise, I never would have given in."

"Never mind the rain," Michael said. "You're not standing in the rain now, are you?"

"No," she said, and was quiet. Now she remembered the whole thing. On Christmas Eve, she'd gone for a walk on the beach at sunset, and Michael, left alone in the cottage, had become lonely and had gone over to the hotel bar, where, as luck would have it, he'd found a group of jolly Air Force men on leave from a base in Oregon. When Margaret got back to the cottage, he had still not returned. He hadn't come back until much, much later. When he did, there were a few moments of acrimonious confusion, which ended with Margaret, wearing nothing but a raincoat, standing barefoot in the squishy mud outside the cottage door while rain dripped on her head. The door was locked, and though at first she was too proud to beg for readmittance, she eventually did so. That had been their first Christmas Eve together.

MICHAEL got up and swung his legs over his side of the bed and lit a cigarette. His shoulders were hunched in his blue pajamas. Margaret noticed that the pajamas were newly washed and shiny from ironing. Clean clothes gave Michael pleasure, and she was glad there had been a pair of fresh pajamas for him.

"I just remembered," he said. "The thing I've been trying to remember all along. About Santa Claus."

"What do you mean, 'about Santa Claus'?"

"About how I found out about him."

"How?"

"I was five," Michael said. "Just his age. And I worried and worried about the whole damn thing. I was beginning to see that it didn't hold water. But

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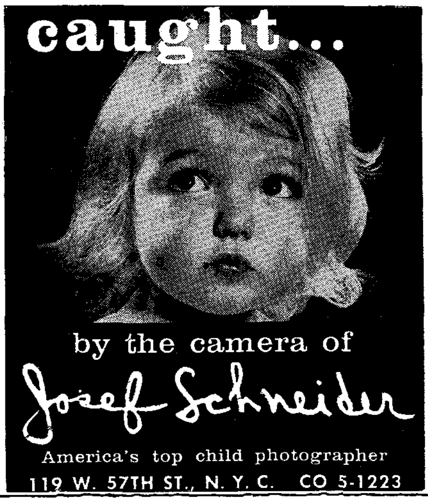

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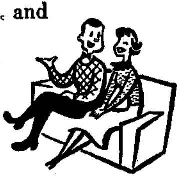

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I wasn't sure. I just couldn't be sure."

"What happened?"

"I'd been pestering my mother about it. Chivying her to tell me was he so or wasn't he. But she wouldn't break down. She insisted he was real, but she did it with a smile that kind of said he wasn't. I think it hurt me that I couldn't quite believe her. But I couldn't quite disbelieve her, either. And then another funny idea got in my head." Michael stopped for a moment and stared into the corner of the room by the bookcase, as if he were trying to remember carefully.

"What was that?" Margaret asked.

"I think I had a feeling, without knowing it exactly, that if my mother loved me, *she* should give me the presents, and not leave it to a strange old man with whiskers. I worried so much about it that I decided to set a trap."

"A trap for Santa Claus?"

"Yes," Michael said, laughing as though he were still proud of himself for it. "A trap for Santa Claus. And it was a hell of a trap. After Mother put me to bed and closed the door, I got up and I took all the chairs in the room—the straight chairs—and turned them over on the floor to make a barricade between my bed and the fireplace. I figured that if he came down the chimney, he'd sure enough fall over them and make a big racket that would wake me up. Then I got my flashlight and put it under my pillow, to flash on the minute I heard a noise. And to make doubly sure, I took my bathrobe cord and I tied one end of it around the empty stocking that was hanging by the head of my bed, and I held the other end tight in my hand under the pillow, so that a pull on it would wake me up. I can remember lying that way, rigid, for a long time, thinking any minute now I'd find out for sure."

"Did you catch him?"

"Sure I caught him," Michael said. "Mother came in to fill my stocking and damn near broke her neck on the chairs, and spilled stuff all over the room, and, of course, I woke up."

"How did you feel?" Margaret asked.

"The best I can remember," Michael said slowly, "is that I began to cry. When I saw Mother's face, I knew the thing had gone wrong somehow. For a minute, she was really sore, but when she saw me crying she came over and kissed me, I guess. Anyway, we made it up."

"You didn't feel sad about losing the idea of Santa Claus?"

"I don't know," Michael said. "May-

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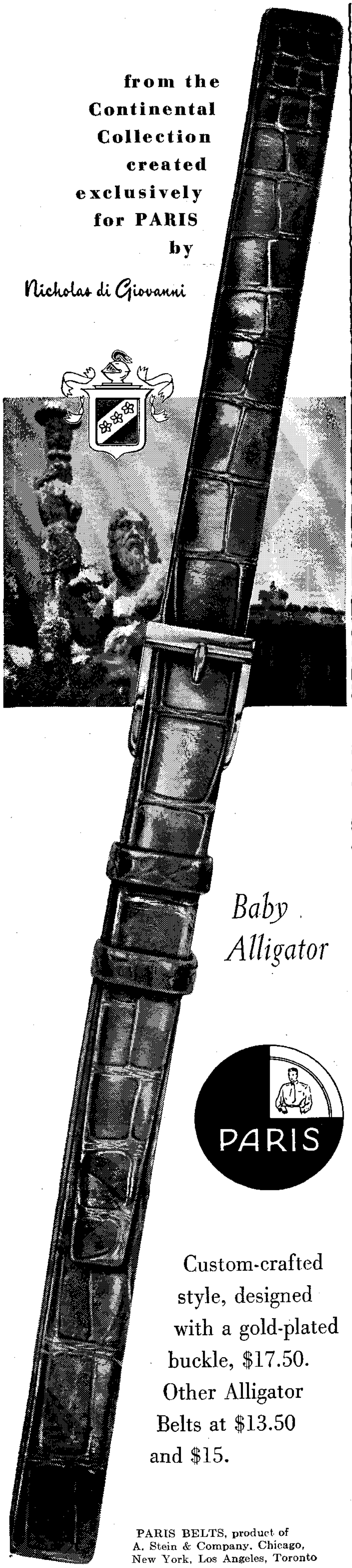

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be a little. But I think I liked it better the way it was."

Michael put out his cigarette. "*You're* going to open the windows, like a good girl, aren't you?" he said, and rolled back into bed.

"Sure. Sure," Margaret said, in the sulky voice that the imposition, a routine one, called for.

"Did you see if he's covered?"

"He's covered," she said. She opened the windows and got back into bed, hurrying out of the chilling air and into the warmth.

"Maybe it will work out that way for him, too," Margaret said after she'd put out the light. "But I hope I don't have to fall into a trap."

"Hope not," Michael said, from the dark, in a voice that indicated he was no longer thinking about Christmas or Santa Claus or anything at all.

For a moment only, Margaret lay half awake, warm and relaxed. Then, as the drifting images of the seconds just before sleep took over her mind, she thought about the boy across the hall. Christmas and Santa Claus would be exciting for him, but he would have to wait for years and years before he knew the comfort of a long and apparently aimless conversation in bed just before falling asleep.

—Faith McNulty

•

Washington, Nov. 10. (AP)—An advertising executive suggested today the appointment of a new Cabinet member to sell America to the world.

Charles H. Brower, president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, also asked for more preaching of patriotism at home.

"There is a question that has been going around unanswered for years," Mr. Brower said, "and the answer is really quite simple.

"The question is: Why can't we, who are the greatest advertisers and salesmen in history, sell democracy? Why are we so good at selling soap and refrigerators, and so poor at selling democracy?

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Mr. Brower said in an address to the National Sales Conference of the Treasury Department's United States Saving Bonds Division that the President alone cannot do the job of speaking for America that needs to be done today.

He suggested that the President appoint a new Cabinet member to head a department whose job it would be to speak for America. He said its purpose would not be thought control of any kind—it would simply try to see that America put its best foot forward on every occasion.
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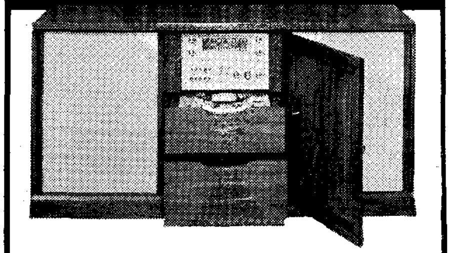

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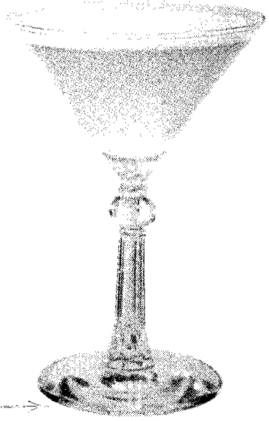

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THE ART GALLERIES

Hartley and Maurer

TWO small but well-selected retrospective exhibitions of paintings by a pair of early figures in the American Abstract movement head the list for this week—Alfred Maurer, at the Bertha Schaefer, and Marsden Hartley, at the Babcock Galleries. It occurs to me that despite the obvious differences in their styles there are a number of remarkable similarities in the broad outlines of their careers. Both started painting in traditional styles, went abroad in time to run up against the early phases of European Abstractionism, were influenced by it, and came back to be among its earliest practitioners in this country. Both were deeply serious in their approach to their art, with a melancholy austerity in their basic outlook that made their work a little "difficult" to the casual observer, and, perhaps because of this, they had no great degree of success in their lifetime, though both have been growing steadily, if belatedly, in reputation since.

Maurer's particular misfortune was that, shy and unassertive, he had a tyrannical, prosperous, long-lived, and bitterly reactionary artist father, best known for his Currier & Ives genre paintings, who kept him so thoroughly under his thumb financially and even, in a sense, physically that few of the younger Maurer's contemporaries knew he existed until his last years. If someone someday does a study of the compulsiveness of art, Maurer will be a prime example. He committed suicide in 1932, but till then, intimidated and almost imprisoned as he was—there's a story that Ryder called one day when his father was out, and had to climb on a chair and talk to him through the transom of the room in which he'd been locked—he never gave an inch artistically, and went right on painting the way he wanted to paint, stubbornly, forlornly, compulsively, to the end.

It's small wonder, then, that a certain melancholy colors his work, threading through the present showing from the earliest canvases to the last. The earliest are "Woman in Kimono" and "Portrait of Miss Roselle Fitzpatrick," both done in 1901, when Maurer was

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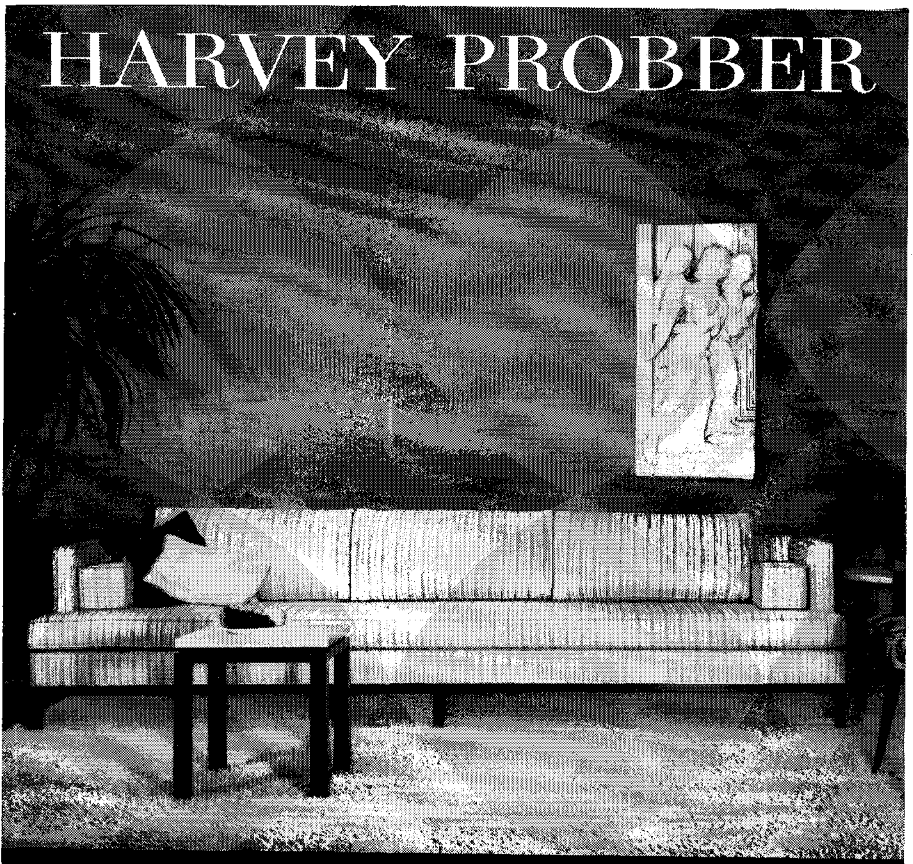

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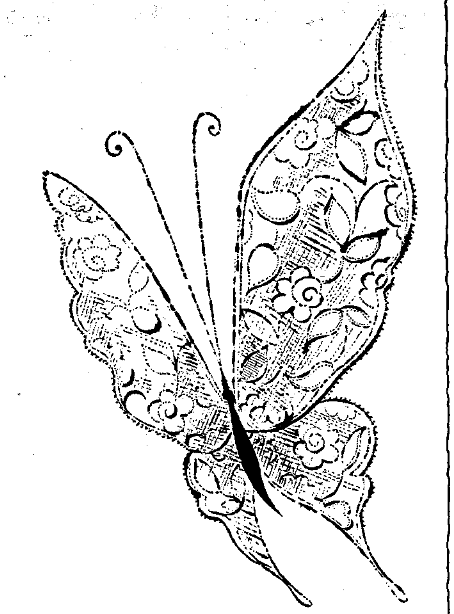

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thirty-three. But these, competent in handling though they are, are in the bloodlessly elegant academic manner (after Chase, after Sargent) he was to abandon a few years later, however much the act may have enraged his father. His mature work starts with "Head of a Woman" and "Still-Life with Tureen," both dated 1908 and in both of which one sees the modernist influence beginning—by way, I'd say, of the Fauves, in the ruddily colorful "Head," and of Cézanne, in the "Still-Life."

Maurer was slow, though, in arriving at pure abstraction, and for a long time he vacillated between that and slightly more representative forms. Such pieces as the charming, romantic "Head," of around 1927—a woman, long-necked, doe-eyed, posed against a flowery field—and the memorable "Self-Portrait with Hat," of the same period, are essays in formal simplification rather than abstraction, and it isn't until one comes to the studies of "overlapping" heads ("Abstract Heads" and "Dark Abstract Heads," in the collection, done around 1931), in which the faces are made to merge in a manner curiously anticipatory of Picasso's similar dislocations, that one finds him working completely in that manner. For my own part, I was especially interested in the number of still-lifes included, for these form a branch of his output that is nowhere near so well known as his figure paintings. There are a half dozen, all told, and since they range from the Cézanney one already mentioned to a late "Still-Life with Artichoke II," a bit suggestive of Braque in its concise, concentric design, they also illustrate his changing styles. I liked, too, the vertically patterned "Still-Life with Green Cloth" and the severely stylized "Still-Life with Paint Brushes."

Marsden Hartley, born in 1877, a decade later than Maurer, and an individualist first and last, spent most of his own youthful European sojourn in Germany, and his early essays in abstraction show a curious and not always engaging mixture of the coloristic explosiveness of Expressionism with the rigid patterns of Cubism. No paintings from this period are in the exhibition, and the influences he underwent at the time are reflected only in the arbitrarily stylized "American Indian Symbols," in which the effort was to adapt the new artistic modes to traditional American subjects. The effort was not successful, and the fact is that Hartley was never entirely at home in

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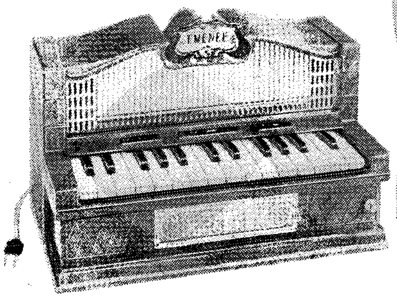

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true abstraction. His whole point of view was too direct, too literal, and in a sense too religious for the oblique approach the method imposes, and except for the simplifications employed (which keep the canvases at least partially in the abstract field), he had abandoned it by the time of his cloudily gray, dreamlike "New Mexico Recollections" and the spiky little still-life called "Leathery Leaves," dated 1919 and 1920, respectively. Its disciplines served him well, however, and they affected his work for the rest of his life. His tendency, though, was definitely toward the representational; more than most men, he needed a subject, not only as a takeoff point for compositional exploration but as a basis for the kind of philosophical statement he found imperative, and it was not till he settled on the coast of Maine that he found a combination of subject, style, and commentary that fitted his natural feeling.

Here, with the harsh sea before him, the pinewoods in the background, and the rough life of a fishermen's village around him, he spent most of his latter years till his death, in 1943, and if the subject matter is as simple as the life itself—trawling, lobstering, pierside activities, village scenes—he produced a body of work that is a unique contribution to American painting. To be sure, there is none of the picturesqueness that some painters give similar subjects. Hartley's view was as honest and uncompromising as that of the Maine people. But it has its poetry, and such pieces as the twilight "Fishermen's Church" and the soaring study of gulls called "Scouting the Fish Boat" carry an evocativeness that goes quite beyond the apparent sparseness of material and treatment. Look, too, at "Church at Headtide, Maine," ghostly white against a pale, cold sky; the darker study of a pile of felled trees called, perhaps wryly, "Abundance;" and the moving "Nova Scotia Woman Churning," in which the woman, floating against a cloudy pink-and-black background, is as insubstantial as a figure in a dream.

—Robert M. Coates

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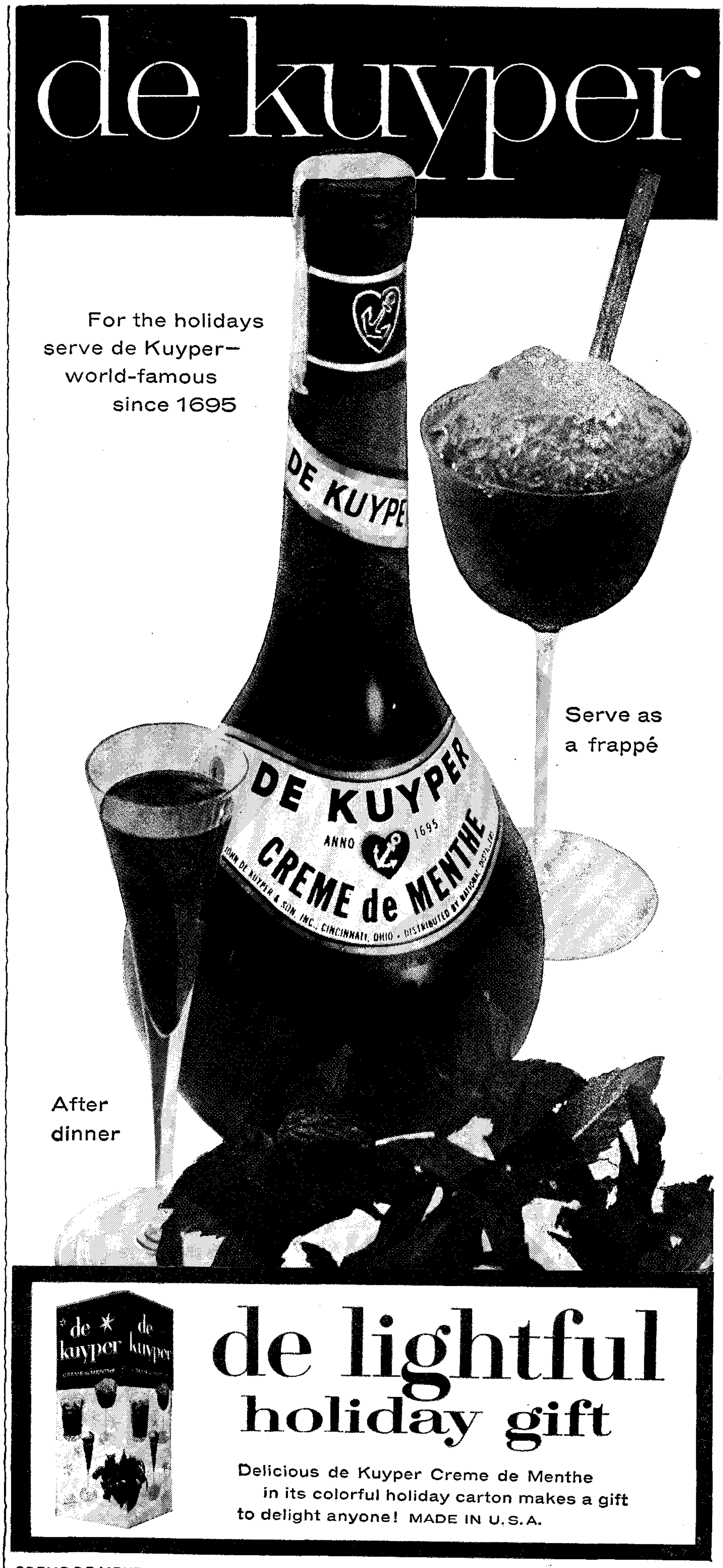
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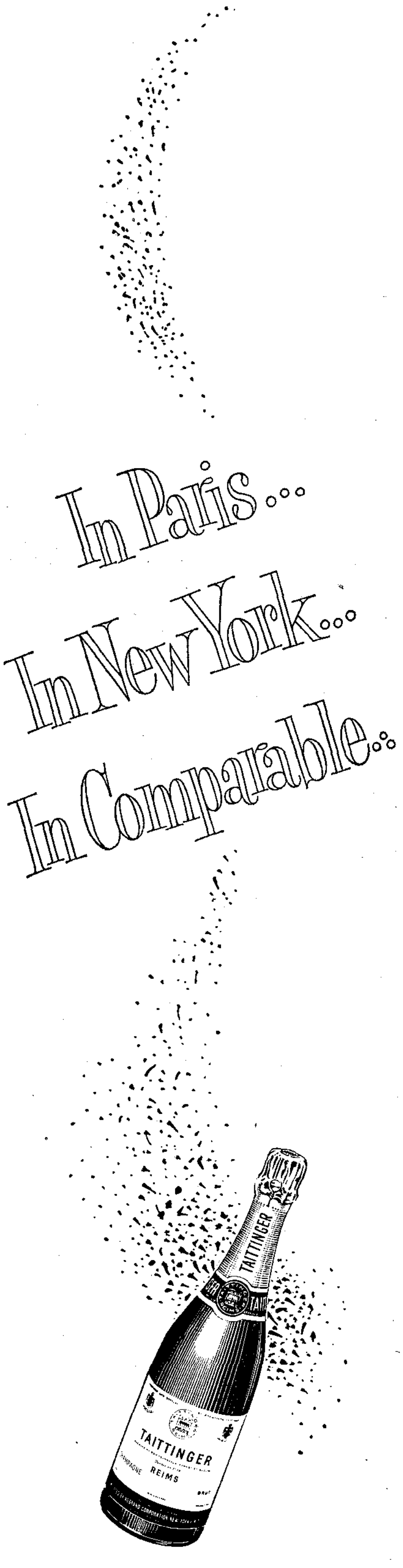
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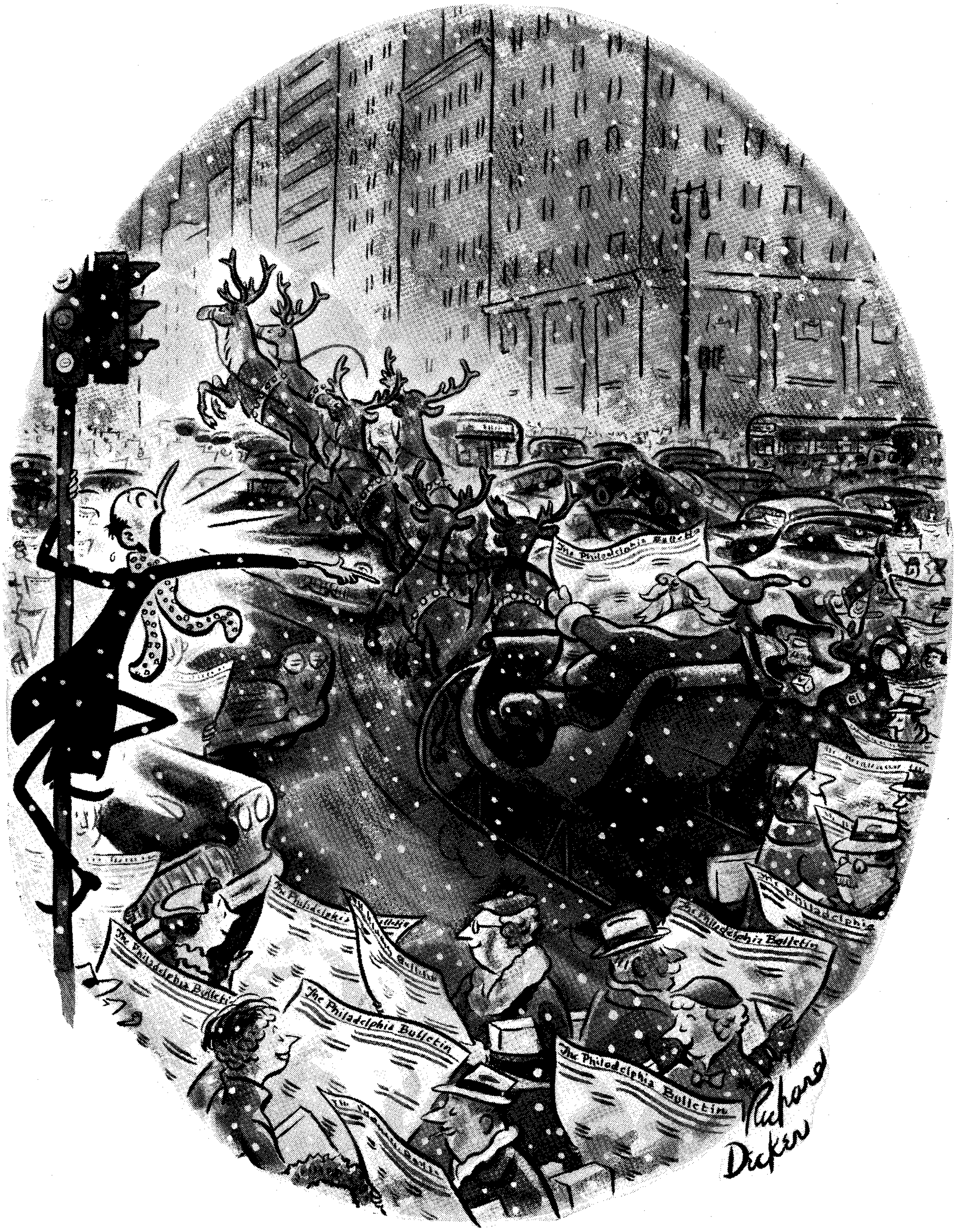
SAWBWA FANG, DR. STREPPONE, AND THE LEECHES

LOOKING back on it now, I realize that one of the strangest things about the time I spent, from January, 1942, to September, 1943, as secretary to the Sawbwa of Mangshih, in China, was the fact that I paid almost no attention to the war. Mangshih, which is one of the Chinese Shan States, lies next to the Burma border, and by mid-1943 the Japanese Army was only about a hundred miles to the southwest of us and advancing steadily. We were all *aware* of the war, of course, for the new Burma Road ran right through the capital of the state (also called Mangshih), bringing a constant two-way stream of soldiers and dirty trucks and military vehicles. But my job kept me occupied with other matters—notably, the modernization program my boss was trying to organize in his little state. Sawbwa Fang Yu-chi, a pleasant Chinese in his early forties, was at least somewhat Westernized, and was anxious to educate his subjects to the advantages of rudimentary hygiene, crop diversity, and permanent, concrete buildings. He had a hard time of it, for the great majority of Mangshih citizens were Shans, members of a sturdy local tribe of Mongoloid peasants, who preferred to eat and live and cultivate their rice fields in exactly the same fashion as their ancestors. The Sawbwa could not order them to change; he had to lead them, fighting superstition and cheerful indolence at every step.

In Mangshih, a much more immediate and far more ancient enemy than the Japanese was malaria, and I was forced to start paying attention to this enemy almost at once, from the moment I received a letter from Dr. Streppone, an American medical missionary whom I had known in Kunming. He asked me rather brusquely to recommend him to the Sawbwa and to inform His Excellency of his intention to declare war against malaria in Mangshih.

Dr. Streppone—which, by the way, is not his name—was a man of such implacable stubbornness that I knew he would manage to fight malaria in Mangshih whether the Sawbwa approved or not. But I was new to the Sawbwa's staff and anxious to be efficient, so I determined to do a little scouting on the malaria situation before I approached the ruler about Dr. Streppone. I discovered that malaria afflicted almost everyone on the border except the Buddhist monks, who seemed to escape it because the temples in which they lived were always clouded with incense smoke, and thus free of the disease-carrying mosquitoes. But the Shans and the yellow-robed monks themselves believed that the devil of the disease avoided the monks because of their holiness, and this belief added to the monks' already considerable authority. Malaria was known in Mangshih as "the trembling disease," and was generally believed to be caused by a poisonous night vapor. The popular three-thousand-year-old cure was the application of half a dozen leeches to the patient's forehead. With these facts to back up my request, I went to the Sawbwa and pointed out what a fine civilized thing it would be for him to invite Dr. Streppone to Mangshih to alleviate the suffering of his subjects. The Sawbwa told me that it was difficult for him to change traditions and beliefs among his people, even with the backing of innumerable royal proclamations. Still, malaria was a bad thing, the Sawbwa went on, and he also observed that an American in Mangshih might cheer up Ida. (Ida was his second wife—a nineteen-year-old half-Irish, half-Chinese girl who loved dancing, badminton, and bridge, and was lonely for entertainment and for conversation in English.) I wrote out the invitation and the Sawbwa signed it.

DR. STREPPONE came to Mangshih in the early spring of 1943—a time when the Japanese were intensifying their effort to break into China through the back door, and many Chinese in Mangshih were selling their property, preparatory to fleeing inland. But the Doctor arrived in a cheerful mood, ready to go to work. He was about forty-five and full of energy—a muscular, squarely built bachelor, with a bulldog jaw, which he had to shave twice a day. I took him to the Sawbwa's new official residence, named Ida House, and introduced him formally. He and the Sawbwa hit it off at once, even though Dr. Streppone loathed dancing and bridge, and said so. He announced emphatically that he had come to fight malaria and would not have time for any entertainment, except possibly an occasional game of Chinese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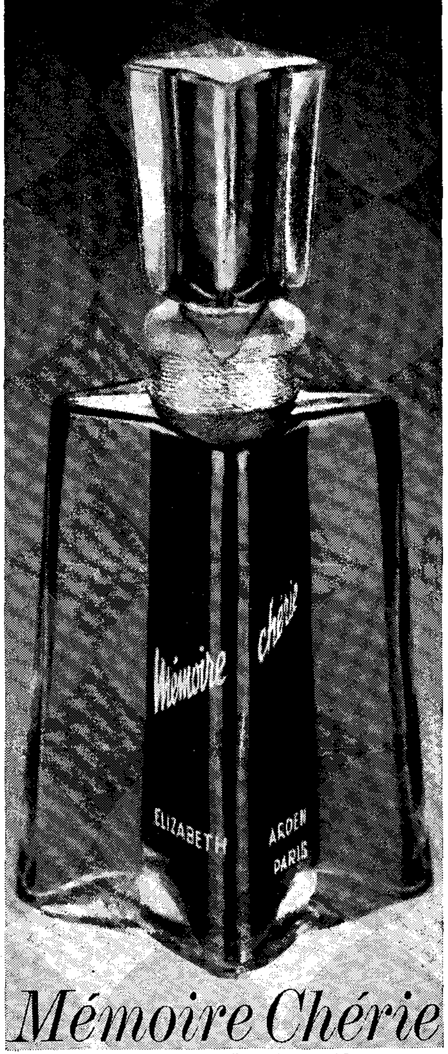

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checkers on weekends. The Sawbwa, who thought that all Americans were playboys, was considerably surprised by this evidence of energy and resolution; as for his young wife, she didn't mind, because she had lost all interest in Dr. Streppone as soon as she saw that he didn't resemble Robert Taylor. Dr. Streppone told the Sawbwa that he wanted to live in an ordinary Shan house, in order to win the confidence of the natives. The Sawbwa, who was face-loving and hated to expose the ugly conditions under which his subjects lived, thereupon issued his first royal proclamation in aid of Dr. Streppone. He ordered Old Wu, the head of East Village, which was a small, ramshackle community five miles outside the town of Mangshih, to evacuate his residence for the accommodation of the Western medicine man. He also appointed me to be the Doctor's part-time interpreter, and instructed me to use discretion and moderation in translation, because his mild-looking Shans were capable of pretty rough language.

Old Wu, a dried-up man in his late sixties, promptly vacated his house, which was a three-room hut with a piggery in the back yard, and moved in with his two sons next door. His elder son was a quiet farmer with a wife and two children; the younger, a lean bachelor named Ah Wu, was a free-lance truck driver on the Burma Road. He seemed a bit unfriendly to the Doctor and me, perhaps because he had had to give up his room to his father and sleep in the family living room himself.

Dr. Streppone had his hut cleaned and turned into a rough dispensary and living quarters. On the day he moved in, he aroused considerable curiosity in East Village—a hamlet of two dozen huts, four banyan trees, and six clusters of bamboo. Old Wu's two grandsons, who looked to be about four or five and still wore open-seat trousers, followed Dr. Streppone around and stared at him with large black eyes and wide-open mouths. In the middle of opening a crate of supplies, the Doctor suddenly whirled around and grabbed the older boy by the arm. "Hmm," he said, examining the boy's distended stomach. "All hardened up. A bad case of malaria." He let the boy go and tried to grab the other, but the two darted out of the hut like frightened chickens, screaming for their mother. "I'll start right here with the headman's family," Dr. Streppone said to me. "Please tell the old man. Ask him to bring in his whole family."

"You mean right away?" I asked.

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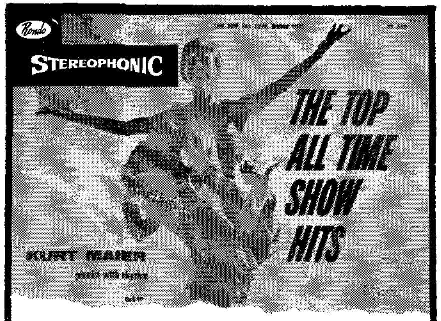

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"Sure, right away," he said, continuing his unpacking.

When the family—four adults and the two children—followed me into Dr. Streppone's waiting room, they cast furtive glances at the changes in the hut and then uneasily squatted in a corner, the two boys hiding behind their mother. I went into the next room and warned the Doctor not to frighten them when taking blood samples, because all Mangshih would hear of it, and he agreed to go easy on his first patients.

The examination went well. He discovered that the whole family had symptoms of malaria, with the possible exception of the daughter-in-law. Ah Wu, the truck driver, had the worst case. Old Wu himself had been fighting a private, stalemated war against the disease for so long that he was hardly aware of it. Dr. Streppone told me that only a small fraction of the malaria parasites in the old man's blood would be sufficient to kill an ordinary white man in about two days. I relayed this to Old Wu, and he took it as a compliment, nodding proudly to his sons, as though he had won a contest. Dr. Streppone gave him a whole bottle of quinine and explained, through me, how to distribute the pills daily among the members of his family. Then he told them to get some mosquito nets. Old Wu listened carefully and nodded.

It was a good start—far too good. The next morning, we found that every able-bodied young man in East Village, including Ah Wu, had disappeared. It took me only a few minutes to find out what had scared them away; the white medicine man's real mission in the Shan States, it was being said, was to collect young men to be shipped to America and there boiled down and converted into "flying oil" for airplanes. The Sawbwa, to whom we hurried with the problem, was irked by this evidence of his subjects' ignorance. He issued a quick proclamation ordering each elder to get his sons back in three days or face a fine of three catties of rice and a hog. We then investigated the origin of the rumor, and found that it was the creation of Benevolent Loyalty, the chief monk at White Cloud Temple, which was the largest Buddhist temple in Mangshih; he had spread the word among the daily worshippers and donors of incense money. Dr. Streppone was angry at first, but he soon chalked it off as professional jealousy. He asked me to take a message to Benevolent Loyalty, assuring him that the Western medicine man would not muscle in on his religion. "And tell His

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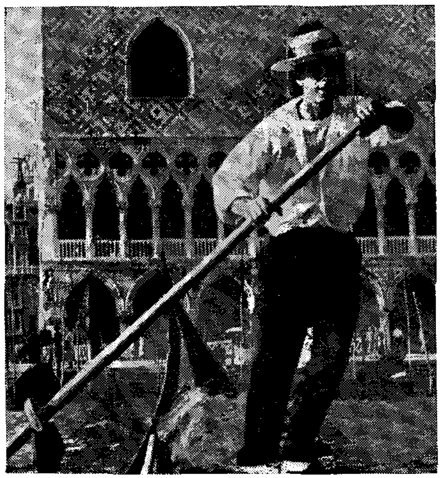

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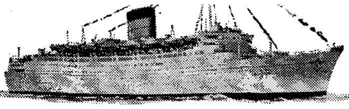

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Holiness that I'm not in the flying-oil business, either," he added, suddenly guffawing.

Three days later, the young men began to drift back to East Village. Some of them, however, had run deep into Burma, and it took their parents a week or more to get them home. The Sawbwa, who loved barbecued pork, collected the fines and was soon in excellent humor about the whole incident.

As Dr. Streppone stepped up the pace of his work, interpreting for him took up more and more of my time, until finally the Sawbwa lent me to the Doctor outright, though I continued to live in my old quarters in the New Light Hotel, in Mangshih. Dr. Streppone and I plotted our campaign carefully, aiming first to conquer East Village and then to envelop the other villages, one by one, having first softened them up with propaganda. In the next two weeks, he and I visited various villages in our spare moments, and talked to the residents about weather and soil, joking a little, gossiping a little, and then telling them about the evils of mosquitoes and the foolishness of treating the trembling disease with leeches. Dr. Streppone's patients in East Village lined up docilely every day, palms outstretched, to receive their quinine tablets.

Then, at six o'clock one morning, I was awakened in my hotel room by Dr. Streppone's shaking me roughly by the shoulder. "Come on," he said angrily. "Take me to Old Wu. I've already been there, but the old buzzard wouldn't see me. All I got was a big argument from his son, and I haven't the faintest idea what he was arguing about."

"What's the matter?" I asked, hurrying into my clothes.

"Oh, I just discovered that the old faker hasn't been giving the quinine to his family at all. I just saw those two grandsons playing some kind of a game in their courtyard, using about fifty quinine tablets as chips, and an empty bottle lying beside them in the mud. Can you beat it!"

We marched to the sons' house and found Ah Wu lying in bed in the middle room. He was pale and shaking, and there were five leeches attached to his forehead. Dr. Streppone ignored this repellent sight and demanded to see Old Wu. The old man refused to come out of his bedroom, but sent his elder son out to tell us that the Western medicine man had offended the Merci-

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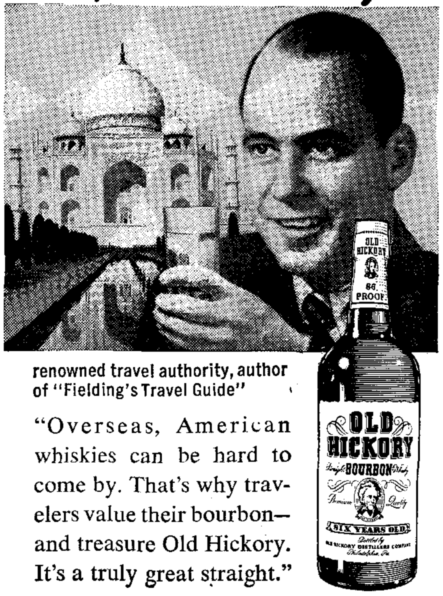

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ful Buddha by killing insects and bugs with a magic gun. This was a reference to a DDT sprayer that the Doctor had recently been using on mosquitoes. In a counterattack, Dr. Streppone demanded to know why his valuable quinine tablets were being used by children as chips in a game, instead of being in their bellies, where they belonged. This message, relayed by me and the elder son, finally brought Old Wu out of his room. He stalked over to Dr. Streppone and indignantly announced that it was a good thing that none of his family had taken the Western medicine man's tablets, for he had offended the gods and brought evil spirits into the household. "Look at my second dog son!" he shouted, pointing at Ah Wu with a trembling finger. "His condition is much worse. He has never been so sick before!"

I should have remembered the Sawbwa's instructions and used moderation in my translation, for when Dr. Streppone learned what Old Wu had said, he went over to the bed and started tearing the leeches from the sick man's skin. After he had tossed them away like so many dirty bandages, he felt Ah Wu's forehead. "Not so bad," he said. He took a fresh bottle of quinine tablets from his pocket. "This time I'll *watch* him swallow the damn things," he told me. "Tell them to bring me some water."

When I translated, Old Wu said that no one was to stir for water, and Ah Wu weakly proclaimed that he wouldn't swallow the tablets, water or no water. There was a short, embarrassing silence while patient and doctor stared at each other, and then Dr. Streppone made a sudden attempt to stuff the tablets into Ah Wu's mouth. There were cries and shouts, and I pulled Dr. Streppone back just before Ah Wu could bite his hand. Panting, I suggested that we should take our problem to the Sawbwa, and after another furious glare at his patient Dr. Streppone muttered "O.K.," and we left.

The Sawbwa was very obliging once he had heard the disgraceful story. He told his Shan secretary to write a proclamation on the spot, ordering his subjects to take their medicine when told to do so. We all watched the secretary write the words on a piece of yellow paper, and then the Sawbwa affixed his large red seal at the bottom and handed the document to Dr. Streppone. The Doctor took the proclamation back to East Village like a general returning to a battlefield with six fresh

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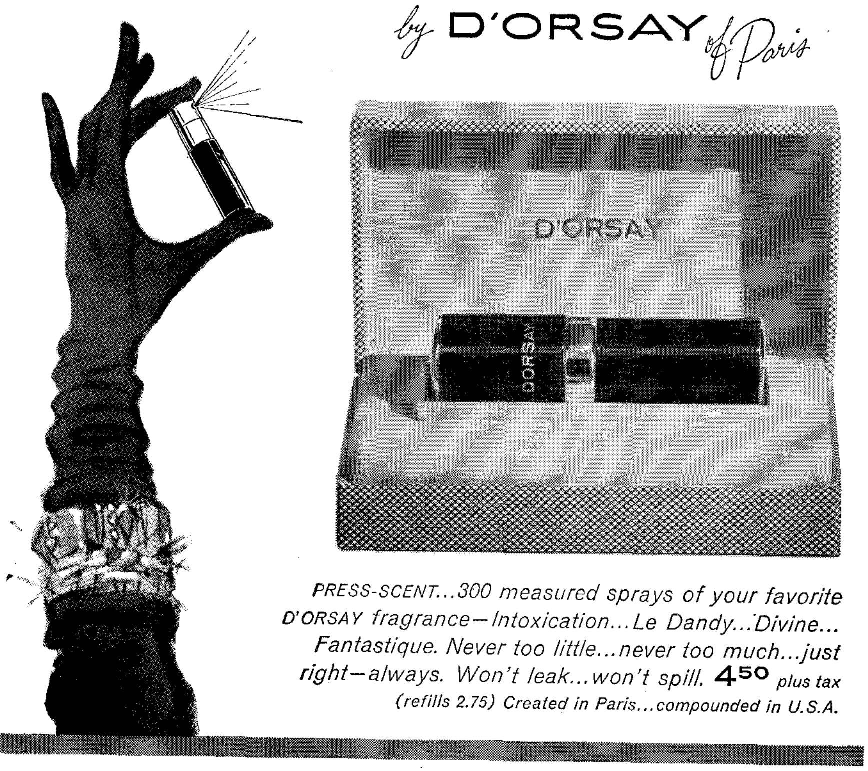

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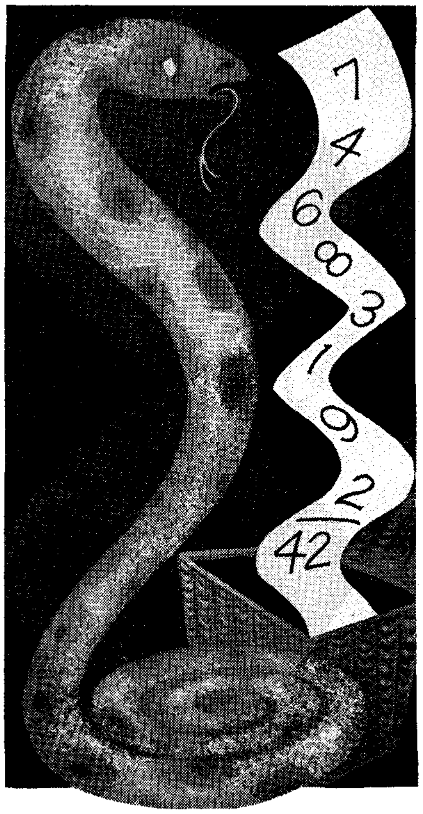

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Once upon a time an adder named Monroe figured to have some fun. He'd subtract a sip from the snake charmer's bottle of Jim Beam and refill with extract of venom. Then he'd laugh at his nonplussed victim. What Monroe failed to count on was Jim Beam's Alcoa® Pilferproof Closure, which quickly reduced his plans to naught. To sum up, the adder got divided six ways and he's totally minus a future.

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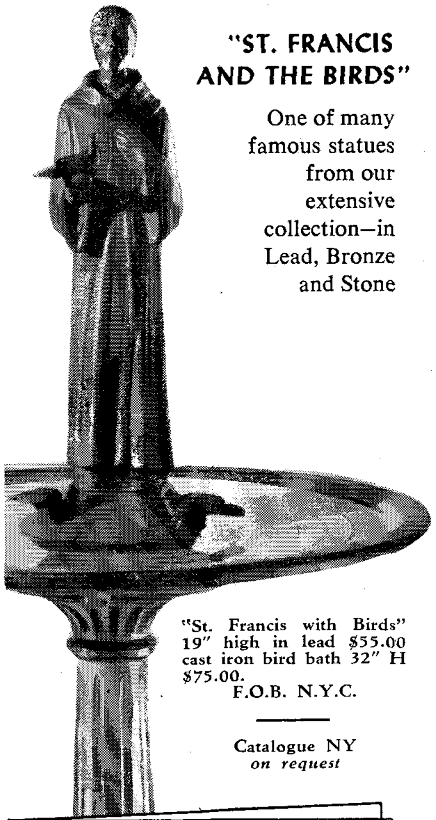
divisions. He entered the hut and, without saying a word, showed the yellow paper to the old man and to Ah Wu. It worked instantly. In fact, the change in Old Wu's attitude was so quick and so abject that I felt rather upset by this evidence of feudalism and servitude in the Shan States. But Dr. Streppone was delighted. "Good! Good!" he said cheerfully, watching Ah Wu toss the quinine tablets into his mouth and follow them with a drink of water. "They have real loyalty to the Sawbwa. Why, with this proclamation, we'll have the whole problem cleaned up in a month. Fine loyal people!"

Dr. Streppone was busier than ever during that month. It was an anxious time, for the war news from Burma grew worse and worse, and thousands of refugees began to stream into Mangshih over the Burma Road. But Dr. Streppone, busy with his own war, ignored all this. Wielding his proclamation, he visited an increasing number of patients daily, taking their temperature, throwing away their leeches, giving them quinine, and talking to them gently in a newly acquired, broken version of the native tongue. After two weeks, I could not find anyone in East Village who had not been treated by the Doctor, but, oddly enough, I could see no perceptible decrease in the trembling disease. Ah Wu's condition was still very bad. He would stay in bed, sweating and shaking, for two or three days, and then, the moment he felt better, vanish with his truck down the Burma Road, or else be seen hanging around the market place and flirting with the girls. Dr. Streppone told me that Ah Wu's case was a very stubborn one. I had begun to think that the natives were tricking us in some way, and I wondered whether the Doctor shared my suspicions about the true reason for the persistence of malaria in Mangshih. I had almost determined to speak up, when there was another early-morning explosion in my room.

"I think I'm going to start knocking some teeth out around here!" Dr. Streppone announced angrily, banging the door shut behind him. "And I think I'll start with Ah Wu. Do you realize that that crook has probably never swallowed *a single one* of the quinine tablets I've been giving him? He's been hiding them under his tongue while he swallowed the water. He's fooled me for a solid month!"

"How did you find out?" I asked.

"My cook told me. He went to feed



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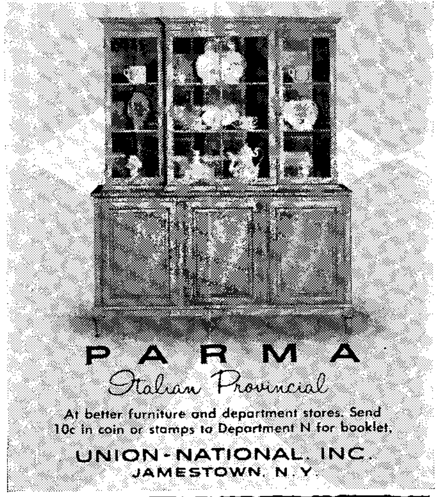

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garbage to the hogs and saw Ah Wu run out of his house and spit three tablets into the hog trough. I've gone around the village this morning, and as far as I can determine, every patient in East Village has been doing the same thing—spitting the quinine out the minute my back is turned. What actors they are! How dumb I've been! For a whole month, nobody but those damned hogs has been eating my quinine."

"I was just beginning to wonder," I said.

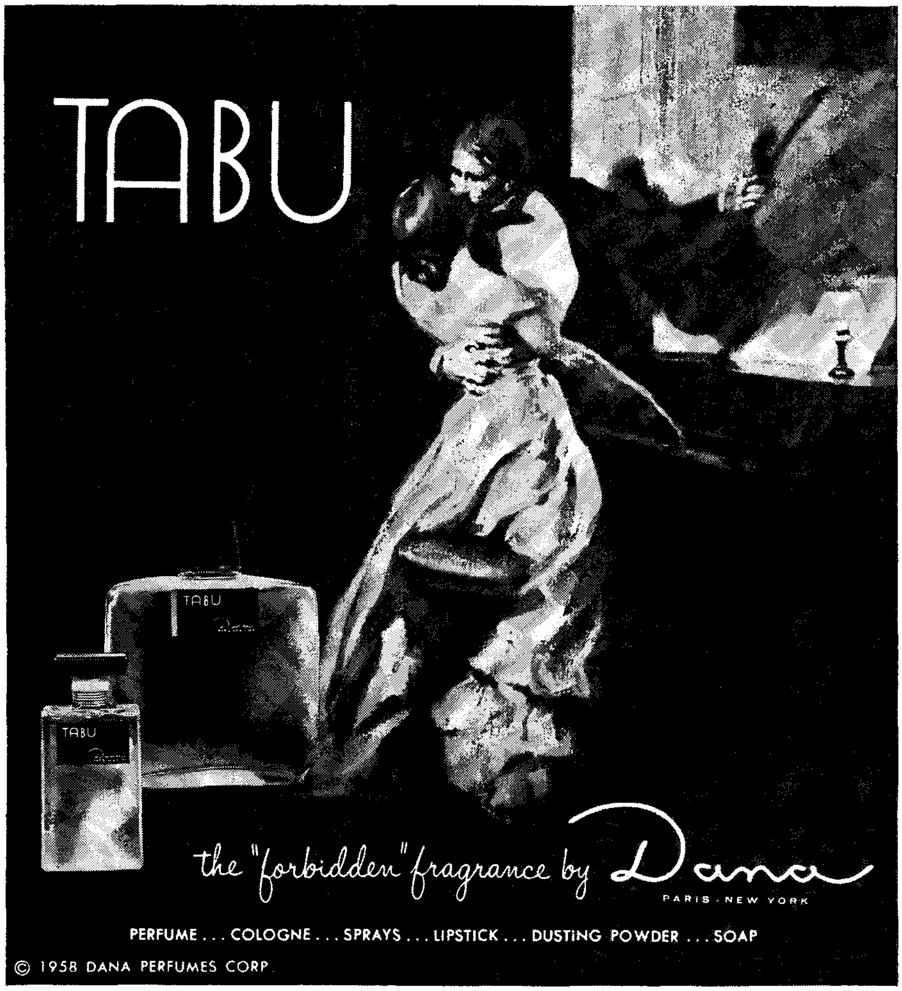
"I'm going to lick this thing yet!" Dr. Streppone said, his square jaw working. "You'd better come with me. I'll need your help."

"What are we going to do?"

"I'm going to give Ah Wu an injection. I'll need you to hold him down or knock him out while I give him the shot. And then I'll watch him try to squeeze the medicine out of his veins! Come on."

Again I persuaded him that his job would be easier if he had a proclamation from the Sawbwa, and half an hour later we stormed into the Wus' hut with another yellow paper, this one saying that any subject in Mangshih should accept with gratitude the Western doctor's gift of a pump. Ah Wu was in bed again, and looked very weak. This time, Dr. Streppone did not tear away the leeches but patted Ah Wu gently on the shoulder and asked him how he was feeling. When Ah Wu read the new proclamation, he nodded and managed a faint grin. Dr. Streppone opened his bag, and Ah Wu leaned eagerly over the edge of the bed to see what kind of pump he was about to be given. As the Doctor fitted the needle in place and filled the syringe, the smile faded from Ah Wu's face and was replaced by an expression of puzzlement and then by a look of frank terror. The Doctor swabbed Ah Wu's arm and leaned forward. Just as he was about to plunge the needle in, Ah Wu let out an ear-rending scream, threw back the covers, leaped over the foot of the bed, and bolted out the door like an Olympic dash champion. Dr. Streppone and I hurried to the door and saw him, fever and all, race up the muddy street and disappear around the corner of a hut.

As we walked slowly back to Dr. Streppone's quarters, I urged him to think of packing up and returning to Kunming. The Shans obviously did not want to be treated for malaria, and besides, I said, the Japanese would probably be here any day, and the Doctor would be doing nobody any good as a prisoner of war. Dr. Streppone re-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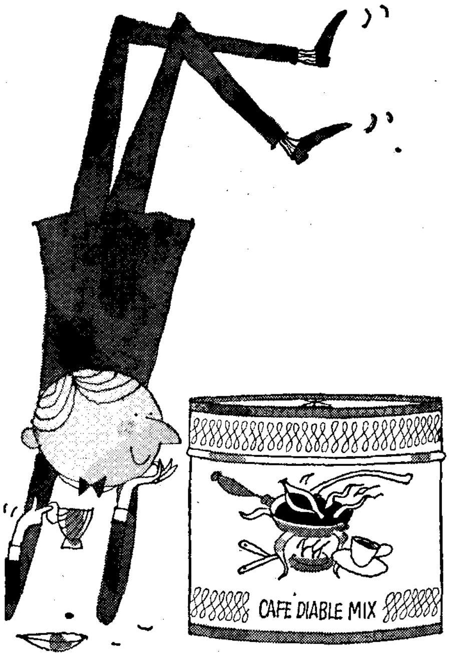

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mained silent. When we arrived in his office, he turned to me with a surprising grin. "I've just been too aggressive about this," he said. "It's time for me to get smart. I've got an idea. Why don't we kidnap Benevolent Loyalty?"

"What for?" I said, startled.

"Get him out of that temple and let the mosquitoes take a bite. That will show the natives that he's no more of a god than a chicken peddler. And then I'll show them that I can straighten out his malaria. I'll *prove* that I can do a better job than those blasted leeches."

I was upset by his wild idea, but I had to admit that the monk was certainly the greatest local obstacle to medical education and Dr. Streppone's victory. I rather admired Buddhism, from what I had seen of it in Mangshih; it taught the natives to be honest and faithful, took the place of an organized system of law, and made the Shan States a very peaceful place. But I was no admirer of Benevolent Loyalty, who seemed entirely willing to hold his influence among the Shans by abetting ignorance. "I'll string along with you," I said to Dr. Streppone. "But let's go to the Sawbwa first. He's had his own troubles with Benevolent Loyalty, so it's perfectly safe, and we'll need his help if we're to become criminals."

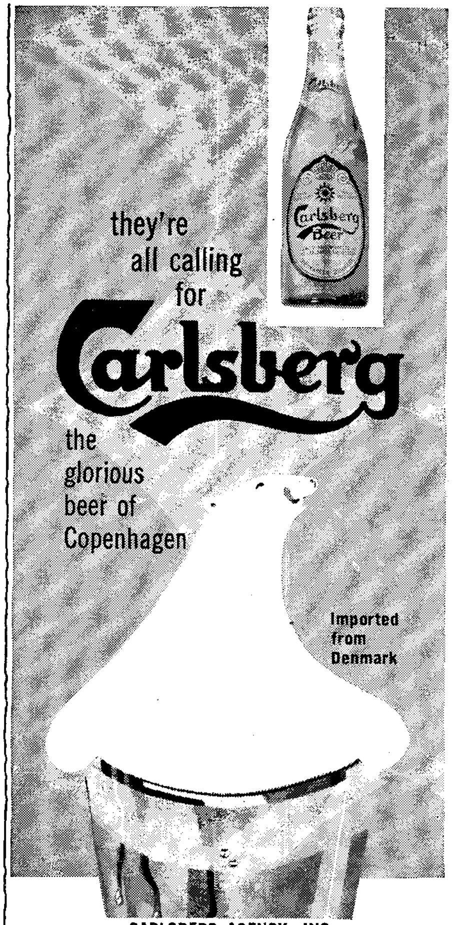
When we told our plan to the Sawbwa, he laughed for more than a minute, unable to speak. Then, between bursts of chuckles, he said, "I have a good idea. You can kidnap him around midnight and tie him up to one of those banyan trees outside his temple. Then I'll send a couple of policemen to rescue him, and later on they can say that he was tied up and robbed by some mountain bandits. Will two hours be enough time for him to catch malaria?"

"One bite will do it," Dr. Streppone said.

"Good!" said the Sawbwa, rubbing his hands. "Then we'll let him be sick just long enough for everyone to know about his vulnerability. But," he added, raising his hand, "I don't want his life endangered."

"I'll fix him up in no time," Dr. Streppone said. "It isn't really dangerous, because the malaria around here isn't the blackwater type. But when he's cured, I'll depend on you for some publicity, Your Excellency."

"Never fear," the Sawbwa said. "If the chief monk is sick and then is cured, the whole of Mangshih will know about it within five hours. My policemen will free him, but the kidnapping will be done by you at your own risk." He jerked



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his head toward me. "You and Secretary Lee, of course."

That evening, Dr. Streppone and I made our plans. The kidnapping was to be carried out twenty-four hours later, at midnight, when all the monks would be asleep in their separate rooms in White Cloud Temple. Since Benevolent Loyalty was fat and weak, and the temple gate was never locked, we assured ourselves that the whole thing could be easily done, even by amateurs. We finished our preparations by cutting out two squares of black silk, to use as masks. By this time, I was more than a little frightened, and had begun to regret the entire idea, but it was too late for me to back out and keep my honor.

EITHER Benevolent Loyalty *was* favored by the gods or else the Shans were meant to suffer from malaria forever, because the next day the Japanese burst into Mangshih from Burma. I was awakened early by the roaring of planes and banging of guns, and rushed out of the hotel into a scene of utter panic. I had no time to pack. The Sawbwa, to whom I reported, at Ida House, as quickly as I could, insisted that I take one of his private cars—an old Austin—and his official chauffeur, and head north.

"But what about you, Sawbwa?" I asked anxiously. "Surely you're not going to stay? The Japanese will be here at any moment."

"Of course I'm going to stay," the Sawbwa said gently. "Most of my people will have to remain, and I shall be with them. I'll be all right. There is a technique to surviving wars, just as there is a technique to fighting malaria. Now you must be on your way."

He led me out onto the porch of Ida House, and we stood there for a moment, watching the smoke rising from the town of Mangshih and, farther off, the clouds of dust from the fleeing vehicles on the Burma Road. "You're sure you won't change your mind, Sawbwa?" I asked.

He shook his head, and accompanied me to the car. "Good luck, Secretary Lee," he said when I had climbed in. "Come back and see me after the war. I shall need your help against Benevolent Loyalty."

The chauffeur drove through the smoke and shambles of the town, and onto the Burma Road, where we joined the procession heading north. Both lanes of the road were jammed with cars and trucks. They crawled along, bumper to bumper, blowing their horns furi-

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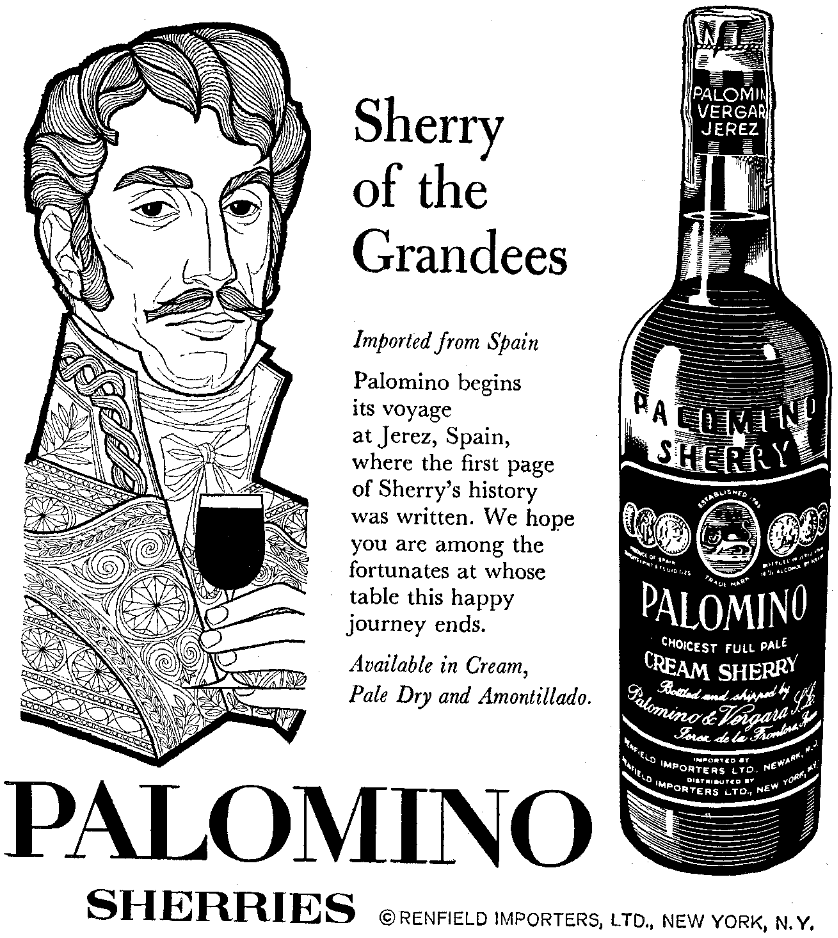

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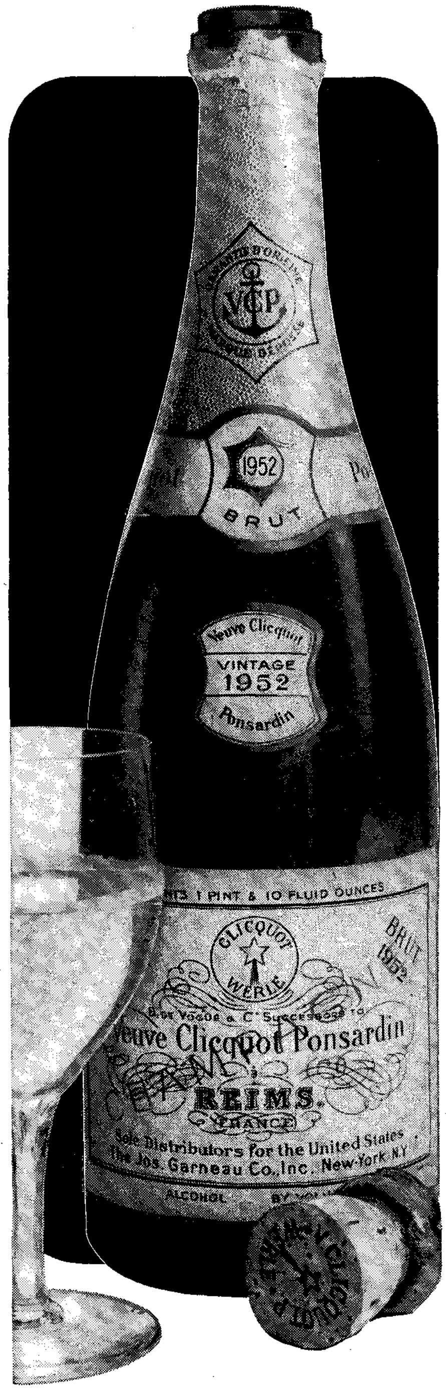

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ously at pedestrians. If a car broke down, passengers from the vehicles behind would leap out and throw it into the ditch in order to keep the road clear.

In all this excitement, I had had no time to think about Dr. Streppone, and it wasn't until two or three hours later, when we had crept out of the Shan States and the panic had subsided a little, that I began to wonder whether he had escaped, and, if so, how. By the time we passed Lung Ling, a Chinese mountain town, the traffic had thinned out enough to let drivers pull off the road and fill their cars up with water and gasoline from cans they carried with them. About ten miles north of Lung Ling, we came upon Ah Wu's truck drawn up at the side of the road; it was easy to recognize, because it was the shabbiest we had seen on the whole journey. My driver pulled over and parked right in front of it, telling me that Ah Wu would certainly have some extra gasoline he could sell us. As I got out of the car, I met Ah Wu, carrying a bucket of water, and asked him if he had chanced to see Dr. Streppone. "In here," he said, climbing over the tailboard with the bucket.

I clambered up onto the truck and was astonished to see Dr. Streppone lying in the back, with five enormous leeches clinging to his forehead. Sitting beside him were Ah Wu's sister-in-law and the two boys. "Hello, Doctor!" I said. "I'm certainly glad you got away. Are you sick?"

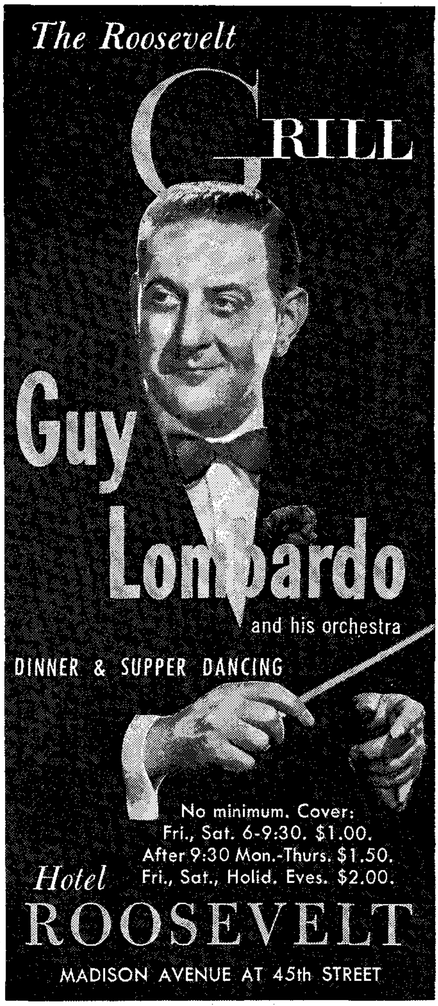
Dr. Streppone opened his eyes, and his pale face brightened a little. "Yeah," he said. "Malaria. It finally got me, instead of that monk."

"Well, I can see they're taking care of you."

"I lost everything," he said weakly. "All my supplies, all my instruments. But this damned Ah Wu saved my life. He found me sick and hustled me into his truck just before a bomb hit East Village."

Ah Wu looked over at me with a wicked smile, and fished four or five black leeches out of the bucket and dropped them into a tin washbasin. "Fresh supplies," he said. He held his loathsome collection toward me, and added, "The Western medicine man will not die. I have collected enough lifesaving leeches to last him for an entire month."

IT took us almost three weeks to reach Kunming, about three hundred miles away. Dr. Streppone became paler and paler during the jolting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trip, but he lived. Occasionally, I would leave my Austin and ride for a while in Ah Wu's truck to keep the Doctor company. From time to time, I tried surreptitiously to throw away some of the leeches, but the Wus always stopped me indignantly. I could not insist, for, after all, it was their truck and he was their patient. When we arrived in Kunming, our first stop was at the hospital, where we left Dr. Streppone.

I arranged to fly on to Chungking the next morning, but an hour or so before I left, I returned to the hospital to pay the Doctor a visit. He had had some blood transfusions, and was sitting up in bed, looking better. "I'm going back there" were his first words to me. He scratched his square jaw, which was now covered with a beard. "I'm going back there the minute the Japs are kicked out. I'm going to lick malaria in Mangshih, even if I have to kidnap all the monks in the temple to do it!"

"What about the leeches?" I asked. "Can you remember enough of the trip to remember your leeches?"

"Sure I remember."

"Do you think they saved you?"

"Of course they didn't save me!" he said disgustedly. "Don't get superstitious on me. I was just too weak to stop the Wus from slapping them on." He pointed a finger at me and permitted himself a small smile. "One thing I'm going to do *before* I go back to Mangshih," he said. "I'm going to look up that damned Ah Wu and give him his malaria shot."

—C. Y. LEE

•

RARELY Is the New Yorker magazine, noted for its precise prose, caught in an error. On the contrary, its editors have a passion for pointing out errors in other publications. But George T. Carroll contends someone goofed in the Nov. 8 issue. On Page 72, in a profile of Richard Avedon, the fashion photographer, it is stated that a model once nearly toppled from the Eiffel Tower "in an access of dramatic fervor."

"Tell me they're right and I just don't understand," George pleads, "my world is crumbling too fast as it is."

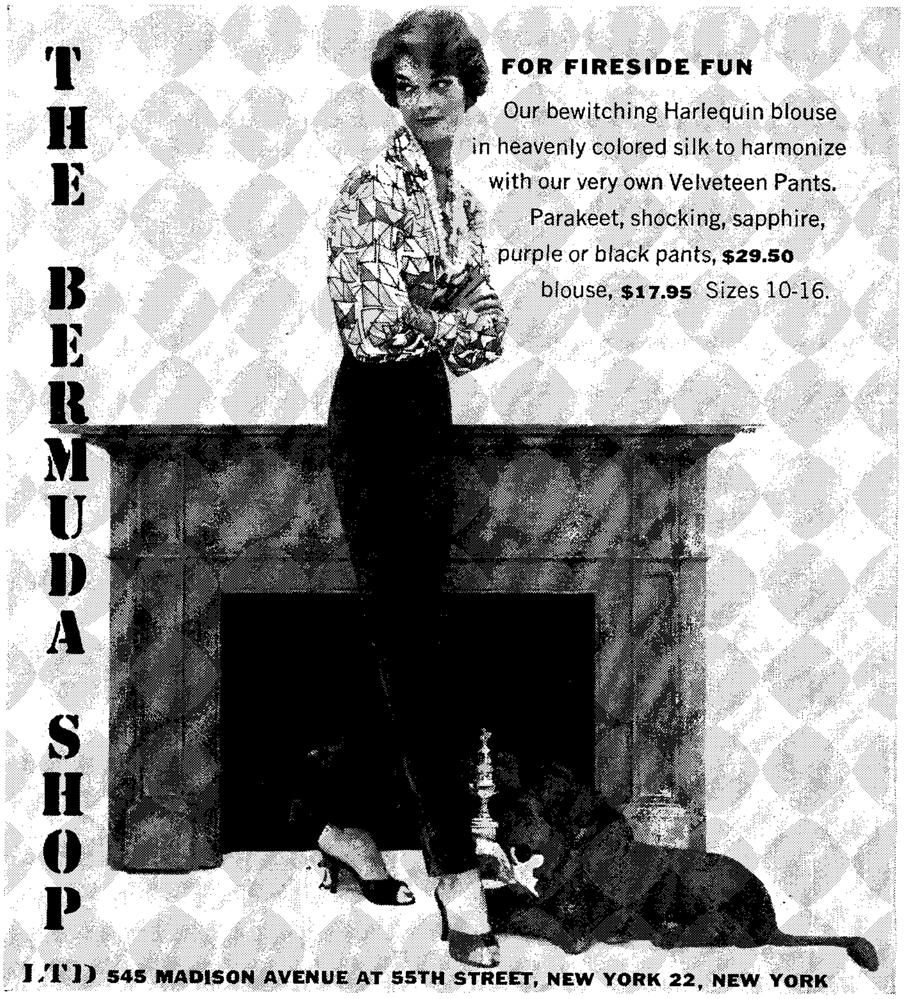
Sorry, George, that's the way the world crumbles. It should be "excess."—*Matt Weinstock in the Los Angeles Mirror News.*

Stick around, George. Things aren't as dark as they seem.

•

Let our PTA be like Lincoln and have
equality for all,
United we stand, together we fall.
—*From a poem in the Illinois Parent-Teacher.*

That Lincoln was just an old phrasemaker.



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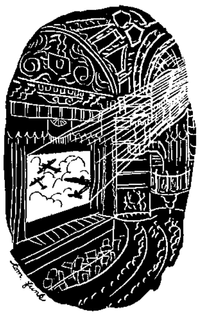

"THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS," which describes the career of an Englishwoman who, three decades ago, was possessed by the notion that her destiny lay in bringing the story of Bethlehem and subsequent developments to the heathen Chinee, is a movie most appropriate to the Christmas season. The name of the Englishwoman, who is still quite alive, is Gladys Aylward, and she is one of those people who have always easily found sermons in stones and good in everything. She is portrayed here by Ingrid Bergman. Perhaps Miss Bergman, all aglow with health and beauty, doesn't look like the sort of lady who might decide to devote her energies to missionary work, but as the film goes along, she radiates such honesty that we are willing to believe anything she wants us to.

What she wants us to believe would be incredible if it weren't for the fact that a good deal of it actually happened. At the outset, Miss Bergman is a parlormaid who, though heaven-bent to further the cause of Christianity in the Orient, has been rejected for lack of training by a London missionary society and has become a domestic in the service of a retired explorer (Ronald Squire), in whose library she reads up on Chinese history. The explorer tells her about an eccentric Chinese missionary woman (Athene Seyler) who has set about establishing a hostel in the mountains of northern China with the object of spreading the gospel by taking in transient muleteers, giving them clean beds and good food, and entertaining them with stories from the Bible. Miss Bergman yearns to make common cause with the religious innkeeper, and soon saves enough money to travel, via the Trans-Siberian Railway, to her date with destiny. Once she has joined forces with this practical woman, Miss Bergman slowly, very slowly, ingratiates herself with the local peasantry. In passing, she takes a tentative shine to a Eurasian Chinese Army officer (Curt Jurgens), and eventually, after the death of her missionary chum, goes to work as foot inspector (there's a government edict against the binding of feet) for a tired,

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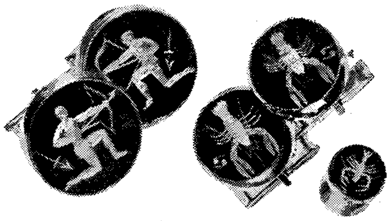

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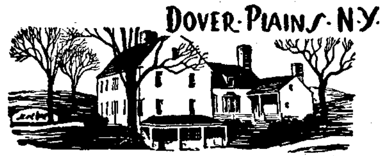

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pessimistic, long-suffering mandarin (Robert Donat). Sentimental but never maudlin, "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" runs a most gentle course until the idyll is shattered by the arrival of the Japanese armies. After saving an assortment of children she has taken under her wing, our heroine confesses her love for the Army officer. In the circumstances, the romance seems doomed, but it provides probably as good an ending as any.

"PEPOTE," a Spanish production, is another sentimental movie, this one about a small boy (Pablito Calvo) living under the tutelage of his uncle (Antonio Vico), an unfrocked matador who dreams of the glorious past while he and his nephew are making a go of it as best they can in a dreary slum. At the end, the poor old bullfighter is reduced to performing as a comedian in a ring where he was once a hero, but the nephew never lets on that his guardian has lost any face with him. A frail sort of story—and, indeed, no "Bicycle Thief," although it has some of the same ingredients—"Pepote" is nevertheless a moving chronicle, largely because of the superb talent of Master Calvo and the excellent support he gets from Mr. Vico.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Alligators have a broad head and a rounded snout as compared to a narrower head and a pointed snout of the crocodile. Also, when the crocodile has its mouth shut, a tooth will still protrude through the upper jaw. This is not the case with alligators. As a rule the crocodile has a nastier disposition. Both species hear well. . . .

During the breeding season in spring (May to July) the bull alligator can be heard bellowing as far as a mile away. If you want to make a similar noise, blow B-flat two octaves below middle G on the French horn. Crocodiles, on the other hand, make more of a growling noise. (More next week.)—*Newsletter from the New Hampshire Fish & Game Department.*

It'll be an interminable week for us.

•

The Board of Governors, after due consideration of various alternatives, decided that the best course was to rebuild on the same site—a decision which I feel will be welcomed in all corners. The new building contemplated will approximate that demolished. IT WILL FEATURE A CLOCK TOWER and a FOUR-FACED LIAR.—*Letter from the Old Boys' Association of Upper Canada College.*

What were some of those alternatives?

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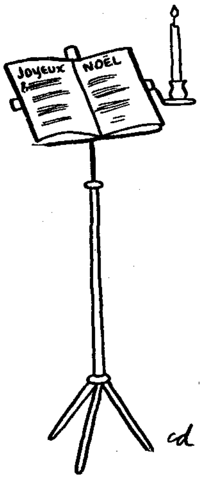

I HAVE always been a moderate admirer of the symphonies of Dmitri Shostakovich, and I have never subscribed wholeheartedly to the theory that oppressive political regimes necessarily produce bad music (there are too many instances in history that seem to prove the exact opposite). But I must say that the New York première of his Symphony No. 11—by the Symphony of the Air, under Leopold Stokowski, at Carnegie Hall last Friday evening—gave me something of a shock. The shock was due not to any remarkable departures from symphonic tradition but simply to the work's abysmal vulgarity—and not the sort of vulgarity that sometimes accompanies robustness but the sort that is found in cheap hack work turned out by the yard for commercial purposes. Like a couple of his previous symphonies, this one purports to illustrate a more or less heroic episode in recent Russian history (in this case, the abortive revolution of 1905), but, unlike the previous ones—notably the Seventh, or "Leningrad," Symphony—it fails to stand up as an interesting piece of music and remains merely a perfunctory, highly tedious, and obviously false tribute to political power. It is full of military drum rolls, bugle calls, and all the other standard appurtenances of the kind of music that attempts to symbolize martial events, but even these lack conviction, and we are left with something that sounds very much like the sound track of a Grade B Hollywood movie devoted to the superficial aspects of revolution or war. The symphony is, in sum, absolute trash, and it indicates a rather terrifying letdown from the skilled and occasionally eloquent writing that one finds even in such a recent Shostakovich work as the Tenth Symphony, which was heard here a few years ago. I don't know, though I can guess, what is happening to Mr. Shostakovich. Whatever it is, it is successfully stifling a talent that was once one of the most striking in contemporary symphonic music. Among

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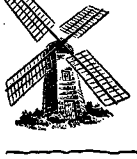

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other things, the revolutionary fervor that appeared to inspire a great deal of his earlier work has died down, giving place to cynical and insincere cheering over the status quo. In any case, if I were Russia's commissar of music, I should certainly try to keep such compositions from getting out of the country. The Eleventh Symphony is such a clumsy and transparent musical lie that it might cause almost anybody to speculate about the uneasy psychological conditions under which it was written.

IT was quite a week for contemporary music. Two nights earlier, Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall and presented the New York première of Alexei Haieff's Second Symphony. Unlike the symphony by Easley Blackwood that Mr. Munch brought us a couple of weeks ago, this turned out to be the work of a mature composer who knows where he is going, even if it isn't very far, and who is a master of at least the purely technical aspects of his craft. It is a neat composition, with clean contrapuntal lines, and it is full of rather eclectic allusions to romantic music—notably certain turns of phrase that recall the mannerisms, if not the substantial eloquence, of Brahms and Bruckner. These allusions seemed to me to constitute a new departure in the music of Mr. Haieff, which heretofore has tended to reflect the Russo-Parisian, Diaghilev, or *salade-russe* idiom that stems from Stravinsky and Prokofieff. But the new departure is one of style, rather than content, and though I could work up a polite interest in Mr. Haieff's slickness and craftsmanship, I could not find in this new work anything beyond a demonstration of musical ingenuity.

On Friday afternoon, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic resuscitated Darius Milhaud's early ballet score "La Création du Monde," which dates from the period when Mr. Milhaud, like many French composers, was interested in exoticism—interested, that is, in writing music in almost any style except his own. In this case, the exoticism was provided by the jazz idiom, which Mr. Milhaud had just discovered and was bent on introducing to Parisian audiences. "La Création du Monde" still stands up as a moderately engaging musical stunt, but on Mr. Bernstein's program it had the misfortune to be followed by George Gershwin's "An American in Paris" and "Rhapsody in Blue." The

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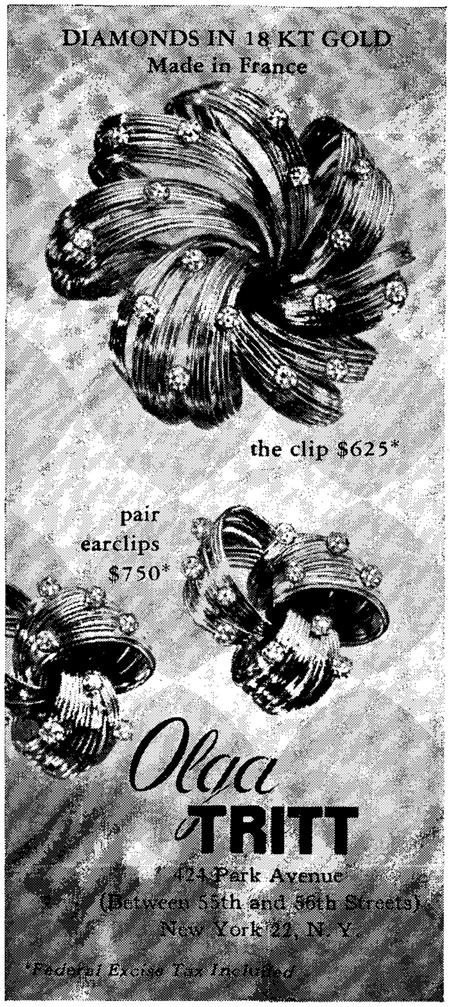
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contrast was pretty damaging to Mr. Milhaud, for Gershwin, though he was at times a rather crude composer, always wrote honestly and straightforwardly in a style that was native to him—the style of Broadway—and though he may have come from the wrong side of the tracks musically, there is an authenticity and integrity about his compositions that place them outside the realm of mere trickery and make them into genuine expressions of musical feeling.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Munch and the Boston Symphony returned to Carnegie Hall with another new work—Symphony No. 4, in E, by Alexander Tcherepnin. It was a long time since I had heard a contemporary symphony in E, or any other definable key, and I found it gratifying that one had been written. Also, I had heard and liked Mr. Tcherepnin's admirably simple and melodious Concerto for Mouth Organ and Orchestra in Venice two years ago, and I was prepared for something pleasant. I was not entirely disappointed. His new symphony was at least disarmingly unpretentious, and while I could find nothing in it that raised my blood pressure, it provided a fairly agreeable twenty minutes of lighthearted entertainment.

ALONG the way, in my pursuit of the contemporary compositions discussed above, I heard a number of really good things that happened to be on the same programs. One was a superb performance of Handel's Concerto for Oboe and String Orchestra, provided by Mr. Munch and the Boston Symphony on Wednesday night. Another was a stirring reading of Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn, given by the same conductor and the same ensemble on Saturday afternoon. But the most interesting, by far, was a performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto on Mr. Bernstein's program, with the Hungarian violinist Johanna Martzy playing the solo part. Miss Martzy is a brilliant violinist and an agreeably scrupulous musical interpreter. She has a flawless technique, a beautiful tone, and a dashing feeling for virtuosity, and I look forward to hearing her again. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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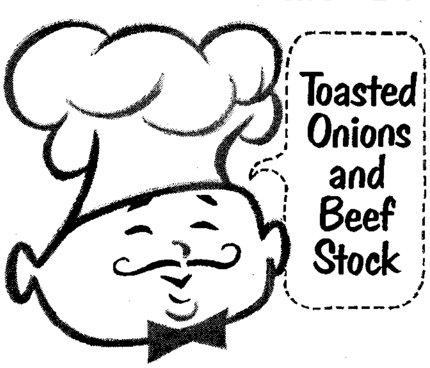
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the Apollo Theatre, on 125th Street, when Herb Pomeroy's band, a sixteen-piece aggregation from Boston, attempted, in a concert called "The Living History of Jazz," to duplicate some of the multitude of jazz styles that have come and gone in the past sixty years. (The program was accompanied by a commentary written and spoken by John McLellan, a Boston disc jockey, that was largely "objective" opinion, pitted here and there with such phrases as "the tension-relaxation dichotomy.") Aside from the sheer bravery of it all, the imitations of such men as Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Baby Dodds, Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, and Count Basie were just good enough to recall their wizardry and more than inept enough to underline the fact that their supposed simplicities often were, or are, far more inaccessible than the celebrated intricacies of their successors. As a result, the affair, which the band had been practicing up on, largely in New England, during the past couple of years, pointed up two melancholy facts: (1) that most modern jazz musicians are extraordinarily provincial about their own music, and (2) that by being so about most of the classic jazz that has gone before them they probably halve their own potentialities. The evening was saved from total ruin by the presence of half a dozen guests, some the genuine article (Sonny Terry, the forty-seven-year-old blues singer and harmonica player; Willie the Lion Smith, one of the last of the great Harlem stride pianists; and Candido, a conga drummer who uses his elbows, his nose, his feet, and the floor, with thunderous effect), and some long-time copyists (Sol Yaged, a Goodman imitator who, strangely, is almost better at Goodman than Goodman was; Zoot Sims, one of the legion of Lester Young imitators who arrived in the mid-forties; and Big Miller, a diffuse blues singer who can't decide between Joe Turner and Jimmy Rushing).

The program started like a cannon shot with a blues by Terry, who alternately sang and backed himself on the harmonica, on which he created ferocious squeals while wildly whacking the instrument with his free hand, as if he were polishing a brass plate. Willie the Lion genially transmuted an example of ragtime ("The Maple Leaf Rag") and of James P. Johnson ("The Carolina Shout") into pure Willie the Lion. Then the mistakes began. A spasm band (washboard, bones, harmonica, and washtub bass) rattled along with all the force of a quilting bee. It was

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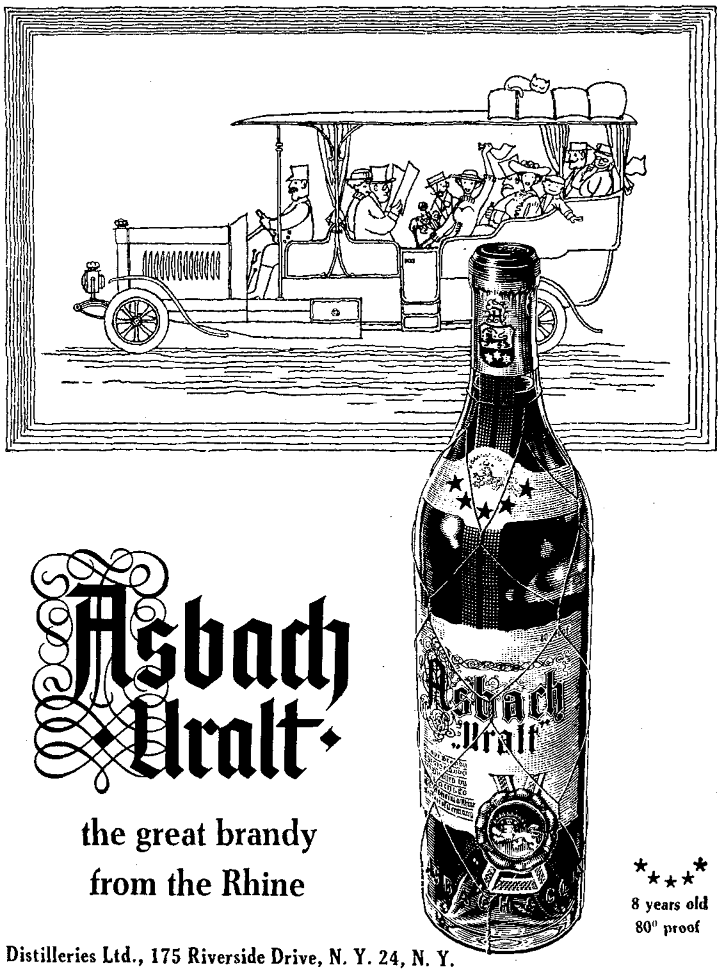

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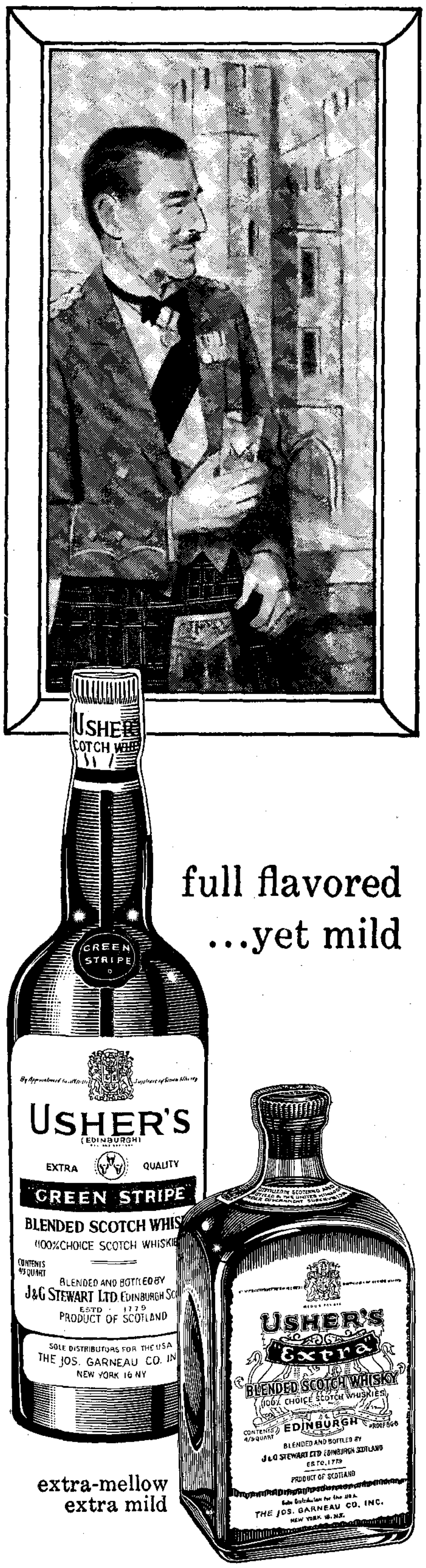

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replaced by an imitation of the Buddy Bolden band, done in so loud an off-key shout that it became unintentional parody. Lennie Johnson, a trumpeter, went after Armstrong in "Sleepy Time Down South" and salvaged some of Armstrong's best mid-thirties clichés, while Pomeroy, also a trumpeter, tackled Beiderbecke in "The Royal Garden Blues" and, in his first few notes, almost had him. Two generally workaday rundowns of Ellington and Lunceford were capped by Yaged's spooky Goodman and a thin, papery rendition of the Basie band. Disaster followed. Eldridge, Berry, Dodds, Jo Jones, Kenny Clarke, and Miles Davis, among others, were badly smudged. (Eldridge was represented by some high-register rasps, and Dodds, one of the smoothest and craftiest of all drummers, by two quick, uneven snare-drum rolls.) These gave way, not unexpectedly, to extremely skillful copies of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie's big band of a decade ago, the Miles Davis-Gerry Mulligan group of the same period, Woody Herman's Third Herd, and one of Mulligan's recent quartets. Finally, the band, at last representing its occasionally first-rate self, played a fast blues, "The Opener," but, either exhausted by its archeology class or just plain dispirited because of the demands this classwork had imposed, the group sounded pretty much like any conventional big jazz band—blatant, unfinished, and top-heavy. It made one pine for the old glories that the performers had, earlier in the evening, failed to master but that, along with their contemporaries, they are popularly believed to have improved upon.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

ROCK HILL—Every one of us is part of the reason other people act as they do, Drs. Harry and Bonaro Overstreet told the Winthrop College audience attending the Conference on Moral and Spiritual Values in Education Friday night.

A psychologically healthy person is one with whom others are at their best, they said, pointing out that the psychologically unhealthy person brought out the worst in people. The Overstreets gave Adolph Hitler as an example of the neurotic personality.

The Overstreets said that the occupied human being is relating himself to his environment by including a larger and larger portion of his environment into himself.

Five powers were listed by the speakers as being characteristic of the psychologically healthy person. They are learning, loving, cheating, communicating and wondering.—*Greenville* (*S.C.*) *News.*

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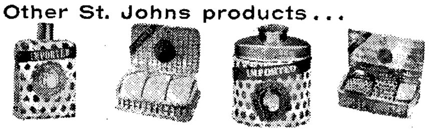

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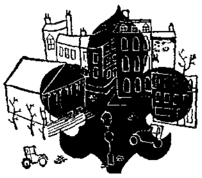
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 11



THIS is the season of French literary prizes, those ineffably glittering pre-Christmas gifts judiciously distributed to talented young novelists, whose lives, purses, and careers can be changed overnight if they become the winners. At least, these are the ideals for both the awards and the victors, but this year the prizes did not come within a mile of their mark. For the Prix Fémina, which chronologically precedes the famed Goncourt but ranks second in kudos and the number of books it can sell for the author, a spirited fight between the radical and conservative wings of the lady jurors almost resulted in the award's being given to an unusual novel that some critics had already deplored as shocking and others had admired as audacious. In any case, it was actually the work of an unknown writer of real talent, Christiane Rochefort—up to now, apparently, a little-known sculptress. Called "Le Repos du Guerrier" ("Rest for the Warrior"), it concerns two well-educated bourgeois who have two obsessions—the old ones of sex and drink for Renaud, the rogue male who is fighting against salvation and domesticity, and simply sex (her first experience of it) for amorous Mlle. Geneviève, with the novel's pages alternating between brandy and bed. The author having a gift for comedy and dialogue, it has a lugubriously happy ending; defeated by her real love for him, Renaud insists that Mlle. Geneviève marry him, and she finally does. Considering that three-quarters of the fifty-year-old Fémina's devoted annual readers are not Parisiennes but provincial matrons and spinsters, it is probably just as well that the jury maneuvers of the conservative Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld gave the prize to "L'Empire Céleste." This is a perfect mixture for the purpose, being about both sordid and pure bohemianism in a Montparnasse apartment house, and is the fourth novel by the well-known Belgian writer Mme. Françoise Mallet-Joris, who, since her first novel, "Le Rempart des Béguines," which was memorable, has been a resident of Paris. Because her father is Deputy Premier Albert Lilar of Belgium, cynical Paris literary gossip interpreted her prize as a bid for some Fémina juror to be invited to a coveted seat in the Royal Belgian

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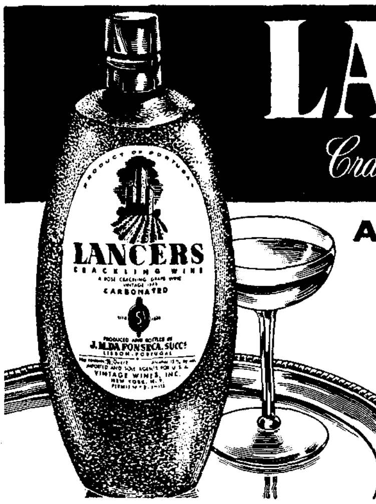

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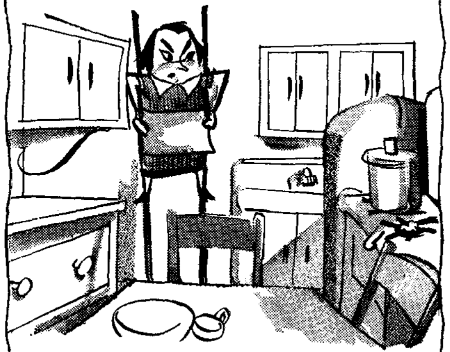

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Academy, the French Academy being closed to women. Certainly there are power struggles to get or give prestige in all the French literary-prize juries, nor are the Fémina ladies—who, without a centime of emolument, read an average fifteen-foot stack of novels annually—necessarily devoid of the Balzacian human passion of ambition.

Probably the most important thing about last week's Prix Goncourt (whose ten jury members make their solemn judgment over their traditional oysters, washed down with *blanc de blancs*, in a *cabinet particulier* of Drouant's restaurant) is that this year a reporter from *Aux Ecoutes*, a weekly gossip sheet, hid himself in a closet by their table to eavesdrop on their confabulations until he was discovered and thrown out bodily by all ten. Perhaps they should also have rid themselves of the book they had finally and suddenly decided to crown. It will be an addling disappointment to the horde of would-be readers who will automatically buy it as a typical Goncourt product—in this case a false label, since it is hardly even a novel. Titled "Saint-Germain, ou La Négociation," it is a document for elder historians. It features a minor diplomat in the Saint-Germain-en-Laye temporary peace deliberations between Huguenots and Catholics in 1570, and is painstakingly written in the elegant ambiguities of literary style proper to that high period of courtesies and cruelties. It should give perfect dissatisfaction to any French reader who hoped that he had at least bought a rousing historical novel to read on the train. It, too, was written by a Belgian—Francis Walder—certainly an unknown middle-aged writer until now, who is a former minor diplomat himself. In Paris literary circles, the Goncourt scandal, if there was one, was felt to be not the reporter in the closet but that Walder's highly unlikely, last-minute prize book was published by the powerful house of Gallimard; that more than half the ten Goncourt jurymen, all writers, are published by Gallimard; and that this prize was the sixth consecutive Gallimard Goncourt. A Goncourt provides a rich haul for a publisher, usually selling, at the very least, a quarter of a million copies.

WITH France, like all the other Western countries, clamoring for more and better young scientists to match the Russians, the nineteen thousand science students at the Sorbonne staged a two-day walkout a month ago in protest against the lamentable inadequacy of their classrooms and available

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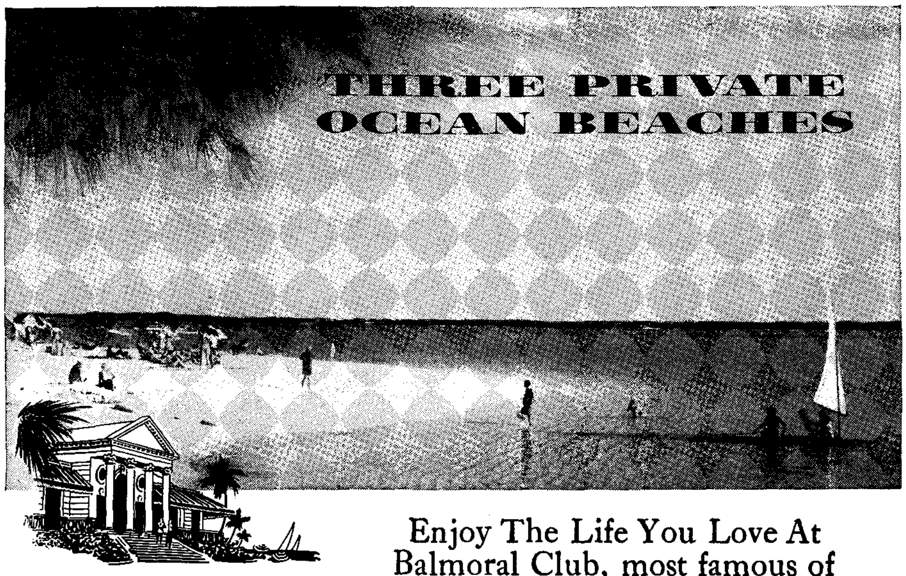
seats, except on the floor. Yesterday, a new strike was called, this time for all university students, of all categories, in all the universities of France—Marseille, Clermont-Ferrand, Lyon, Rennes, Montpellier, Aix-en-Provence, Dijon, Lille, Strasbourg, the whole lot. The order for the strike, backed by the equivalent of our Parent-Teacher Associations, was given by the Union Nationale des Etudiants de France, the students' own strictly run organization, which has a proper headquarters office in the Rue Soufflot, by the Sorbonne. The order to the Sorbonne students was "*Descendez dans la rue!*"—a phrase used in modern France as a call to a street riot. Motor traffic was warned by the police to stay clear of the Sorbonne quarter, but for once about fifteen thousand students paraded without violence (and in a heavy rain) up the Boul' Mich' to the empty former site of the old Bal Bullier. Six years ago, a new Bullier University was supposed to have taken its place.

Part of the special trouble here is that last year's government project for a new science department to be built on the site of La Halle aux Vins, the old city wine market down on the Seine, has been legally contested by the wine merchants as a case of government expropriation. The supreme importance of wine being what it is in France, the new building has been held up indefinitely. While postage stamps in Paris are being cancelled with the slogan "Education, Science, Culture," classrooms for science and culture are "as crowded as Métro stations at the rush hour," one professor said bitterly. This winter's Sorbonne course in the technical mathematics of physics—obligatory for a science certificate—lasted exactly five minutes on the opening day, or until the professor could disperse the crowd of fourteen hundred students vainly battling to get into his amphitheatre, which seats three hundred and forty-five. In zoology, the Sorbonne professors have had to triple their courses in order to take in all the students enrolled, which means that pupils have a laboratory session once every two weeks, instead of twice a week. One science professor has declared that he annually has to flunk sixty per cent of his class, who mostly fail because of their poor lecture notes, scribbled while standing up, sitting on window sills, squatting on the floor, or ranged at his feet on the rostrum. Even in the famous Ecole Normale Supérieure, on the Rue d'Ulm, which, with the Polytechnique, is France's highest institution of learning, dedicated to producing professors, there is right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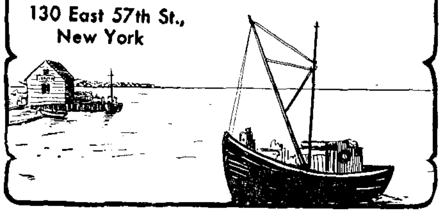
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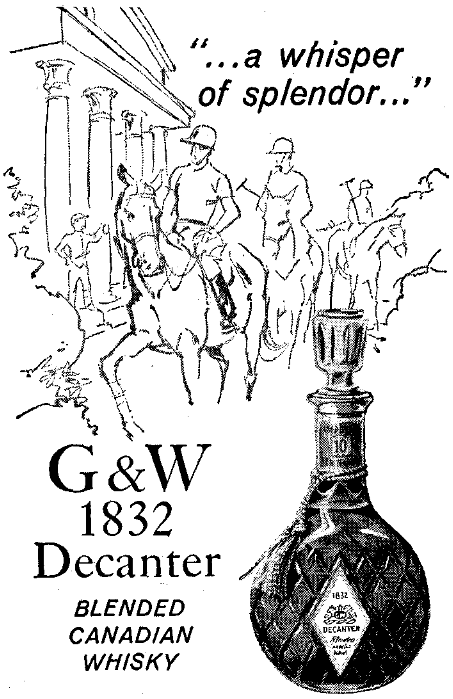
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now a question of closing the overcrowded physics and chemistry laboratories (whose equipment is worn out anyhow) or else of dismissing about half a hundred of the students who were to have been future pedagogues.

Last month's two-day Sorbonne strike was an impressive, unforgettable affair, which some parents and many of us Paris inhabitants turned out to watch. Accompanied by their professors in full regalia of red robes, toques, and white jabots, five thousand of the science students crammed into the mass meeting held in the picturesque Sorbonne inner court, in front of scholarly Cardinal Richelieu's ornate Renaissance church. The students were carrying placards, whose most trenchant slogans excoriated the detested wine merchants—"*Boire ou Savoir?*" "*Les Litres Contre l'Elite.*" In the court is a statue of scientist Pasteur, and in his hand a student had put a little placard reading, "Everybody Join the Strike!"

A large part of France's governmental monies is going into the continuing Algerian war, so Ministerial funds for education are inadequate. General de Gaulle, faced with the insufficient budget offered by his Minister of Finance, Antoine Pinay, and with his spending Ministers urgently asking for more credits, recently gave his preference to new housing in France rather than to more and better education. The Minister of Housing demanded an extra twenty-seven billion francs for his 1959 program and got twenty-two billion, whereas the Minister of Education asked for an extra sixty-two billion and got exactly what he already has this year—a hundred and fifty billion. Even the Minister of Public Works did better. Considering the temper of the Sorbonne students at that first mass meeting and their loud, youthful shouts for help in their education, it is a good thing they did not know that de Gaulle's government was about to refuse them increased funds but was going to put an extra one and a half billion francs into building a motorists' tunnel under Mont Blanc.

FOR years, theatregoers have not had so much fun with the noted repertory troupe headed by Mme. Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault (who usually give us plays good for our brains) as they are having right now, with the troupe's triumphant revival of Offenbach's melodic vintage operetta "La Vie Parisienne." It is being given in that enchantingly overpainted boudoir of a playhouse the Théâtre du Palais Royal, where it had its première nearly

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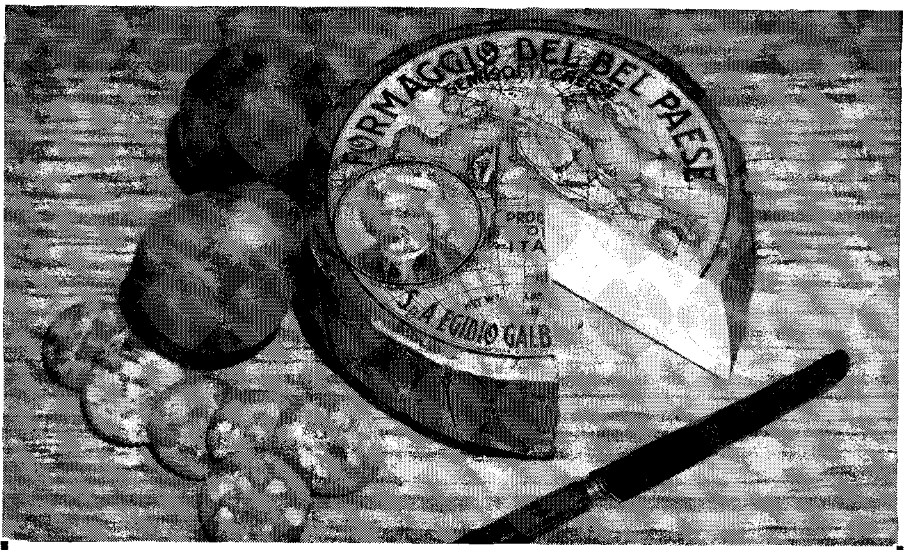
a century ago, in 1866. Practically the entire company is completely unfitted for such a piece, which they intelligently play as if they were excessively talented amateurs. This makes for double fun—laughter at the absurd gaiety of the old plot itself, and more laughter at the refreshing spectacle of Mme. Renaud lifting a dignified limb from her froufrou skirt in a middling-high kick. Fortunately, two of the company were once professional singers—handsome Jean Desailly, who plays the amorous Paris upstart, and Pierre Bertin, greatest character actor of France, who takes the role of the Swedish baron, inserting worldly intoxicated touches into the famous champagne-supper scene that give it truly elegant vinous stimulation. The extra hired hands—the orchestra, the soprano courtesan, and the cancan girls—are all good enough. Barrault himself, originally trained as a dancer, does not appear on the program except as stage manager for the production. However, in the finale he suddenly joins the cancan girls in doing the splits in grand Moulin Rouge style. Mme. Renaud, whose couturière and corsetière make her the most shapely and best-dressed actress of Paris, wears a gown in the finale that is colored like a pair of blue and cerise anemones—as beautiful as if painted by Odilon Redon. She is still an amazing trouper in an amazingly domestic troupe, containing Bertin, who was her first husband; Barrault, who is her second; and, as the leading *comédien*, Jean-Pierre Granval, who is her son.

IN the last of the string of sabbatical elections here, on Sunday, December 21st, General de Gaulle will unquestionably be elected President of France—the personal, apostolic solution he has proposed ever since 1946 for bringing a strong single-headed government to this country. Even for the Fifth Republic, it seems really fantastic that only one candidate will be running against him—the Communist Party's token sacrificial goat, M. Georges Marrane, Red mayor of the suburb of Ivry, who will thus assure an election almost, but not quite, as limited as would be run off by the Communists in Soviet Russia, an ironic fact unappreciated by the French Muscovites here.

The new Parliament will not start functioning legislatively until the last Saturday in April, a good long time from now—an interval that its members, the French citizens think, can well use in figuring out how to act and survive better than their predecessors. However, this Parliament enjoyed its first



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temporary sitting on Tuesday, to elect its Speaker. The visitors' galleries were jammed to view this quiet, confusing, historic scene of gathering deputies (including one Algerian chieftain in gold-and-white turban and flowing robes), so inexperienced, for the most part, that they settled like bees all over the hemicycle, without forming in their political groups—though these, in fact, count for little now, with the Gaullist U.N.R. bloc, numbering a hundred and eighty-eight men, making a new kind of *chambre introuvable*, in which it is the opposition that cannot be found. The moment awaited by all was the entrance of Premier de Gaulle, white-faced, dressed in dark gray. The deputies rose with a burst of applause as he took his seat on the front-row government bench and then mounted the little staircase to the tribune to shake hands with the eighty-two-year-old deputy and priest Canon Kir, the Assembly's senior deputy, who was to make the address of welcome. Only after the General sat down again, the cynosure of all eyes, did the Parliament cease politely standing. In his address, the old canon—cassock mussed, hair awry, spectacles perched crooked on his nose, an eccentric figure long known in the Chamber for his humor and ineptitudes—said that he "piously saluted the memory of those no longer with us" (meaning all the deputies who had failed of reëlection); that all candidates, like himself, had suffered from the public's violent criticism during the campaign; and that this new Parliament would have to fight such public opinion, since it could rapidly lead to "a dictatorship, which the great majority of the French do not desire." Somewhere, from some deputy, there arose a faint whistle.

For the spectator, this was a nebulous experience, this first sitting of a new Parliament of predominantly new men, of whom the nearly two hundred U.N.R. deputies "hardly know each other by sight," as *Le Monde* commented, with its customary trenchancy. The paper added, "Among them all, they have only one tie—Gaullism, a state of mind much more than a doctrine. As for a program, there is none. There is nothing but an unlimited adherence to the acts and even the intentions" of one man, de Gaulle himself—"a singular situation." Still, it is a situation that gives most French the only hope and satisfaction they have recently known, and they await the holidays and the new year with fair confidence and the old wish: "*Un heureux Noël et une bonne année.*"

—GENÊT

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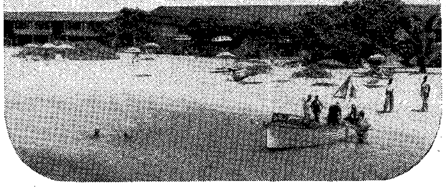

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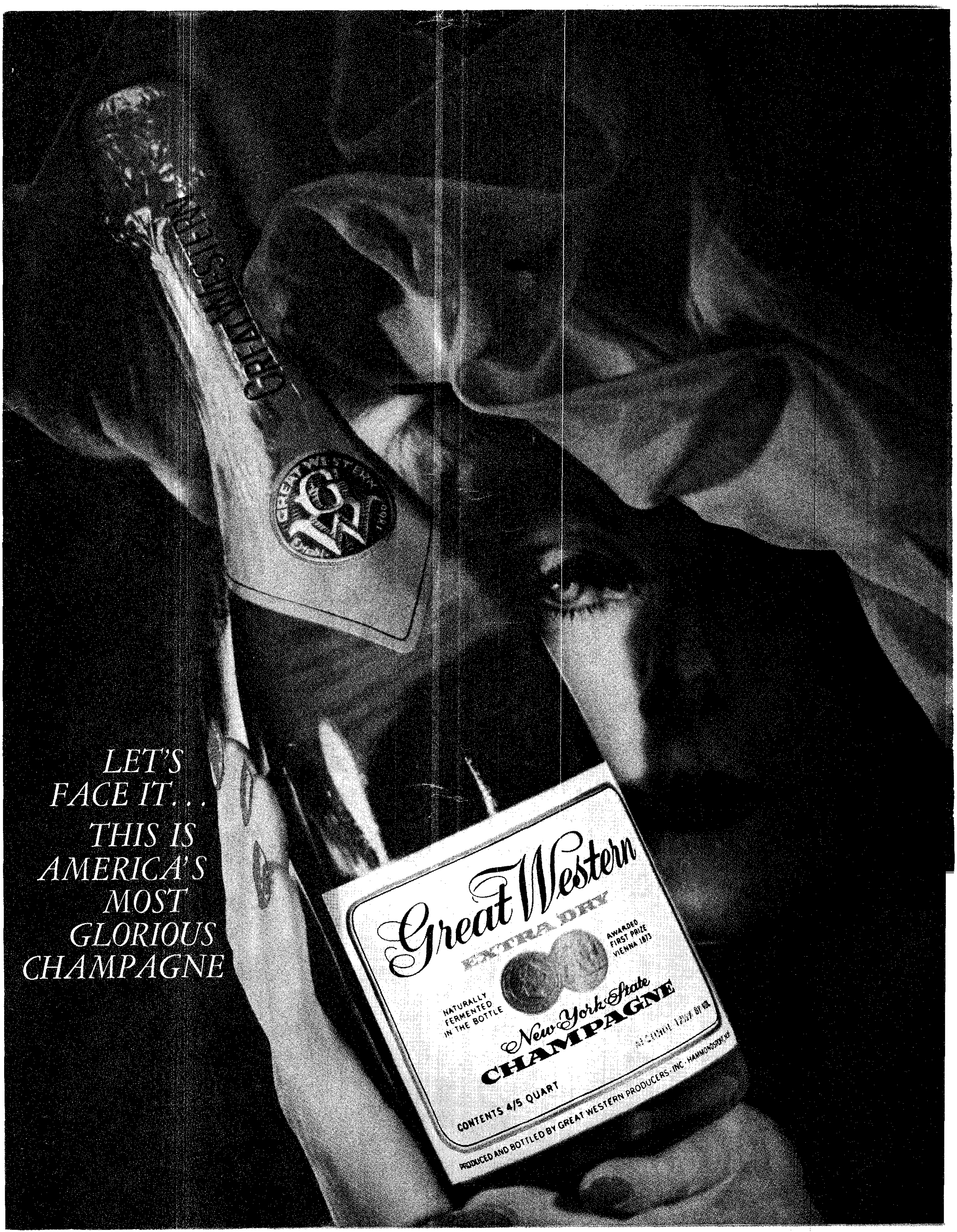
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BOOKS

A View with Alarm

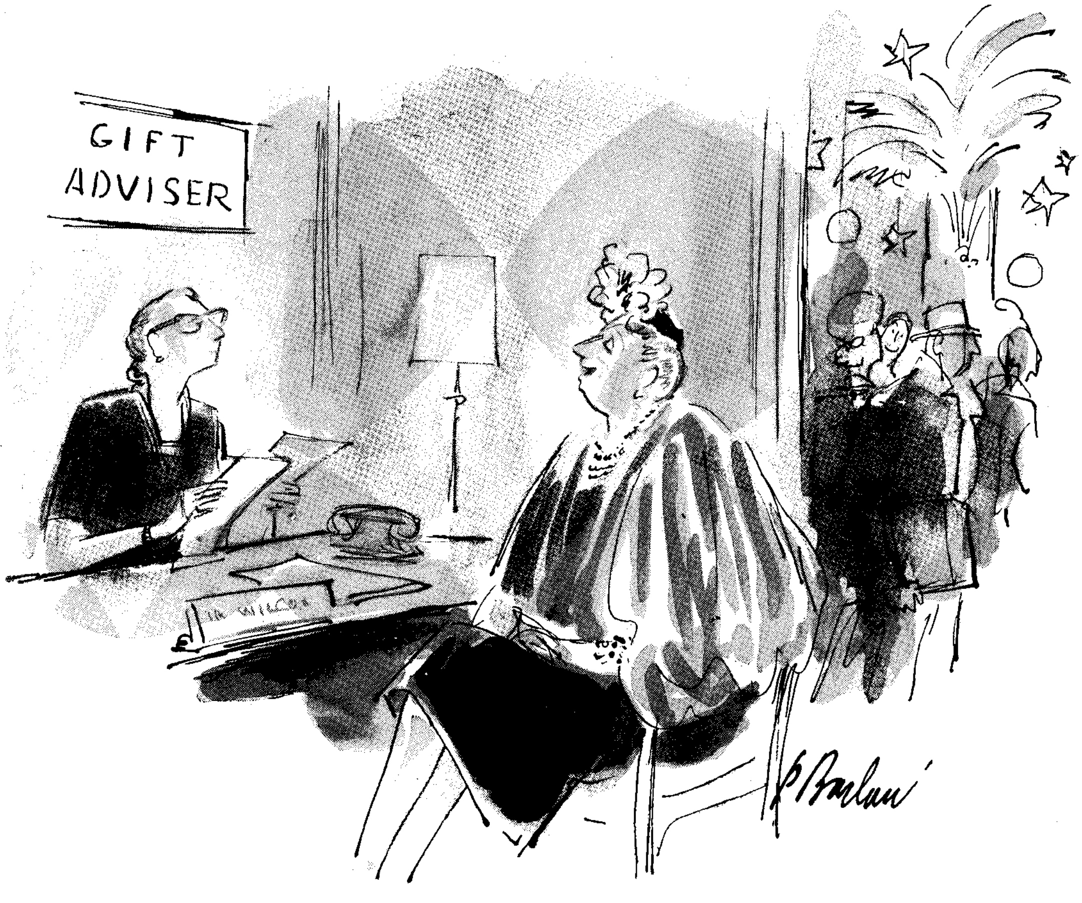
ONE of the most useful of American journalists is Joseph Alsop, who, with his brother Stewart, has now written "The Reporter's Trade" (Reynal), which summarizes their twelve years of service as Capitoline geese. (A well-deserved sentiment of gratitude endeared geese to the Romans, Polybius informs us; their noisy clamor once saved the Capitol.) Cassandra and the Boy Who Cried Wolf went unheeded at critical moments of their careers—they, too, were both as right as rain—but the geese had what is now called the faculty of communication. So have the Alsops, who since 1946 have conducted a syndicated newspaper column, called "Matter of Fact," that appears in two hundred and twenty-five newspapers and reaches twenty-five million readers. The book memorializes the dissolution of their partnership; Joseph is running "Matter of Fact" alone and the younger brother has joined the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The "we" that stands for two authors with their names on the title page of one book is like the legend on a can of roast-beef hash; the ingredients are given but not the proportions. The editorial "we" is an easier kind to interpret. For example, we and the late John McNulty once wrote a column for a sportswriter who had been on a bender for three days. McNulty started at the top of the column and we at the middle, both composing anecdotes on loosely related themes. He and we finished in a dead heat. Internal evidence does not suggest that "The Reporter's Trade" was compiled that way. Here the flavor of Joseph, Alsop Major, predominates. There are only four years between the elder Alsop (b. 1910; Groton; Harvard, 1932) and the younger (b. 1914; Groton; Yale, 1936), but Joseph began earlier in the newspaper world, in the year of his graduation, while Stewart started in 1946, under his brother's established aegis.

Long before this accession, Alsop Major had formed his journalistic pattern. He is a viewer with alarm, the honest salesman of a deep, patriotic indignation. This left to Alsop Minor only junior opportunities for public distress. There is a signal difference between the elder Alsop and practitioners of the same specialty like David Lawrence and Westbrook Pegler, who view with alarm only what the Democrat-Pinko-Eggheads do, or the New York *Post* fellows, who work the opposite side of the street. The difference is that Alsop views both parties and all factions thereof with equal alarm, and usually for good reason. "Possibly because we have always had too high a view of the role and the desserts [sic] of the United States, we began by thinking Franklin Roosevelt not altogether worthy of the country he led," one unknown Alsop says for both early in "The Reporter's Trade." (It sounds, as usual, like Joseph.) "Then, after Roosevelt, we found Truman unworthy by comparison with Roosevelt. And then, after Truman, we have found Eisenhower unworthy by comparison with Truman." This keeps the column interesting under all administrations.

Major was a practicing journalist in Washington in Roosevelt's time. Minor was not. The passage above may provide one of the keys to the pessimism that pervades "Matter of Fact" from day to day. Coming on the Washington scene in 1936, in an exceptionally hopeful and exciting period of American politics, Alsop Major, commencing political columnist, may have thought it merely the continuation of a decline that started with the first John Adams (the brothers are New Englanders and Republicans). It was, instead, the crest of a wave; had he arrived earlier, in the intellectual trough of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations, he would have known that there are ups as well as downs in history. We have been adrift before.

Discontent, however, has armed him against complacency. His is a belligerent alarm, expressed with a fine, shrill scorn. When he cuts a Cabinet member down, he rides over him four times; when he plunges his sabre into a gizzard, he twists the blade on the way out. Sometimes he gets the wrong gizzard—*tant pis*. For Alsop, all administrations are letting the people down,



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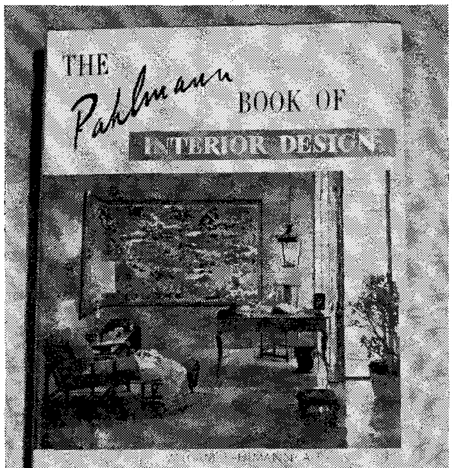

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neglecting national defense, perilously bungling foreign policy. This is true in most instances, not true now and then, but always a healthy antidote to every administration's claim that it never makes a mistake. After the Russians began the blockade of Berlin, in 1948, he said it would be impossible for the Western powers to feed the civilian population by airlift (it was fed); after the French pulled out of Indo-China, in 1954, he wrote that the government of Vietnam was not viable (it is still in place); after the Chinese Communists whipped MacArthur, in 1950, he compared that reverse to the destruction of the Athenian army and fleet at Syracuse, in the fifth century B.C., which wiped out Athens as a world power (we are not quite dead). It is a credit to his honesty that he reproduces these instances of overgloom in his book. They resulted from sheer negative exuberance. The Athenians after Syracuse, Alsop wrote, quoting Thucydides, "mourned and the city mourned.... Whichever way they looked there was trouble; they were overwhelmed by their calamity, and they were in fear and consternation unutterable." It is the kind of line he would have enjoyed originating.

And still it is true that for two years before the disasters in Korea, Alsop, abetted by his brother, had warned against the weakness of the armed forces that was bound to bring them about. They fought a spectacular public battle against Louis A. Johnson, Truman's Secretary of Defense, who insisted he could "cut away fat and save muscle" on the cheap. It was as hard and good a battle as journalists have ever put up, and Korea demonstrated that Johnson was wrong. In 1952, the brothers waged what they call "our only old-fashioned crusade, against the hired informers the U.S. Government then had in its employ," of whom they called Louis F. Budenz the least bad, because he lied, but not for the money he made out of it. That was in the full McCarthy*zeit*, two years before the cornered administration turned against the terror. It called for courage.

Louis Johnson, in retrospect, seems almost dashing to Alsop now, for the administration of businessmen that came in with Eisenhower has so blandly denied the responsibilities of a vaster danger. "President Eisenhower reigns but does not rule a good deal of the time," he wrote in 1955, in a column reproduced in his book, "but his true vizier, George Magoffin Humphrey, never stops ruling any of the time." Hum-

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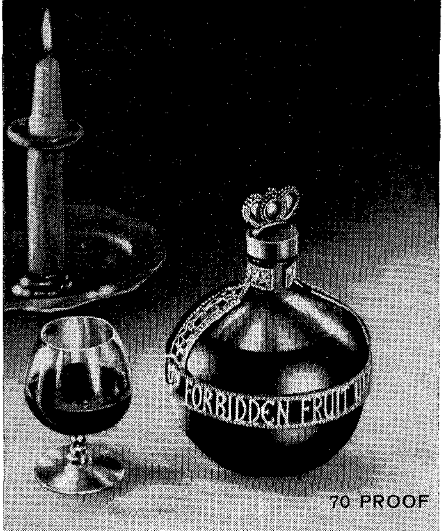

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LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill, by John Cheever (*Harper, $3*).

These eight stories, which, between covers, achieve almost the unity of a novel, are about the outrageous lives of some conventional upper-middle-class people in conventional upper-middle Westchester County. Mr. Cheever resists any temptation to meddle with this juicy paradox, and maintains a deadpan sang-froid.

Normandy Revisited, by A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

A revisit to the Norman towns and farms and beaches that the author first saw as a student back in the twenties and later covered as a correspondent when they became the battlefields of the Second World War. This blend of reporting and double reminiscence is also, as Mr. Liebling's readers need hardly be told, a testament to an appetite at table that is at once prodigious and choosy, and to the digestive tract that has stood so loyally behind it through three eras.

Oooh, What You Said!, by Arthur Kober (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

Nineteen comic monologues of woe, written in phonetic Bronxese, almost all of them about well-earned double-dealing, and told with indignant gusto by either the injured party or friend of same.

More in Sorrow, by Wolcott Gibbs (*Holt, $4*).

A choice, made by Wolcott Gibbs shortly before his death, of thirty-five of his Profiles, short stories, parodies, and critical and reminiscent essays. The basic element in all of them is satire or comedy, and the book, besides displaying its author's versatility and special clarity of style and vision, can be used as evidence that a humorist, if he is also a writer, is at home in every medium. Charles Addams' affectionate caricature of Mr. Gibbs on the dustjacket is another element that makes this book a striking memorial to a great humorist who *was* a writer.

The Puerto Ricans, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $3.75*).

An expanded version of Mr. Rand's examination (geographical and social, but never sociological) of our local Puerto Rican *barrio*, which has itself expanded from its original small-town limits in East Harlem. The author manages to combine sympathy and detachment as he discusses our impact (bustling and strange) on the lives of the Puerto Ricans, and their impact (disruptive and stimulating) on ours.

The Incurable Wound, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

Mr. Roueché continues to investigate some of the drugs and symptoms within handy reach of all of us, and some of the doctors and health officials who investigate the symptoms to prescribe the drugs. Of the six reports collected here, five deal with medical cases. The sixth is the story of an amnesia victim who, frantically anonymous, rushed around New York for a week and then suddenly, in the psychiatric ward at Bellevue, remembered who he was.

The Carpentered Hen and Other Tame Creatures, by John Updike (*Harper, $2.75*).

In these poems, Mr. Updike, mercifully reviving the neglected art of light verse, turns verbal cartwheels around a variety of subjects concerning both the inner and the outer man.

First Love and Other Sorrows, by Harold Brodkey (*Dial, $3.50*).

The characters in these nine stories are engaged in feeling their way through the years between fifteen and twenty-five—which are often so confusing because of too much moonlight, or mists, or the absence of road signs.

Listening to Music, by Winthrop Sargeant (*Dodd, Mead, $4*).

A volume of critical reports that sets forth one man's opinions—some enthusiastic, some peppery—of musical events in this city and of a few music festivals in Europe. Mr. Sargeant gives enthusiastic encouragement to the composers (dead or alive) and the performers who seem to treat music as an art, and uses his pepper lavishly on the ones who are apparently determined to switch it over into the abstract sciences. Drawings by Laszlo.

Nabokov's Dozen, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Doubleday, $3.50*).

Thirteen stories, written with a total disregard for the principles of perspective. Mr. Nabokov describes the trees, and a whole new wood emerges.

A New England Girlhood, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown, $3.75*).

Unsentimental reminiscences of a girlhood that was neither poor-little-rich-girl nor poor-little-match-girl but one of civilized parents, well-polished silver, and plenty of beaux.

Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures, by Philip Hamburger (*Rinehart, $3.75*).

In Mr. Hamburger's municipal landscape with figures, Mayor Wagner and former Mayor O'Dwyer are portrayed in detail, while some of their predecessors at Gracie Mansion, their colleagues at City Hall, and the hangers-on whose ambition it is to join them on the city payroll are sketched in lightly. A train ride with Toscanini and a springtime walk along Spring Street are just a couple of the Other Pleasures at hand.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $2.50*).

A chapbook of poems in favor of Christmas, plus an essay against restrictive New Year's clauses, that should help sustain the Christmas spirit at least until the bills come in. Embellished with water-color decorations by Ilonka Karasz.

The Seven Fat Years, by John Brooks (*Harper, $4*).

Reports on a number of men in Wall Street who, with painstaking craftsmanship, devote their lives to making money—not necessarily entirely for themselves. Mr. Brooks details their skirmishes (the proxy fight for control of the New York Central) and their triumphs (the sale, in 1956, of some ten million shares of Ford common stock), and clears up the mysterious, complex work they've been doing over the past seven years for the benefit of those of us in the lower brackets.

The Most of S. J. Perelman, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

Since 1930, Mr. Perelman has been pulling the rug out from under both his subjects and his readers, and this exactly titled book is an instructive demonstration of his varied and erudite humorous techniques.

The New Yorker Album of Sports and Games (*Harper, $5*).

A volume of around four hundred cartoons depicting contests of skill or chance, or the reactions of people watching them. They were chosen by the magazine's editors (a sedentary bunch, by and large) from among the thousands that have appeared in these pages.

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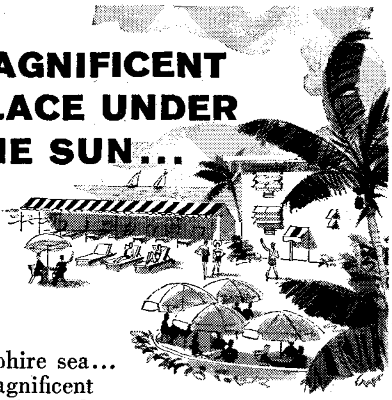

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phrey, Secretary of the Treasury for the first five years of the Eisenhower reign, and Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense, preferred economy to the national good, by Alsop's lights, and, to head off high taxation, promoted an official fiction that the United States was safely ahead of all possible rivals in all possible departments. The Russian launching of the Sputnik in 1957 speeded the twin suffetes' departure, but the administration clings to the legend they left behind.

In pursuit of the information that the public must have if it is to judge of our true situation, Alsop sails in regally. Alsop Major defending democracy sounds rather like George Arliss doing the Marquis of Steyne. The Executive's near-monopoly of essential data precludes intelligent discussion in Congress, he holds, and there is "less and less open debate between the chief officials of the executive branch, who used to argue out their differences in public, but now do so no longer." That was in the old, freewheeling New Deal days, which he confesses he didn't appreciate when they were here. Therefore, "Sheer force of circumstance has made the American press almost the only forum in which our national debate is carried on."

He concedes that this idea is not unanimously relished, even by some men he respects, like George F. Kennan, the expert on Russia. Kennan, Alsop says, thought that "national policy-makers were experts, like doctors, and their prescriptions ought to be accepted without undue argument or inquiry by the Congress and the people, just as doctors' mysteriously scrawled prescriptions to cure bellyaches are generally accepted by people with bellyaches." For his part, Alsop believes that the reporter "performs his function if the information the people need is transmitted to the people. . . . Furthermore, the reporter has just as much right to be indignant if he is prevented from transmitting information as a sewer or water commissioner has a right to be indignant if his precious pipes are tampered with." The right to be indignant, for him, is the first of the Rights of Man. "This in turn determines the relationship between the reporter and the politician and/or official. We have acquired a reputation, in our opinion unjustified, for bringing a touch of arrogance to this relationship. . . . If a reporter errs at all, it is better to err on the side of arrogance (or decent self-respect, as we should prefer to say) than to err on the side of meeching. It is mighty tempting to any reporter . . . to

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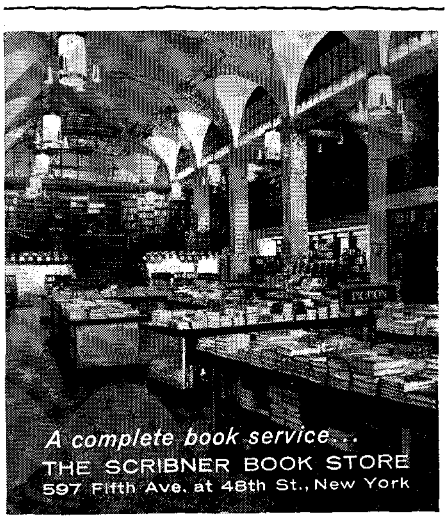

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be pleased when he is figuratively patted on the head by public men. . . . The temptation must be resisted at all costs."

Alsop Major has not only resisted the temptation but has knocked it down and stomped on it. "Admiral, you have wasted half an hour of my time," he is reported (and here reports himself) to have said to Admiral Lewis L. Strauss when that great man was Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

It is of course fortunate for Alsop Major that he is not employed by a publisher who is an ambassador or wants to be one, or is bucking for a television channel, or owns stock in a railroad that he wants the government to bail out. The multiplicity of Alsop's clients insures that they won't all fire him at once. (He could argue, in rebuttal, that he wouldn't be published by hundreds of papers if they didn't find it profitable to publish him.)

It is not impossible that the editorial "we" witnessed the birth pains of the profitable irreverence at the core of Alsop's career. He came to New York straight from Cambridge, "a very fat, very rumpled, very nervous youth with a high, peculiar Harvard accent," to quote his own words—he wasn't as fat as all that, but the rest is accurate—in the summer of 1932. Through familial intercession with the owners of the *Herald Tribune*—again to cite him—he got a job on the city staff of the paper, under the hypnotic city-editorship of Stanley Walker, who, like Napoleon, had the art of making young men dare all, for nominal wages. Alsop says he got eighteen dollars a week. We first remember Alsop as one of the reporters covering a convention of the Society of American Magicians at the Hotel McAlpin. The head magician chose Alsop's pockets to pull rabbits out of, and Alsop, sweating with embarrassment, stood there trying to find out how he did it. He has changed with the years from fat to lean, and his accent from squeaky Harvard to deep, simulated British, but he is still trying to make people tell him how they do things, and waxing indignant when they don't.

In his dicta on foreign policy, with which "The Reporter's Trade" is so chockablock that it sounds like "The Diplomat's Handbook" or "The Machiavelli Boys in China," there is, as the French say, something to take and something to leave. His notion that the grab at Suez could have had good effects if successful stems, in our opinion, from a misreading of "With Clive in India" and "King of

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the Khyber Rifles." So do most of his other ideas about British foreign policy: "If Nasser had been toppled, it would have been like the slap on the face that doctors recommend as a cure for hysteria." But the French slapped Indo-Chinese in the face for eight years and have been slapping Algerians for five. *They have to show for it only a trauma* otherwheres localized. Had Nasser been "toppled" by intervention, there would have followed a military occupation that would have drained both principals in the grab, as Algeria is now draining one. Then both would have been lost, as France is now lost, to the Western alliance. "He Who Gets Slapped" is the title of a play written before the Russian revolution.

And still Alsop is, if irritating and inconsistent, a great, honest, well if unevenly informed, and intelligent necessity of journalism. He errs slightly, though, on the side of over-urgency, dropping the reins to whip with both hands even when going out to the post. "The American Government has recently been presented with just about the grimmest challenge in its history," he will write on a Wednesday, and, as likely as not, announce a grimmer one on the Friday. "These are breathless times, but this reporter cannot remember any purely political situation more breathless than the one here," he cabled from Iraq the morning of this writing. Reading him, we are sometimes reminded of the Victorian lady who hired a hack to take her to Waterloo Station. Time was short and progress, in her opinion, insufficient, so she appealed to the cabman. "Hit him, driver," she said. "Hit him in a vital spot!"

"I've hit him in every vital spot but one, Madam," the cabby said, "and I'm saving that for the hill."

Alsop ought to practice saving for the hill. —A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

MASSACRES OF THE MOUNTAINS: A HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WARS OF THE FAR WEST, 1815-75, by J. P. Dunn, Jr. (Archer House). A new edition—the first since its original publication in 1886—of one of the most widely admired and frequently pillaged source books in the field of Western Americana. Dunn, an amateur historian whose career included a term as Indiana State Librarian and many years as an editorial writer for the Indian-

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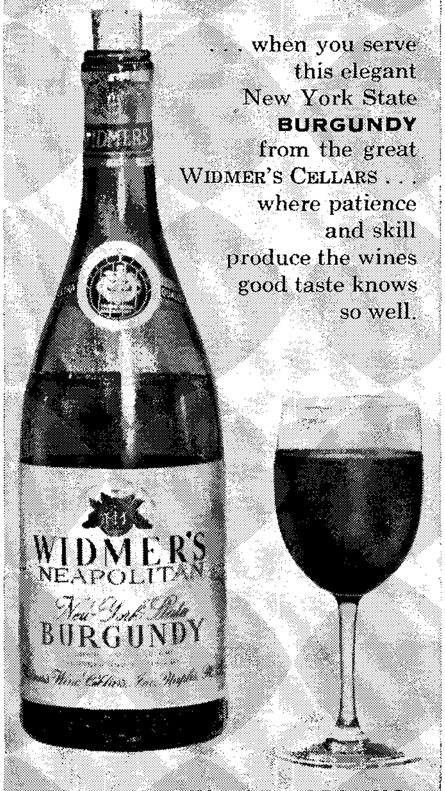

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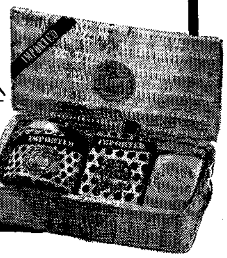

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apolis *Sentinel*, was something of a freak in his day. He conceived the American Indian to be neither a natural aristocrat nor a homicidal lunatic but a human being fighting for his land and his life. It is this precocious common sense, together with an elegant simplicity of style and an equally splendid determination to establish and set down the truth, that gives his book its now unquestioned durability. Illustrated with maps and with many contemporary drawings, some of them by Indian artists.

THE REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL OF BARON LUDWIG VON CLOSEN, 1780-83, translated and edited, with an introduction, by Evelyn M. Acomb (University of North Carolina Press). Baron von Closen was a Bavarian nobleman and a French Army officer who came to America in his twenties with the French forces that helped the Americans win the Revolution. He served as aide-de-camp to General Rochambeau, the French commander, and, since aides go everywhere that generals go, met important Americans from Washington on down and saw a good deal of the country from Boston to Virginia. Except at Yorktown, he didn't do any fighting, but he did observe, and write about, people and their manners, great houses and little taverns, big cities and small towns, and animals and plants. Boys being boys and soldiers being soldiers, the Baron was particularly interested in girls, a subject he discusses in his journal with the same careful attention that he devotes to the different kinds of fortifications the Americans built; Baltimoreans may be happy to learn that he found their women the prettiest. Von Closen was high-spirited and charming, he seems to have had a good time wherever he went, and his recollections are pleasant and readable.

SEEN ANY GOOD MOVIES LATELY?, by William K. Zinsser (Doubleday). Until recently, when he was translated to the august anonymity of the editorial page, the author was the *Herald Tribune's* movie reviewer. This book is a collection of some of the commentary and reporting he did, with added material about the plight of the film critic (who has to start watching movies right after breakfast) and the plight of Hollywood (where the moguls are convinced that critical critics like Zinsser are wrecking their business). All in all, an entertaining farewell to what

"I HAVE A SON I'VE NEVER SEEN"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the place—a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifty of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. Through this Plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

**Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.*

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has become, in the age of television, a rather unhappy medium. Drawings by Robert Day.

BEETHOVEN, by Alan Pryce-Jones (Macmillan). This book is one of a series of brief lives (it's only a hundred and fifteen pages long) that originated in England and are now appearing here. It concentrates on Beethoven's life and personality, and deals only incidentally with his music, though there's a list of his works at the end. It is a brilliant job. For all its brevity, it never seems hurried, and, like a topnotch portrait, it is at once sympathetic and unflattering.

VERSE

95 POEMS, by E. E. Cummings (Harcourt, Brace). Cummings has given up a good deal of his acidity, so the sentiment flows more broadly in these new poems than ever before. The typographical trickiness, moreover, has settled into puzzle-making rather than design, and some of the poems have to be taken apart, or read backward, in order to be deciphered. They all come out, however, into some kind of sense, or into Cummings' own brand of nonsense, which is often better, because it is more amusing. He is able to make the best of several worlds, and to write about Hungary and little old ladies with equal warmth—at the moment a remarkable poetic achievement from any point of view.

PATERSON (BOOK FIVE), by William Carlos Williams (New Directions). Dr. Williams, at seventy-five, has by no means lost his knack of observing human beings, birds, tapestries, snakes, paintings, and flowers with fresh eyes and of expressing his feelings about them in fresh language. He is still good at condensation and paradox, and incapable, as always, of writing an unmusical line.

•

Chief project planner is Mrs. James McKie, who has furnished bouquets of heather as an appropriate setting for her Scottish items. Guests will be piped into dinner from 5 to 7 p.m. Thursday.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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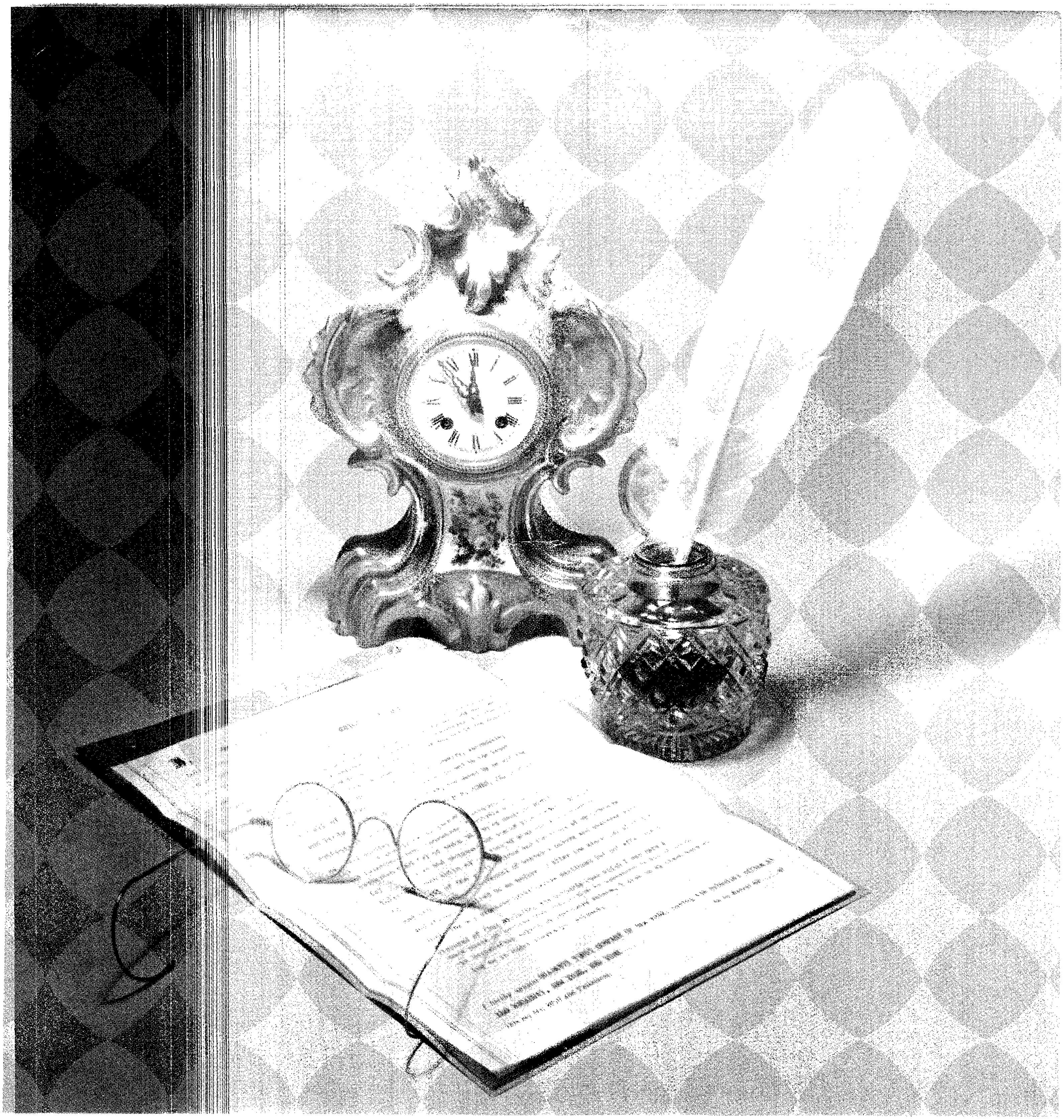

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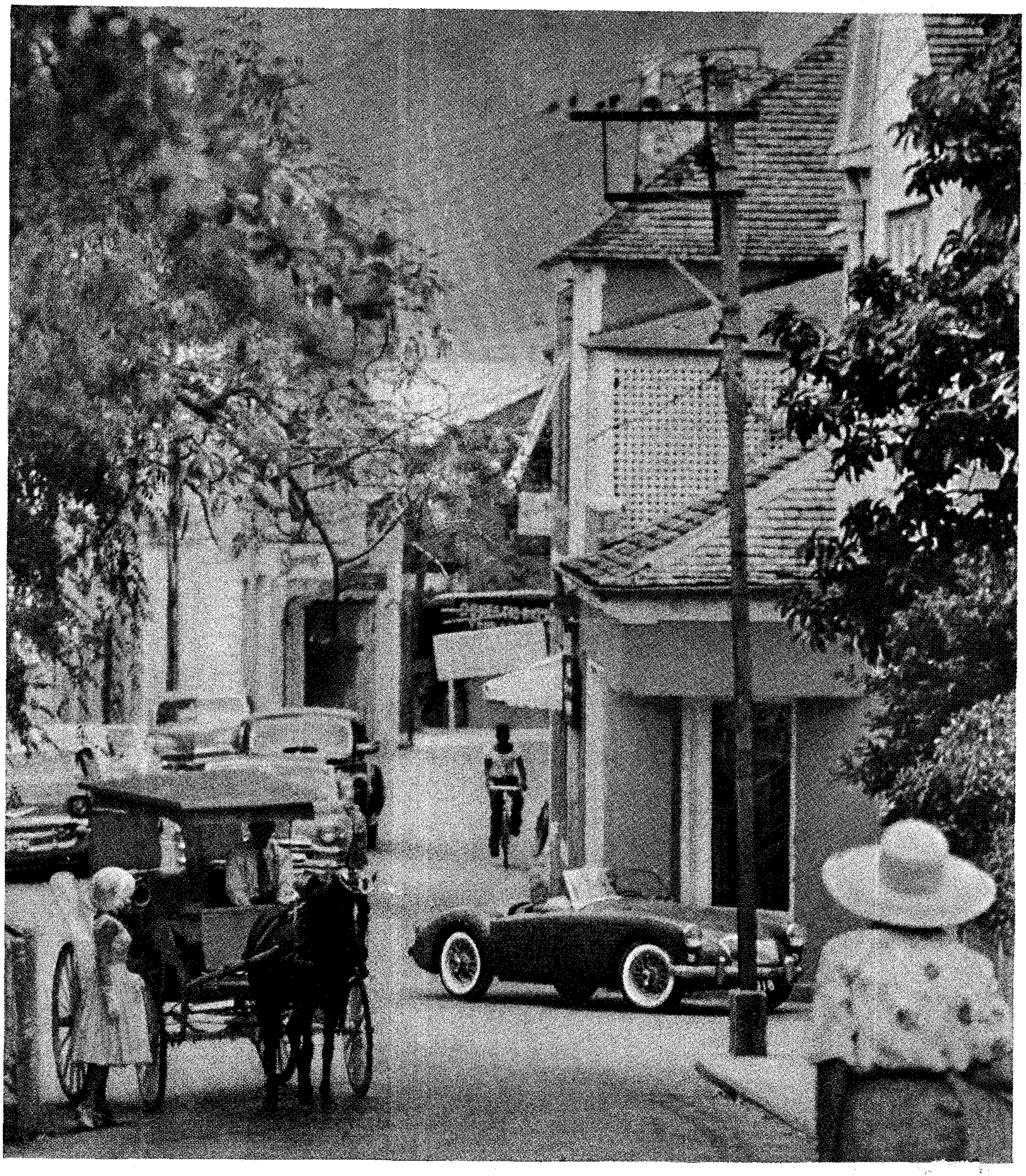

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